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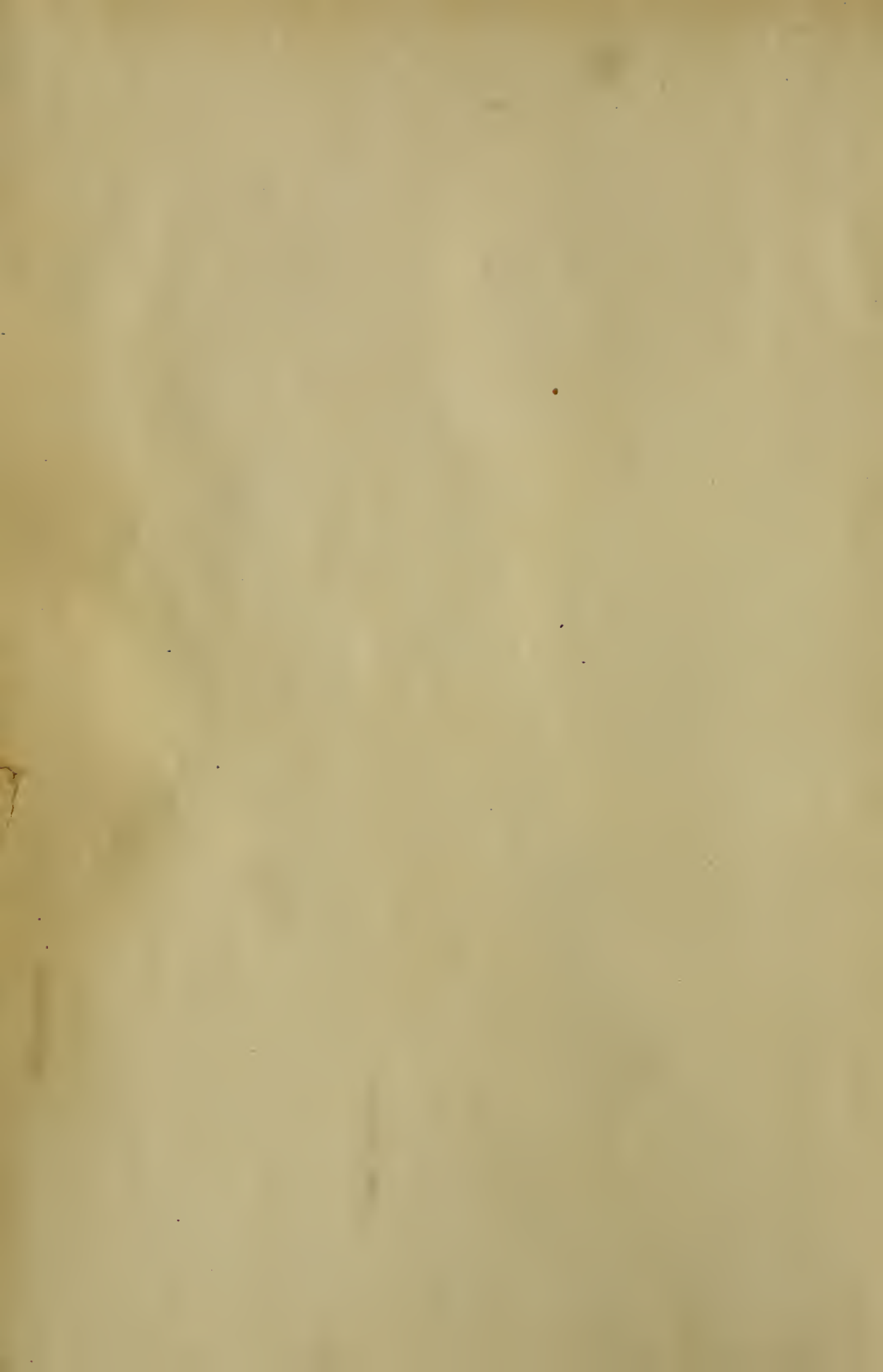
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# Overland Monthly

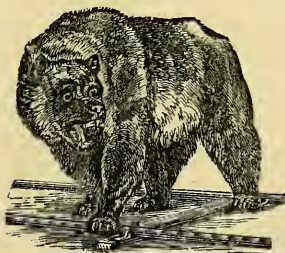
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JAMES HOWARD BRIDGE

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A SYMPHONY

From Painting by Madeleine Lemaire





MORNING MISTS ON MOUNT ASAMA

From the Ascent of Mount Asama

25958

# Overland Monthly

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Amédée Joullin

## CALIFORNIA ARTISTS—III

### THE WORK OF AMÉDÉE JOULLIN

By ARTHUR I. STREET

**I**T SEEMS peculiarly fitting that Amédée Joullin, an artist who has passed his life in California, should discover in the Southwestern Indian an unexploited field for artistic conception. The

red man is hastening to extinction in California and its adjacent States and Territories, and if his possibilities as a subject for painting or for any other occupation of art are not apprehended by the men



who are in the Golden West at the present time to observe them, they are apt to be lost irrevocably, or to remain only for perversion in the revival of memory and legend.

The Indian with his feathers and blankets, or the Indian at the chase, or the Indian pursued by the Westward movement of Caucasian immigration, and it may be said, some of the Northern tribes, as, for example, the Mendocino Indians, who figure in the work of Raschen and Grace Hudson, as OVERLAND readers know, have long since been a familiar figure of the canvas. But in the Indians of the arid Southwest Mr. Joullin has discovered something profounder and more inspiring. In brief, it is the Indian *a priori*, the Indian in the purity of his own race, the Indian in a blaze of color unknown to the North. Upon a series of canvases, begun in 1892, he has been endeavoring to portray the primitive and uncontaminated characteristics, both physical, artistic, and spiritual, of the passing people. His results thus far show that he has entered a fertile field. The excellence of his work has been recognized and honored by the admission of one of his best efforts to the New York National Academy.

Reproduced herewith are four of the Indian paintings. "La Poterie" is the most recent of these, having been completed so lately as in December, 1897. "On the Trail" was the first of the conceptions, and "The Passing of the Wampum" and "Gone" followed in the order named.

"La Poterie" is the Indian at his arts, an occupation which, in the obscurity caused by the importance of an Indian as a warrior, the general public mind has probably almost forgotten, but which at one time was a favorite pursuit, with all the associations natural to art. A slothful, indifferent manner of art, it may have been, to be sure, but it was an art nevertheless, proceeding from original and native principles, and Mr. Joullin's painting is in all likelihood the first formal recognition by the modern world of art of the fact that the art existed.

The "Passing of the Wampum" finds another aspect of primitive Indian life.

It is only a small subject, a fragment of the entire biography; but the wampum was a distinctive element of the red man's existence, akin in its own way to the important racial possessions, the covenanted symbols, the penates, the arks, whatever you will, that have been transmitted with some degree of sacred veneration from family to family, tribe to tribe, or generation to generation.

"Gone," which is the painting that has been accepted by the New York National Academy, allows to the Indian the common grief of sorrow, prostration over the demise of those who are loved. The grief is crude and barbaric, but it is none the less full of thoughtful poetic suggestion. Under Mr. Joullin's sympathetic brush it is apt to provoke a deeper respect for the human attributes of the American aboriginal than the Anglo-Saxon is accustomed to cherish.

The first of the series, "On the Trail," is an unexaggerated portrait of the Indian at his chase, bereft of the heroic and the untruthful, and surrounded with the simplicity which those who are familiar with the Indian's life know to be its inseparable associate.

In a line so new and untried it is not to be expected that the full possibilities of the theme will be realized. Mr. Joullin professes modestly to nothing more than to have opened the way; and to the end that the future pursuit may be the clearer and the easier, he is devoting himself for the time being to the verities rather than to the purely imaginative and heroic conceptions. Yet the heroic is in his mind, and it is probable that he will yet attain to it. The drift of his intentions may be gathered from the fact that one of the subjects now maturing in his thoughts is that of the Indian as an arrowhead-maker. It is easy to conceive that such a theme may have much heroic spirit.

Mr. Joullin is one of the better known of California artists. Without the age and experience of Keith or Robinson, he has wrested respectful and appreciative attention from the general and the critical public, and has established himself in a position whence much is expected of him for the future. By far the greater portion



A Study

of his work is marked with a distinct originality which singles him out as an artist whose past is worth reviewing and whose achievements it may be profitable to study.

The process by which Mr. Joullin has arrived at his Indian paintings is interesting, and in some respects may not have been duplicated by other artists. Its impulse has been a passionate love of color; its mode has been a peculiar inter-association of color and subject, whereby the

evolution of color has been directly responsible for the evolution of subject. The significance of this adjustment will be made more obvious from a review, briefly stated, of Mr. Joullin's life as an artist.

Descended from French parentage, in the line of which was a grandfather who had considerable reputation as a strong colorist, Amédée went into his boyhood with his future virtually determined upon



Joullin's Studio

in advance. There were incidental happenings in youth which might have diverted him from an artistic career had not the inherited painter's preference been too strong. The father attempted to apprentice him to the printer's trade, and Amédée himself had a passing desire to make of himself a locomotive engineer. But the clash of purpose between father and son resulted in a compromise, by which Amédée took to the brush and the palette.

The annals of Lincoln Grammar School, of San Francisco, as they are kept in the memory of its attendants, show that Amédée Joullin was for a number of years the pupil chosen to inscribe "rolls of honor," calendars, and other exhibition figures, in colored chalks upon the school blackboards. The practice here begun, augmented and re-enforced by native gifts, strengthened until, at the time of the compromise with the father, Amédée was in a position to profit thoroughly by direct study of art.

It was after a year and a half of instruction in the San Francisco School of Design, and another year and a half of instruction under the very capable French master, Jules Tavernier, then an honored

artist on the Coast and president of the Palette Club, that Joullin's various efforts concentrated and ripened into a high sense of color. He narrates the story of the process somewhat as follows:—

In the days with Tavernier one of the studies had been a metallic helmet. Day after day for three protracted and troublesome weeks Joullin labored at securing the proper luster, and day after day for the same period Tavernier passed before the easel and remarked,—

"Putty!" "Pasteboard!" "Paper!"

On another occasion a spearhead was to be done. Day after day for two of the same kind of troublesome weeks Joullin struggled for the true color. Tavernier merely passed by and remarked,—

"Chalk!" "Chalk!"

Joullin lost his temper and his courage simultaneously on one of these days, threw down his palette and brushes, and left the studio.

Two days later he returned. The interim had been filled with thoughts—thoughts of the same responsible sort that most men have who conquer the turning-point in their lives by mastering the obstacles which hinder their purposes. When Amédée again applied his brush to



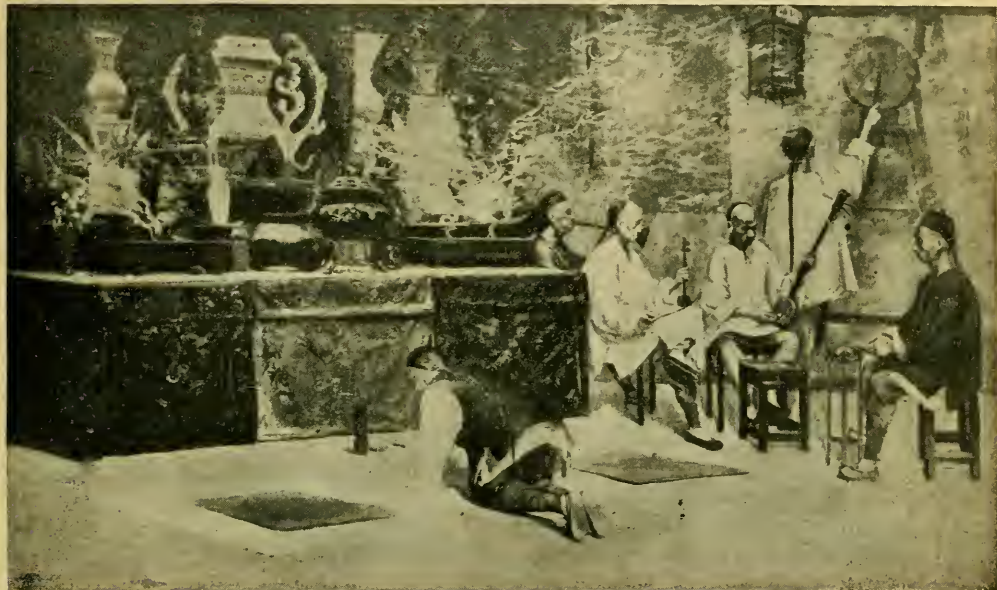
the canvas he was rewarded by Tavernier's gruff commendation,—

"Good!"

Thereafter Joullin knew how to paint color. He had discovered while the putty-like helmet and the chalky spearhead were swimming before his eyes during the two days of rebellion, and holding him in the dilemma between disgust and ambition, that the secret of truthful coloring is

napkin. Both are pure white. To get the 'value' of the high light on the cup, which is whiter than anything, you have to tone down the napkin and cup to bring out the value of the high light on the cup."

With the knowledge of this fundamental principle of coloring distinctly in control, the remainder of Mr. Joullin's course of development was comparatively simple and direct. The lesson stayed faithfully



An Interior of a Joss-House — At Prayer

an understanding of what artists call "values."

However much the spearhead and the helmet might be dominated by one color or one tone, they were in reality composed of a number of colors or tones—were, in other words, iridescent.

"I began to put a little brown here, a little green there, a little red somewhere else, and so on," said he, "and soon I had the luster that made Tavernier say, 'Good!'"

To use Mr. Joullin's own simple illustration, which by this time is familiar to the scores of students who have been under his tuition in the San Francisco School of Design and the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art: "Place a white cup on a white

with him, and entirely on the strength of it he was enabled, within two years from the date of his first entrance into the School of Design, to dispose of his first painting, an "Indian Trophy," and to receive an order from its purchaser, Mr. Alexander G. Hawes, of San Francisco, for a similar study of a "Japanese Trophy."

After two years' study in Paris the privilege of which he earned by hiring himself out as a scene-painter in the noted old California Theater stock company, Mr. Joullin located himself for his subsequent career in San Francisco. The vicinity is exceptionally prolific in colors of all gradations, from the boldest to the most subdued. Mr. Joullin's first obser-



vation was of a dilapidated French poultry market on Merchant Street, opposite his studio in "Studio Row." The day of the observation was one of those gray, half-somber ones characteristic of places lying in close proximity to the ocean and overshoot by the perennial fogs. The beauty of the scene to Mr. Joullin was the harmony between the day and the outward appear-

Mission, which is one of the most graceful of the architectural relics of the Spanish occupation. The clear white walls, with their purple shadows, commanded his attention, and out of sheer love for the colors he applied his brush to a painting of the Mission. While the resultant canvas, "In the Garden, Santa Barbara Mission" (1889), is not a piece of work that satis-



La Poterie

ance of the market—an *ensemble*, with gray as the determining tone.

It was a difficult undertaking to confine the more brilliant tones of the wares of the market within the modesty of the dominant tone, as it was to make the color, rather than the more material semblance, the directing motive of the painting. But Mr. Joullin assumed the task as a study in gray, and he so completed it. The result was that Mr. Joullin's "French Poultry Market" has that which canvases often miss—an atmosphere.

Not long after the completion of this picture, Mr. Joullin was in Santa Barbara, a productive home of artistic inspiration. There his fancies rested upon the picturesque and charming Santa Barbara

fies Mr. Joullin in his later years, it impresses the very intimate association which exists between color and the objects incorporating it. The Mission was studied by the artist for its white and purple; the relationship between the white and the purple and the picturesqueness of the building is unmistakable.

Prior to the visit to Santa Barbara, Mr. Joullin found another field in which, save for the vastness of its uninteresting qualities, there could be no striking attribute except color discoverable. That was the endless sand-dunes which circumscribe San Francisco and its vicinity. To the average observer nothing can be more barren and monotonous of tone than these dunes. Yet Mr. Joullin executed nearly a



The Passing of the Wampum

dozen paintings from them, in each of which some noticeably distinct color predominated.

There were yellow dunes, and gray dunes, and white dunes, and red dunes, and brown dunes, and silver-white dunes, and pearly-gray dunes, and dunes that were iridescent. Placed side by side, the several paintings would make an enticing kaleidoscope of shades and tints by which an unprofessional eye might be led to see the variety that was easily manifest to Mr. Joullin in the open nature. While at Santa Barbara, the artist found in the presence of a weather-beaten hulk of a wrecked vessel along the shore a very natural and attractive coalition of objective form with the almost abstract color study of the sand-dune.

Several years were required for this painting of sands to become matured. An interim ensued during which still another line of color-study presented itself. It was akin to the poultry market in that it was one of the characteristic features of San Francisco, but in its tone it was the exact antithesis. In place of the subdued gray, this new object of his attention was the brilliant and barbaric colors of China-

town. Dingy buildings, from which depend white awnings, narrow streets, into which the sun streams in long radiations, orange-tinted and red placards pasted in profusion upon the walls, yellow and blue and green clothing, displays of meats and vegetables, wares in the store-windows, gilded signs, huge lanterns pendent from joss-houses, the sallow yellow of the Chinese complexion, tailor-shops, factories, and countless other features, make Chinatown an extraordinary composite.

So far back as in 1888—it being remembered that Mr. Joullin is yet but a young man, and that 1888 is quite as remote a period as current young men calculate—Mr. Joullin began to be impressed with these subjects, but he ventured no further at that time than to paint an unpopulated street. I have not been able to see the original painting, it now being in a private gallery in New York City; but a photographic reproduction indicates the same strength of coloring which is revealed in his later Chinese paintings. In 1890, the full composite of the Chinese colors appeared upon a single canvas, labeled "The Interior of a Joss-House—at





A Design for a Christmas Cover

Prayer." A reproduction of this work appears in this article.

Chinese devotion places about its worship much copper and brass, much gold embroidery, costly clothing, crude instruments of music in polished black, a sort of mystic, uncivilized brilliancy over them all, the including tone being that of bronze, intensified by the murky incense. The universal comment made by those who have seen Mr. Joullin's painting of the joss-house is that he has succeeded in working the multitude of details of the picture into this same bronze harmony. He himself feels that such merit as he may be entitled to lies chiefly in that achievement. The bronze overtone suggested the painting to him and he successfully blended everything into it.

The "Joss-House" canvas, which is a large one, was purchased by the Hon. James D. Phelan, the present Mayor of

San Francisco, and by him presented to the Bohemian Club, on whose widely famed walls it now hangs. The interest which it excited at the time of its first appearance opened the eyes of the artists of the West to the splendid possibilities of Chinatown for the efforts of the brush, and Chinatown paintings are now anything but unusual.

It may be remarked incidentally, also, that Mr. Joullin was the first to attempt the painting of the Pacific Coast sand-dunes.

Following the "Joss-House," a companion piece, entitled "The Offering," was executed, together with a large number of smaller pieces under the generic name of "Street in Chinatown."

Aside from numerous productions which do not belong directly in the logical course of Mr. Joullin's development, save as incidents and diversions, the color studies herewith enumerated led to the Indian studies. As the artist himself explains, the sands gave him an environment in which to place the red man, and

the intense colors of Chinatown gave him the tones of which to construct him. This is not to say that the color-tones of Chinatown are those of the Indian. The parallel exists only in the intensity, and to some extent in the purity, of the colors. The primitive Indian—that is to say, the Indian who has not yet discovered the vitiating modern dyes—is an apostle of high color. His skin itself is of rich hue, his blankets are dyed in pure black or red, his pottery colors are of the same pure white and red. An artist seizes upon an original Indian blanket or piece of pottery with the same avidity that an archæologist seizes upon a buried skull. When the writer asked Mr. Joullin what first suggested the Indian theme to him, he exclaimed enthusiastically:—

"The color! I love color! I could wade in it, wallow in it, drown myself in



On the Trail

it! Where the Western Indian lives is the Africa or the India of America."

The Indian—at least, the most of him that is left in his undamaged racial state—lives in the deserts of the Great West. How appropriately he fits there one may find is hinted to him in the first of Mr. Joullin's Indian paintings, "On the Trail." By the reclining posture of the Indian in the foreground of the picture, and by the distance at which the second figure is placed, Mr. Joullin has accomplished this color-blending very deftly. The painting is an interesting disclosure of the gradation into the bolder and more exclusively Indian subjects subsequently elaborated. The artist is to be commended for its modesty and for his resistance to a natural temptation to force a new conception before it becomes matured.

The "Passing of the Wampum" brings the Indian to a closer inspection, and applies the color idea more nearly to the creature, independent of his environment. "Gone" fully realizes the inter-association of color and subject. The color scheme is in black and white, and in red and yellow, all gently but firmly harmonized, and poetically blended with the general sentiment of the portrait.

In "La Poterie," the synthesis of color and subject becomes brilliant. The red skin, the dull-red pottery, the pure yellow

pigment in the bowl, the black hieroglyphics, the clay of the ground, the intense glow from the bake-oven give the painting a warmth in keeping with the languor and the easy grace, the indolence and the strange sloth, that for all its reputed hidden savagery yet has time and love for something that is at least the lower grade of art. There is palpable poetry both in subject and in treatment.

The creation of so new a field as is represented in these Indian studies partially exempts Mr. Joullin from criticism. If he does not get into the full reach of his theme and arouse the enthusiasm that is provoked by the works of some greater artists, he has nevertheless won a fair title to distinction; and this title is the more remarkable in consideration of the fact that Mr. Joullin has not yet reached the meridian of life.

Mr. Joullin's Indian pictures are begun at a time when the red man has only enough of his aboriginal characteristics remaining to him for an enthusiast to search them out and preserve them upon canvas. As an artist, therefore, he is contributing to history and to the development of painting at the same time, and may some day prove to be entitled to the public appreciation that is bestowed upon those who made distinct departures and notable contributions.





Gone

Numerous other paintings than those mentioned herewith have emanated from Amédée Joullin's brush, and most of them now adorn the walls of private galleries, both in New York and San Francisco. The female figure entitled "A Study," and reproduced herewith, shows that Mr. Joullin is capable of much delicacy and refinement both of conception and of touch. "La Favorite," a harem study, and "The Model's Diversion," a *chic* little fancy in red, which was most quickly sold, indicate the lighter side of his nature. His portrait paintings have made themselves very popular, notably that of Mrs. Frederick Zeile, which has been largely praised for its animation, its truthful flesh-tints, and its faithful likeness.

Practically all of Mr. Joullin's paintings have been sold, and most of them have found purchasers within a short time after their completion. It is characteristic of him to complete paintings very quickly after the conception has once been fixed in his mind. His methods are rapid and bold, the result of thorough training and natural instincts to undertake nothing the principles of which he has not mastered sufficiently for easy use. The financial

course of his life has not been smooth; he has been, in the main, self-dependent. For many years, in company with Emil Carlsen, he was engaged in the difficult labor of building up from reconstruction the San Francisco School of Design. It was during his association with that institution that classes in still-life, life, antique, sketch, and composition, were introduced; and it was from under his and Mr. Carlsen's tuition that a number of artists who have since achieved some note graduated. Among these were Eric Pape, Ernest Peixotto, Miss M. E. McCormick, Guy Rose, Miss Brady, Helen Hyde, and others.

All of Mr. Joullin's paintings, with the exception of "La Poterie," were completed during his great preoccupation with the work of the school. In recent months only, Mr. Joullin has resigned his post as professor in the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, and has gone into New Mexico and Mexico, to bring himself into closer touch with the Indians whom he expects to paint.

During his two years in Paris Mr. Joullin eschewed the temptation to paint for the Salon, and devoted himself exclusively



to his studies. He acquired with both Bougereau and Fleury some distinction as a colorist, and during the entire period of his attendance at the Academy held first or second rank in the classes in composition.

Both in professional and in personal character he impresses one as being endowed with notable clearness and precision of purpose. He has held tenaciously to the purity of his art, absolutely refusing to contaminate it with mercenary make-shifts. A virile, common-sense apprehension of the necessities of the world, however, has never been wanting to him, and he has so shaped his course as to make his art support itself without departing from its ideals. His pictures have sold lucratively because he has applied to them the greatest perfection of which he was at the time capable. In engaging his services for a decade or more to the art school, the

proof that he did so with sincere devotion to his profession lies in the quality of men and women who graduated during his incumbency. In these respects his life as a young man is of a grade with which it may favorably influence many who aspire to art to become familiar.

Mr. Joullin is a native of California, and with the exception of his two years in Paris and this recent trip, has spent no time outside of the State. He has been urged time and again to go to some larger center, lest he waste his talents in the wilderness, but seems to feel no apprehension on that score. California is rich in nature, if not in culture, and Mr. Joullin's own word is:—

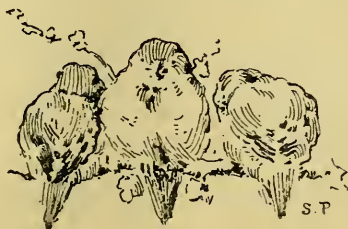
"I have always adhered strictly and truthfully to nature; it has been the only guide I have had. I have obtained all my subjects from it, and I could ask nothing more."

## DUSK AT BERKELEY

THE eastern hills the sunset splendors wear,  
 The rose tints change to blue, and one by one,  
 The window panes set blazing by the sun,  
 Their seeming fires subdued. Through gardens fair  
 Glad children, playing, wander here and there,  
 With bits of song and laughter,—music sweet  
 To her who lingers in the window-seat,  
 Out-leaning to the cool, rose-scented air.

White doves gleam through the mist, slowly they fall,  
 Then, whirling swiftly, reach in fluttering flight  
 Their own red roofs among the gum trees tall,  
 And cooing, fold soft pinions for the night.  
 Westward a clanging train; steps on the street;  
 A kiss of welcome in the window-seat.

*Lillian Shuey.*



# AQUASTOR

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK

GRANTLY was always a peculiar fellow; but it was with genuine pleasure, not unmixed with surprise, that I saw him board the west-bound Santa Fé train at Albuquerque. As he walked along the aisle of the car towards me, I noticed that he looked pale and worn. His face was really haggard, and his eyes were supernaturally bright and restless. Everybody had said that he had gone West for his health; but Grantly stoutly affirmed that his trip was made in the interest of science.

He was about to possess himself of a vacant seat some distance in front of me when I called to him, "Hello, Grantly, old chap!"

"Bob Graham, as I'm a living man!" he exclaimed, rushing towards me with outstretched hand. "What are you doing in this part of the country?"

"New York bored me, and I started off to enjoy myself," I answered, turning the seat in front so that we could sit *vis-a-vis*. "But tell me about yourself," I went on. "Have you been long in Albuquerque?"

He attempted to answer, but was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing. It lasted for a long time, and it was terrible to see him. He almost went into a spasm.

"My poor fellow!" I cried commiseratingly, when the coughing had ceased and left him lying back in his seat limp and weak. "You are in a bad way, and ought not to be traveling around all alone."

He turned his glistening eyes upon me and answered whisperingly: "Yes, Bob, I am in a bad way; so bad that there is no help for me, unless I find—" He paused.

"Find what?" I put in.

"Aquastor!" The word came through his white lips with a sigh.

"What is that?" I asked.

"For me it means health, vitality that will conquer disease, salvation. It might mean more, such as success in life, fame, and wealth. But I ask not for these—only health, health! Aquastor is not far; he is to be found in Laguna, and I am going to find him."

I had often heard that consumptives, especially if far gone, cherish peculiar views of life and their surroundings. Could this be the case with Grantly? As I sat silently looking at him, he put his trembling fingers into his vest-pocket and drew out an object which he handed to me.

"That," said he, "is my passport to Aquastor."

I took the object and found it to be a blue topaz—as beautiful a specimen as I had ever seen.

"You talk in riddles, Grantly," said I. "I must confess that I can't understand you. Be a little more explicit."

"You are in this country for pleasure alone?" he queried.

I nodded.

"Then, why not leave the train with me at Laguna? It is an interesting place, and I can safely promise you an experience that will be unique. Besides, if you go with me, I will explain everything."

"Why not?" I asked myself. On that trip I was a creature of impulse, and poor Grantly certainly needed the companionship of a friend.

"I will go," I said, and he leaned forward and caught my hand.

"Thank you," he murmured. "Now, let me explain. Every man has for his familiar a guardian spirit, which is the *Evestrum*, the astral body, according to Paracelsus. This guardian spirit engineers the earthly fortunes of the physical man; and man is successful in life according to the power of his familiar."

I gave an incredulous cough and looked into the eyes of Grantly to see if he was joking. There was no doubt of his being in sober earnest. Without apparently noticing my actions, he continued:—

"There is another being, created by the imagination entirely, and called Aquastor. The specific imagination required for this creative act is evolved by a concentration of thought upon the *A'kasa*, which is an Eastern term signifying living primordial substance. The Aquastor I seek is the

familiar spirit of a charm whose peculiar history dates from far-older times. Fashioned by an Egyptian priest of Isis, at Abydos, centuries before Christ, the only really definite information I have of the charm is as follows: Passing from Egypt to India, in some manner it came into the possession of a Hindu ascetic, and was captured from him immediately after the battle of Hydaspes by the plundering soldiers of Alexander the Great. By them it was given up to Perdiccas, one of Alexander's generals, and became his guiding star, assisting him in his ambitious schemes and protecting his person from mutinous assaults. At last, losing the charm, he was murdered. I have reasons for believing Antipater next wore it about his neck; but from that time until about the period of Octavian we lose sight of it. In the last century before Christ it was in Rome, befriending its possessors. Here figuring with Alfarabi as the Philosopher's Stone, there treasured by Paracelsus as the spirit Azoth; now sustaining princes and potentates, now elevating plebeians to the purple,—the charm has traversed all Europe, wandered for a time in Northern Africa (the home of its birth), and finally, in the nineteenth century, has been carried to America by the low-born daughter of a charcoal-burner in the Hartz Mountains. By her was it lost on the great plains, in a battle with Indians, and at this moment it is in the possession of Quacal, the great wonder-worker of the Navajos. He is at present in Laguna. The blue topaz was bought by me, from the chieftain of the tribe to which Quacal belongs. It is an 'open sesame' to his favor."

I heaved a long sigh of relief as Grantly relapsed into silence. His brain was turned. There was no doubt about that. I saw very plainly that he needed me, and I sought to persuade him to give up his quest for Aquastor and go on with me to the bracing airs of San Diego; but he stubbornly refused, and held me to my promise to leave the train with him at Laguna.

"Well," said I, unable to restrain my incredulity any longer, "I will go simply to be with you, for I see you are not able

to go alone; but nevertheless I think you are taking me on a wild-geese chase."

"No, no," he answered, with feverish earnestness; "the daughter of the charcoal-burner lives in Albuquerque. She gave me a little of the history of Aquastor, and a part of what she told me my studies have verified."

"If she knows that this medicine-man of the Navajos has the charm, why does she not go and secure it herself?"

"She does not know; that information I obtained from other sources."

He turned his eyes from the car window and for some moments watched the country of desert and volcano through which we were passing. It was a dreary outlook, and not more barren or hopeless than his own immediate future. As I gazed at him, so thin, shrunken, and weak, I pitied him from the depths of my soul. Turning quickly, he must have caught the compassion in my eyes, for he put out one white, quivering hand.

"Bob, the doctors have given me up," he said slowly; "the climate can do nothing for me. If Aquastor will not save, who else? It is the quest for this spirit—for me, the spirit of health—that buoys me up; otherwise, I would not be able to leave my bed."

I saw clearly that he was a drowning man clutching at a straw, and disease had so enfeebled his mind that he firmly believed all that he had told me.

"Well, my boy," I replied, "it is as Heaven wills. But you may count on me to stand by you."

He pressed my hand thankfully and continued gazing from the window. The sun sank down behind the barren, queerly-shaped mountains, and the stars, like clear-cut gems, appeared in the purple heavens; and then, when we saw the moon, its beams were falling like rays of silver across the spectral terrace houses of the Laguna pueblos.

We left the train, and I was just starting towards a waiting carriage when Grantly caught my arm.

"Just send the luggage to the hotel," he said. "We will follow later, after we see Quacal."

"Let us have a good night's rest," I



suggested, "and see the Indian to-morrow."

"To-morrow may be too late!"

I thought this a foolish whim, but did not care to cross him in it. Leaning against the corner of the depot, stood a stalwart Indian, dressed in gaudy leggings and moccasins, with a finely woven Navajo blanket about his shoulders. Grantly approached him confidently and exhibited the topaz. The effect was instantaneous. The Indian nodded, beckoned to us to follow, and stalked off through the moonlight.

"I was wondering," I remarked in a low tone, "how we should find this Quacal, but I see you had it all arranged."

"The chief left Albuquerque several days in advance of me," returned Grantly, "and he stopped here on his way to the Navajo reservation. He knew when I was to come, and promised me that this guide should be here."

As we approached the squatty adobe buildings, throwing out long shadows under the oblique beams of the moon, numbers of dogs ran out and barked at our heels, and occasionally I saw a dark figure uprear itself on a housetop and gaze at us curiously. I cannot say that I felt in any fear of personal injury, yet my hand crept instinctively behind me to make sure that my revolver was in my hip-pocket.

We were rapidly approaching the largest of the terraced pueblos. The building was now before us—a queer structure, each story rising some distance back from the outward wall of the one below, with ladders against the adobe sides for convenience in passing from one terrace to the other.

As we drew near the pueblo, Grantly asked in a low tone, "Are you armed, Bob?"

"Yes; but what of it?"

"Perhaps nothing of it; but Quacal does n't know that I am after that charm, and he may refuse to give it up. He thinks I am coming to witness his magic."

Here, indeed, was something I had not counted upon. What could two men, one of them an invalid, accomplish against the entire population of the village? I had no time to think over this phase of the

question, for at that moment our guide began climbing a ladder that led to the top of the first terrace.

We followed him silently. Grantly's breath was coming in short quick gasps. I drew near him and caught hold of his arm, surprised to find that he was trembling like an aspen.

"You're almost done up, Grantly," said I. "Calm yourself."

"It's only the excitement," he answered. "I am stronger than you think."

Our guide suddenly paused before a hole that opened in the roof at his feet. Up through this aperture came a flood of light, so that the Indian, casting aside his blanket for an easier descent, looked like some fiend over a furnace of Hades. Pausing to look at us, he pointed downward, then disappeared in the regions below. Grantly followed, and I went directly after him, not without certain misgivings—for certainly this visit to an Indian pueblo, at night, was a unique experience for me.

The descent was by means of another ladder, and very easily made. At the foot of the ladder I looked around and discovered that I was in a small, square room with an earthen floor and windowless adobe walls, the interior lighted with a torch of resinous wood. At one side was a curtained doorway. Before this our guide paused, one hand on the striped blanket that served as for a portiere. With the other hand he motioned to us. We understood the gesture. As he drew aside the blanket, Grantly and I passed through the doorway.

The second room was similar to the one through which we had just passed, save that it was lighted by three torches. At the farther end of the chamber was an Indian squatting on a blanket, Turkish fashion. He was very old and was bared to the waist. His long black hair was kept in place by a cloth bandage around his forehead. About his bronze-like neck hung a white object, the size of a small hickory-nut.

"That's it," panted Grantly, fixing his bright eyes on the white sphere; "the charm!"

The medicine-man gave a grunt of in-



"Like some fiend over a furnace of Hades"

qu岸 as he turned his dull eyes upon us.

"The topaz, Grantly," said I,— "show it to him."

Grantly at once collected his senses and displayed the gem. Quacal held out his hand, and Grantly tossed it to him. For some time the Indian examined it with evident satisfaction, and then coolly dropped it into a pouch that hung at his belt.

"He's going to keep it," muttered Grantly.

"He thinks you intended it for a present," I returned. "But look! He's beginning his tricks."



Quacal waved his long arms in the direction of the torches, and each one, by degrees, burned lower and lower, until nothing was left but a glimmering coal on the end of the wooden billet. All was dark in the room, save for the three sparks that





“We could see the charm dancing about as though a thing of life.”

marked the location of the torches. Then to our ears came a roll of distant thunder; it increased in volume, drew nearer and nearer, and at last zigzag flashes of lightning leaped from Quacal's uplifted hands. For a few moments this mimic storm waged relentlessly, and then suddenly the thunder was stilled, the lightning ceased to flash, and the torches flamed upward, as at first. I was astounded. I had heard much of these wonder-workers, but this was my first experience as an eye-witness of their skill. I looked at Grantly. He was leaning against the wall, but his feverish eyes were fastened upon the charm at Quacal's throat. I observed in my friend's face a recklessness and a determination which led me to believe that he was meditating some rash move whereby he might gain possession of the charm.

“Have a care what you do, Grantly,” I warned him in a whisper; “this Indian

is cousin-german to the Old Nick, and he can read your intentions like print.”

Grantly did not reply. Once more Quacal waved his hands towards the torches. Barely had they burned low and left us in darkness, when I heard Grantly execute a swift movement; there came the sound of a brief struggle, and instantly the torches blazed up brightly.

It was as I feared. Grantly had attempted to tear the charm from Quacal's neck in the darkness, his mad impatience not suffering him to wait and try to gain his point by diplomacy. Quacal stood on his feet, his long arm and index finger outstretched towards Grantly, who was standing a short distance away, as though petrified in his tracks. After a moment the medicine-man turned towards me and pointed his finger in my direction.

He must have been a hypnotist of the first order; for that simple movement



coupled with a look from his eyes, which were now flashing in a kind of protean play, seemed to rob me of all power to move or to speak. I could only stand and watch him.

After assuring himself that he had placed us *hors de combat*, Quacal resumed his squatting posture and began making passes over one corner of the blanket on which he sat. Slowly that corner began to bulge upwards, as though forced by something beneath, and finally the wonder-worker lifted the blanket and disclosed a glass goblet filled with a transparent liquid.

Removing the white object from about his neck, Quacal dropped it into the goblet, and then held the vessel up before one of the torches. In the liquid we could see the charm dancing about as though it was a thing of life; but we also noticed something else—the charm was rapidly diminishing in size, as though it were a pearl enveloped in acid! Smaller and smaller it became, while we stood there watching it without power to move. In a few moments the charm had entirely disappeared, and Quacal placing the goblet to his lips, drained the liquid to the last drop.

Then, by what must evidently have been a superhuman effort, Grantly shook himself free from the power that held him,

gave a loud cry, and started forward, but reeled and fell on his face before he had taken two steps. I rushed to his side and raised his head. He was unconscious and bleeding at the mouth from hemorrhage. I turned to the spot where Quacal had stood, but he had disappeared.

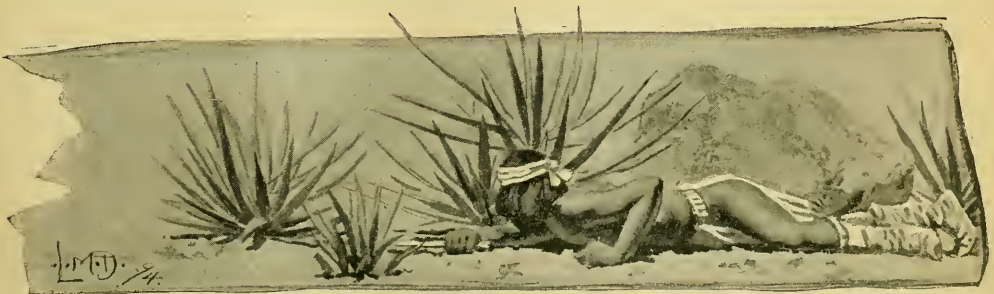
In response to my calls for assistance, our guide came in from the other room and helped me carry Grantly out of the pueblo and to the hotel. Medical aid was summoned, but the doctor shook his head forebodingly, after making his examination, and informed me that Grantly's hours were numbered.

I remained at the poor fellow's side until the end.

He regained consciousness for a few moments, and managed to gasp out, "Aquastor alone could save, and he has been denied me! It is my fate—*kismet!*"

On the day I took Grantly's body back to Albuquerque, I saw Quacal on the platform at the railway station. *About his neck still hung that white charm!*

After all, Grantly and I had been deceived by a mere trick of legerdemain, of which art Quacal was certainly a master. Aquastor, born centuries ago in the land of the Nile, was still in the service of this Navajo medicine-man! Poor Grantly!





## THE MOON - GLADE

I THOUGHT I heard thee calling in the night,  
And followed swiftly in wild search for thee;  
It led me to the shore where rippled light  
Lay trembling at my feet, the moon-glade white  
In silver glamour spanned the dark, cold sea.

It touched me with its glow, but ended far  
Beyond the waves. Was this the path too bright  
Where quest must end,—to some remotest star  
Must I ascend where deathless flowers are,  
Before I reach the height of thy long flight?

From rock and foam to verge of endless space  
The moon-glade glittered, beckoned unto me,—  
A mocking splendor, luring as thy grace,  
Still drew me on; the salt spray smote my face  
And mingled with my bitter tears for thee.

*Juliette Estelle Mathis.*

# PIPES AND SMOKING

By LORENZO GORDIN YATES

**A**MONG civilized people tobacco-smoking has degenerated to the indulgence of a habit, generally acquired from a natural desire to imitate our elders, and finally a self-indulgence which is difficult and sometimes impossible to break off.

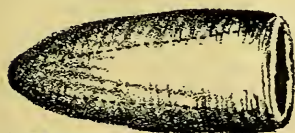
Opinions differ as to the degree of benefit derived, or injury resulting, from the use of the pipe. Some consider it a harmless enjoyment and never-failing sedative for tired nerves, an antidote to worry and fatigue, and a solace for all their troubles. Others denounce its use. But as the discussion of its physiological effects is not the object of this paper, we will proceed to consider some of the curious forms of pipes and something of their history.

At what period of the world's history the pipe appeared, or when the practice of

the habit of smoking are generally supposed to be a matter of history, to which a particular date can be ascribed. This may hold good as to the introduction of tobacco from America; but we find that in the year 1786 a countryman found, in Switzerland, some small smoking-pipes in two copper kettles, together with coins and other objects of Etruscan manufacture, and others which without doubt were

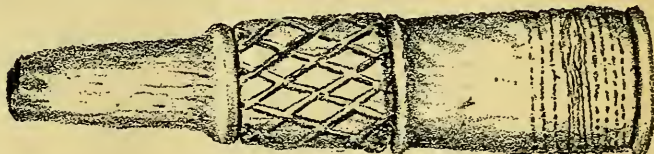


either Etruscan or Celtic, and of a date previous to the Christian era. So that it



L. G. YATES DEL.

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smoking originated, are questions which will never be satisfactorily answered. The introduction of tobacco into Europe and

is possible that pipes, like many other things used in Europe in ancient times, had become obsolete, and were rediscov-

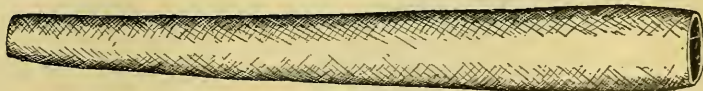


3.



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L. G. Yates.



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ered after the lapse of centuries. But if such is the case, these ancient Swiss pipes were probably used for medicinal purposes. They were made of thick plates of iron, curled into shape, and soldered together with copper.

The origin of smoking in Africa, Asia, the islands of the Pacific, and the continents of North and South America and the islands contiguous, is hidden in the dim ages of antiquity, and very little light is given us even by tradition. We know from the evidence of the finding of pipes in excavating and exploring the ruins of ancient, prehistoric cities, the sites of the habitations and burial-places of races of men,—some of whom have long been extinct,—that their use has been almost universal for thousands of years. And it is probable that one of the first subjects of the handicraft of man in a savage state was the construction of smoking-pipes, although in many places the majority of them having been made of wood or other destructible material, they have left no evidence of their former existence and numbers.

Some of the earliest or most primitive pipes were of such character and construction that nothing but the traditions of their use could be transmitted to posterity. The use of some of these forms have, however, been continued down to the present time, notably in some parts of Africa, where among certain tribes the pipe is formed by pouring water on the ground and making a kind of mud pie, and when of the proper consistence a bent twig is imbedded in the mud, with both ends protruding from the surface; when the mud is dry the twig is pulled out, a bowl scooped out at one extremity of the hole left by the pulling out of the twig, and a little mound is fashioned at the other extremity, which is used as the mouth-piece. The smoker lies down, places his lips over the little mound and thus smokes the tobacco which is placed in the bowl.

Of the many objects collected and preserved by enthusiastic specialists, pipes are among the most interesting, and wealthy men of many nations spend large sums of money in gathering and grouping the pipes of all ages and countries. Pipes of



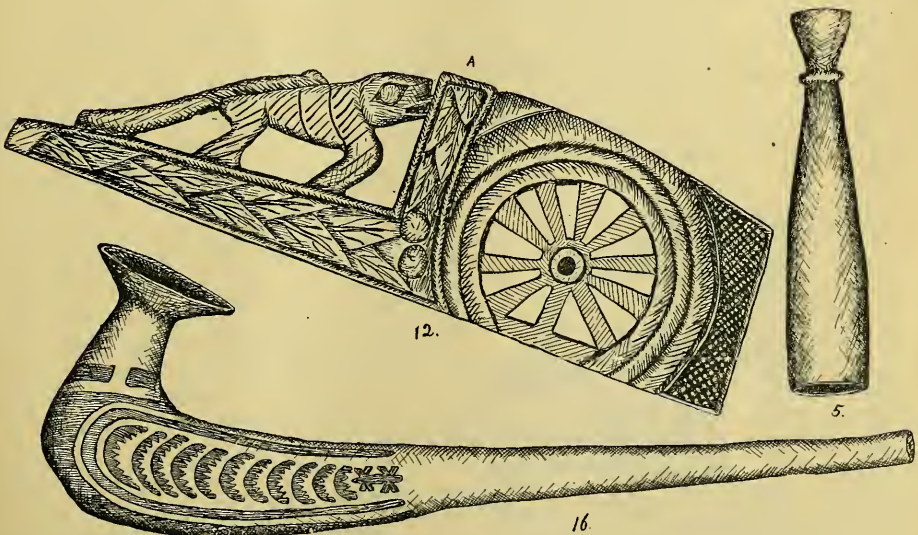
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clay, wood, ivory, bone, horn, stone, iron, and copper, of the aborigines of North America; clay, jade, and silver pipes of the ancient inhabitants of Mexico and Central America; pipes of catlinite, or "pipestone," of Minnesota and

neighboring States; hookahs from Persia, Egypt, and Turkey; gold, silver, and other metal and wood pipes from Japan, China, Thibet, and Corea; corosso-nut and stone

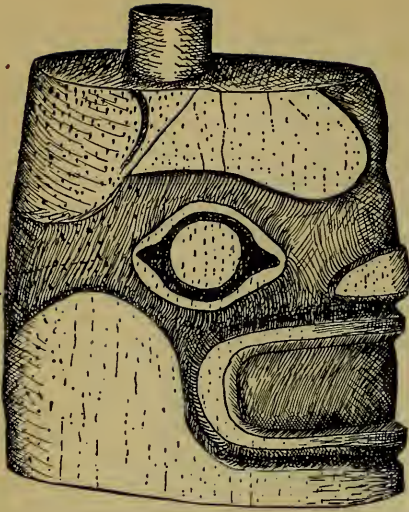
pipes from New Zealand and Australia; pipes made of the tusks of extinct mastodons from Siberia, Alaska, and Kamchatka; meerschaums from Germany, Austria, France, and other countries; carved and ornamented briarwood pipes from Europe; the celebrated pipes of carved wood for which the city of Nuremberg is famous; bog-oak pipes from Ireland; and many others, down to the backwoods pipe of North America, made of a potato or corn-cob, with stem of wild reed or cane,—called "Missouri meerschaum."

Of the methods and meaning of the use of the pipe among many ancient peoples, we know little or nothing. In many cases the extinct races and peoples have left no written history, and their oral traditions, which were carried down from generation to generation, disappeared with the extinction of the people who used them. In other cases, where we have a written history of ancient peoples, the subject has been overlooked, or considered of too little importance for notice. But in instances where extensive explorations have been made on the sites of ancient habitations, the pipes found in connection with other relics, have furnished the student many interesting facts and theories illustrative of the manners and customs of the ancient inhabitants.



L. G. Bates.





L. G. Gates.

7.

In North America, where the Europeans have been long associated with the aborigines, and where systematic scientific research has been carried on, we have learned much in relation to the political and social importance of the pipe, and many various forms of pipes have been discovered, described, and illustrated; and enough information has been gathered from the traditions of the past and the customs which have continued in practice by the remnants of the large number of tribes inhabiting the continent at the time of its discovery by Europeans, and become matters of history, to convince us that the pipe was one of the most highly valued and important of their belongings, and one upon which the utmost skill of the manufacturer was exercised.



10.

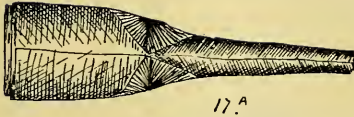
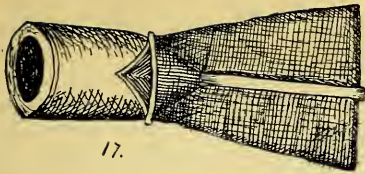
The early mound-builders, who are supposed to have been a different race from the Indians of historic times, and who occupied an extensive region of the territory forming the United States, have left innumerable examples of their ingenuity and skill in the manufacture of pipes; in fact, there was less uniformity of material and form in these objects than is shown in any other class of relics which have come down to us.

When the ancient pipe of an aborigine is plowed up by the farmer, found in cuts made in building railroads, by the miner while running tunnels under our mountains in search of gold, or among the ashes of forgotten heroes in old burial-places or ruins, how few there are who realize that they have discovered an object which—instead of simply affording evidence of the practice of a mere habit, as with the men of our day—was one of the most important possessions of its former owner, second only in importance to weapons of war and of the chase, and one which, could it tell its history, could throw more light upon the manners, customs, superstitions, and mode of living of the ancient inhabitants of the country than can ever be expected to be learned from the explorations of mounds and ancient burial-places by trained scientific experts.

The pipe was the most important of the few luxuries of savage or uncivilized peoples, and besides, figured largely in the social life, legislative councils, and executive government of tribes and families. The etiquette of smoking was as exact and exacting as are the rules adopted and enforced by courts and governments to-day. Nor is it to be wondered at that an implement so important in the comparatively uninteresting daily life of the savage should receive so much attention, and be the one thing in the manufacture of which a great deal of time, labor, and skill should have been expended.

Although such a variety of forms of pipes are found, there is still a noticeable tendency towards certain types, and the evolution of similar forms may be traced even among tribes and races which were widely separated.





rated and of widely different origin. This evolution of form along different lines is an interesting study, but too elaborate a subject for the limits of this paper.

While the pipe in its various forms has been used for smoking tobacco and other vegetable substance in almost every country of the globe, it would seem that among the aborigines of the North American Continent it was held in the highest esteem and its ceremonial use regulated some of the most vital and important matters connected with their social and political affairs. From remote antiquity the pipe held, and still holds, an important position in the mythology and rituals of all our tribes, East and West, and no great ceremony was complete, and no treaty was ever ratified, without it. It is generally symbolic of peace and truth. As an emblem of peace it was formerly carried by every bearer of a friendly message from one tribe to another (see Fig. 1), and was smoked in ratification of treaties; the act of smoking being in itself of the nature of an oath. Among the prairie tribes an individual accused of crime was offered the sacred pipe; if he accepted it, and smoked, he was declared innocent, as no Indian would dare to smoke it if guilty. The ceremonial pipes of the prairie tribes were made of catlinite, a peculiar red stone from a famous quarry in Minnesota, the old country of the Sioux. The sacred pipe of the Arapahoes, which is still preserved by a remnant of the tribe now located in Wyoming, is made of two kinds of stone, the interior of a white stone, the whole overlaid with catlinite. Only one

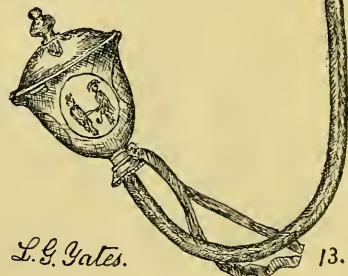
white man has ever been allowed to see it.

Pipes were held in different degrees of estimation, according to their several uses. Some of them were considered sacred, and there were orders of priesthood who had special charge of them, and were called pipe-keepers; common people were not allowed to see these pipes, and the women and children were afraid of them. There was also a man installed as official pipe-filler, and no grand council could be held in his absence. There were also peace pipes and war pipes, some of the tribes had two of the latter, and six or eight of the former.

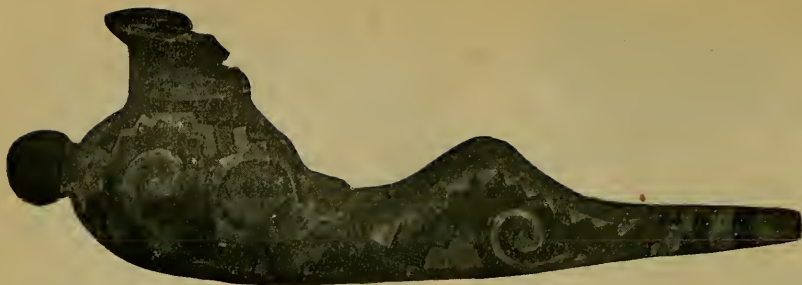
Pipes were also extensively represented in their picture-writing.

The use of pipes on the American Continent seems to be coeval with man's occupancy, and smoking has been practiced so long that its origin dates back so far in the dim ages of the past that no tradition of its origin among the majority of the tribes has come down to us, and among such tribes as have any traditions on the subject, it is given as connected with the origin of man, as illustrated by the following extracts from the traditions of the Arapahoe, Sioux, and Caddo.

According to the myth of the Arapahoes, their sacred pipe,—which was given to their ancestors at the beginning of the world, after the Turtle had brought the earth up from under the water. It was delivered to them by the Duck, which



*L. E. Yates.*



*14, 14a, and 14b*

was discovered swimming about on the top of the water after the emergence of the land. At the same time they were given an ear of corn, from which comes all the corn of the world. The Arapahoes lost the art of agriculture when they came out upon the buffalo plains, but the sacred pipe, the Turtle, long since changed to stone, and the first ear of corn, also transformed to stone, they have cherished to this day as their great medicine. The pipe, turtle, and ear of corn are preserved among the northern Arapahoes in Wyoming, who claim to be the "mother people" of the tribe. The three sacred things are preserved carefully wrapped in deer-skins, and are exposed only on rare

occasions, and then only within the sacred tipi.

The Cheyenne myth resembles the Arapahoe, but occupies four smokes—nights—in its delivery. No one but the priest of the pipe dares to recite it; it is considered so sacred that should an error be made in its narration divine punishment would fall upon the narrator.

According to the Sioux tradition, the sacred pipe was brought to them by a mysterious white maiden,—The White Buffalo Cow,—together with a package of four grains of maize of different colors. This corn sprang from the milk which dropped from her udder, and was thus, with the flesh of the buffalo itself, appoint-

ed from the beginning to be the food of the red tribes. "She taught the people to call her 'Grandmother,' a reverential title among Indians, and after leading them to her relatives, the buffalo, she faded from their sight as they stood gazing at her."

According to a tradition of the Caddo, or "Pierced Nose," whose original home was on the Red River of Louisiana, they came up from under the ground through the mouth of a cave in a hill, "the place of crying," on a lake close to the south bank of the Red River, at its junction with the Mississippi. In those days men and animals were all brothers and lived together under the ground. But at last they discovered the entrance to the cave leading up to the surface of the earth, and so they decided to ascend and come out. First an old man climbed up, carrying in one hand fire and a pipe, and in the other a drum. After him came his wife, with corn and pumpkin-seeds. Then followed the rest of the people and the animals. All intended to come out, but as soon as the wolf climbed up he closed the hole, and shut up the rest of the people and animals under the ground, where they still remain. Those who had come out sat down and cried for their friends a long time; hence the name of the place. Because the Caddo came out of the ground they call it, "*Ina*," mother, and go back to it when they die. "Because they have had the pipe and the drum, and the corn and pumpkins, since they have been a people, they hold fast to these things and have never thrown them away."

The use of pipes for smoking seems to have been most general in the temperate regions of North America; as we go south pipes are less abundant.

Among the relics of the ancient peoples in the middle and northeastern portions of the present territory of the United States we find pipes in large numbers and great variety. The same is true of some of the British possessions, especially in Canada. In these regions the Indian artist-mechanic illustrated the highest reaches of his imagination and exemplified the best style of his workmanship. The late Charles Rau, in writing of stone pipes, remarked that, "many of them were

so skillfully executed that the modern artist, notwithstanding his far superior metallic tools, would find no little difficulty in reproducing them."

In his choice of material the workman generally selected that which was most easily wrought, such as serpentine, catlinite, steatite, limestone, soft sandstone, and slate. His favorite figures were human heads, faces, or whole figures.

In California the forms were peculiar. Among a series of implements found under Table Mountain, Tuolumne County, in the bed of an ancient river channel, was a stone pipe (Fig. 2), somewhat resembling the "cigar holder" pipes of Southern and Central California, illustrated by Figs. 3, 4, 5. Figure 6 represents a wood pipe made by the Pomo Indians of Mendocino County.

The ivory pipes of the Alaskan Indians are made from walrus tusks, and covered with etched figures representing hunting scenes, whales, seals, walrus, fish, birds, canoes, etc. (see Fig. 7). Figure 8 is an Alaskan pipe made of wood and painted red and yellow, the front ornamented with a figure probably intended to represent the sun. Another old Alaskan pipe (Fig. 9) is made of a piece of a bone of the whale, the bowl a piece of old gun-barrel driven into the bone.

On our northwest coast, the introduction of smoking has occurred within historic times, except, perhaps on Queen Charlotte Island, where stone pipes of exquisite workmanship and peculiar artistic design have been found in the sites of ancient habitations. One of these is represented by Fig. 10; it was discovered by Colonel Chittenden while excavating in an old rancheria; it was evidently intended to be smoked by two persons at the same time, as it has two holes drilled for the insertion of stems at A and A.

Figure 11 represents an ornately carved pipe—probably ceremonial—from the same locality, made of the same material, a close-grained, compact slate, susceptible of a fine polish, which leaves the surface looking as though it had been rubbed over with plumbago. This is the same material of which the carved stone



totems are made, upon which the natives carve their genealogy.

Figure 12 represents a pipe made of the same material by the Haida Indians.

The Eskimo makes the bowl of his pipe of brass, copper, walrus ivory lined with copper, or of reindeer antler; the stems of wood, split longitudinally and hollowed out like a pipestem, then the two sections lashed together by means of a thong of sealskin or deerskin, accordingly as they are made on the coast or in the interior. In the interior the wood of the willow, or the birch; on the coast various woods which drift to the shore are used. A pipe of this character may easily be extemporized from a willow stick.

The habit of smoking among the Eskimos appears to have been acquired from the Siberians, as also the form of their pipes.

The Indians of the Yukon region learned from the Eskimo. In 1837 the Eskimo was ignorant of the use of tobacco, and there is no evidence that he smoked any other material. In Siberia the natives mix willow twigs with their tobacco in the proportion of one part twigs to two parts tobacco, and the Eskimos mix theirs in the same proportion. It seems probable that the forms of pipes used by the Siberians, and later by the Eskimos, were copied from those of the Japanese or Chinese.

Some curious Alaskan pipes are represented by Figs. 9 and 8. The first made of a piece of a bone of the whale, the bowl formed by inserting a section of an ancient gun-barrel.

Figures 8, 8A is of wood, carved, and

interesting from the coloring being almost identical with an ancient pottery pipe from Mexico, Figs. 14A, and 14B. The last-mentioned pipe has been labeled "Aztec, supposed to be one thousand years old." But we learn that, when Cortez conquered the valley of Mexico, he did not find the Aztecs using pipes; they smoked tobacco rolled up like cigarettes, inserted in hollow reeds.

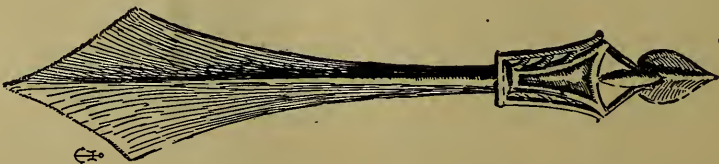
The discovery of pipes in excavating ancient dwelling-places suggests the idea that their use pertained to the people who occupied the country anterior to the Mexicans in general,—that is, to a prehistoric race which, coming from Yucatan, populated the valley of Mexico. This is made more probable from the similarity of color and ornamentation to those articles of pottery found in the graves and ruined cities of Central America, and exhumed in Southern Mexico.

The art of pipe-making was one that lingered long among the Indians, after many other arts were forgotten.

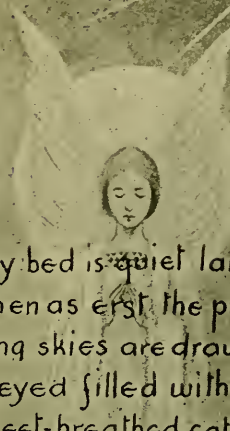
One reason for this survival arose from the fact that the earlier Europeans who came to America preferred the native pipe to those of European make.

But the glory of the pipe has departed, and little remains to commemorate the sorrowful history of the long series of broken treaties between the American Indian and the European settlers, made up of ceremonial smoking and promises, the clouds of the fragrant smoke and the promises of the white man having been almost equally evanescent.

NOTE.—Figures 3, 4, and 5 represent pipes in the Wilcomb collection at Golden Gate Park Museum. Figs. 17 and 17A an ancient Brazilian pipe, copied from *Archivos do Museu Nacional do Rio de Janeiro*. Fig. 1—Ancient Indian pictographs, in which the pipe is represented. Fig. 6—A wooden pipe of the Pomo Indians, the property of Dr. J. W. Hudson, of Ukiah, Mendocino County, California; length of pipe, twenty inches. Figs. 11 and 14 represent pipes in the collection of the Hon. Reuben H. Lloyd, of San Francisco. Figs. 7, 8, 9, 12, and 16—Pipes in Nathan Joseph's collection. Fig. 13—A souvenir of the treaty made with the Shawanese Indians in 1812. Fig. 16—An Eskimo pipe of wood and metal; the dark shading represents the wood, light shading the metal, lead or pewter.

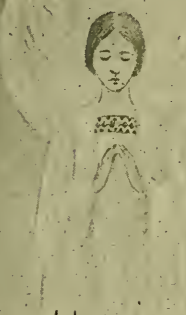


# SONG OF THAT BABY SO HUMANLY ROUNDED!



O hovering angels, sweetly sing!  
Through the far skies the tidings bring,  
For lo, in shadowy stable bare,  
Sweet Mary's shining golden hair  
Shines a flood of golden glory.  
List the old and tender story!

A lowly bed is quiet laid,  
And then as erst the prophets said,  
Bending skies are drawn asunder,  
Wide-eyed filled with gentle wonder,  
The sweet-breathed cattle lowing hear  
The gathering anthem draw more near,  
Glory, Glory, beauteous blessing,  
Blest for aye, blest without ceasing!




O fair, O fair and passing sweet,-  
Kneel at his pink and dimpled feet!  
Bend low the willing, reverent head,  
And hark to what the angels said!

"He comes to bring peace and good will unto man"  
(In billows of glory the music o'er-ran)  
Whilst ever they chanted that wonderful song  
That rings on through the ages,  
so clear, so long!

Song of that baby so humanly  
rounded,

Of that dear God whom a  
manger has bounded!

HARRIET WINTHROP WARING.



Edg. Blakiston.





A Bit of the Road, with Glimpse of the Volcano

## THE ASCENT OF MOUNT ASAMA

### CLIMBING A JAPANESE VOLCANO

By R. B. PEERY

**I**T WAS in the summer of 1897. In order to escape the burning heat of the plains, a party of Americans and Englishmen residing in Japan and China had fled to the mountain resort of Karuizawa. On arrival we were all weary and dull, and little disposed to exertion; and the time was spent in rest and quietude.

Every day we looked up at Mount Asama, the largest living volcano in Japan, as she stood like a mighty sentinel a few miles away in the west, towering proudly above all the other mountains, and continually sending up clouds of curling smoke. She is a fine mountain, sloping symmetrically from a broad base to a sharp cone, and looking exactly like the pictures of volcanoes we used to see in childhood

days in the old geographies. From her commanding position she seemed to frown down upon us and say, "I dare you to climb me"; and we inwardly replied, "Just wait until I am strong again, and I'll stand on your highest peak."

The cool nights, pure air, and refreshing breezes, soon drove away the listless languor with which we came, and we began to feel fresh and strong again. With returning vigor came an increased longing to make good our promise, and from the summit of Asama gaze into her ever-burning fires. Climbing some smaller mountain each day, for training, we soon felt able to attack our giant.

On a warm evening in August, a party of seven set out for the ascent. That we





A Study by the Way

might reach the summit before daybreak, see the fires by night, and watch the sun rise, we started at eight o'clock in the evening. It had been raining during the day, and the sky was still cloudy; so it was with much misgiving that we set out. If the weather is bad, the climbing is not only difficult, but one can see nothing after reaching the top.

Our outfit consisted of a basket of food,

some water-bags, and numerous overcoats and blankets; for we knew it would be extremely cold on the mountain.

The journey across the plain, and part of the ascent, was made on native ponies, very hardy and sure-footed, but vicious and quarrelsome. To keep them from getting together and fighting, it was necessary that a *betto*\* accompany each

\* A servant who cares for horses.



Ancient Idols on the Path

pony. We could not ride side by side as people do in the West, because Japanese ponies are always mad at each other, and fight like mad cats whenever they get within reach; so we went one after the other in single file, after the manner of Eastern caravans.

Riding around the base of a beautiful green mountain standing out in the plain, and detached from all the others, we came to a little village, where our *betto* stopped to get a new supply of straw sandals for themselves and the horses—for horses too are shod with straw here. On leaving this village we at once entered the foot-hills, and began to ascend rapidly. The path wound around grassy slopes and through charming woods, and the ride was delightful. Soon we came to the base of Asama herself, and our ponies had a steep climb for about one mile. From that point it was necessary to ascend on foot. Leaving the horses and all baggage except that which was indispensable on the mountain in the care of three of the *betto*, we took the others to carry the luggage and began the ascent proper. The journey

thus far had consumed four hours, and it was just midnight.

The clouds that were so thick and threatening when we started had melted away, and a glorious moon, with myriads of stars, made the huge mountain beautiful. A more lovely night for mountain-climbing could not have been desired.

We found the first half mile of the ascent so steep that it was necessary to stop and rest every few minutes, and some of the party already began to despair of ever reaching the summit. Fortunately, the ascent became more gradual after the first hard climb. There are no large cliffs or stones to scramble over; the mountain is composed of lava and scoriae that have been beaten down by wind and rain until they are smooth and comparatively solid. The path is hard and easy to walk on, except for the steepness. There is no attempt at grading; it runs straight up the mountain.

Although the foot-hills are well timbered, there are no trees on the mountain itself; but we found hardy mountain plants growing up almost to the summit.



These plants are small and do not cover the surface, and the general appearance of the mountain is bald and barren.

Our progress was slow. We could not climb longer than fifteen minutes without stopping to rest; but we thoroughly enjoyed it, as the party was jolly and the night grand. It happened that this was the season when shooting stars are most numerous, and we amused ourselves trying to count them. Sometimes as many as half a dozen would be flying across the sky in opposite directions, and the effect was very pretty. We counted several hundred of them.

During our stops for rest, the guide told us something of the history of the mountain. Its fires are always burning, and when they were first kindled no one knows. In historic times many destructive eruptions have occurred at irregular intervals, and native records contain full accounts of them. It seems that when the mountain is ejecting smoke there is little danger of eruption, but when the smoke ceases for long periods it is tolerably sure to erupt. This is due to the accumulation of sulphur, which abounds in the crater.

In Japan and China, certain gods are thought to reside in mountains like Asama, and temples or shrines are erected to their honor on the summit. It is customary for the people to resort to them for worship, and the best-known mountains are visited by large numbers of pilgrims each year. Early in April all the men in the village near Asama go up the mountain, after having carefully purified themselves. Each person takes a bamboo pipe filled with water, with which he occasionally wets his straw sandals to keep them from being burned.

With a recital of such interesting items as these, the guide, who was well informed on all things pertaining to the mountain, entertained us at each stop.

After many alternate climbs and rests, we approached the summit, and the ascent became steeper and more difficult. The path was narrow and the sides of the mountain so precipitous that it made one dizzy to look down. The change in temperature was very perceptible. It was quite warm at the foot, and we had taken off our coats, but we soon put them on again; then we buttoned them up closely;

next we put on our overcoats, and finally wrapped ourselves up in blankets.

When we were almost exhausted with climbing, the path wound around a high point and emerged on a small plateau. Higher up to the left we saw the sulphur fumes and smoke rising thick and fast, and we knew the crater was near. Another short climb, and we stood on its edge. It was just three o'clock in the morning.

My first sensation was one of awe and fear. There, only a few feet away, seen indistinctly through the gloom and smoke, was an immense opening into the very heart of the mountain. From the vast depths below came a great roaring sound, a weird hissing, sputtering, and cracking; and dense volumes of smoke and sulphurous vapor were rolling up and almost suffocating us. The strong fumes inflamed our nostrils, and made our eyes smart.

We hoped to see a boiling lake of fire and brimstone at the bottom of the crater,—which lake is said to be visible at times,—but the smoke and vapor obscured the view, and we could not see to any great depth. Along the sides of the crater, jets of steam and smoke were issuing from the crevices of the rocks as from steam-pipes, and the ground around was hot. Seen through the darkness, it appeared a terrible yawning gulf, ready to swallow us up.

Many loose stones were lying about the edge of the crater, and we amused ourselves by rolling them into it and hearing them tumble to the bottom. At first there was a sound as of rapid rolling down a rough decline; then tumbling over cliff after cliff; then a long silent period of suspense; and finally a great splash into a liquid mass far below. As the reverberations gradually died away in the big pit, a heavier cloud of smoke would rise and the sulphur odors increase in intensity. The excitement of rolling these stones was so great that some members of the party would venture too near the edge, and there was continual remonstrance about it; but the one that remonstrated loudest, caught by the same fascination, would be the very next one to venture beyond prudent limits.



After looking down into the depths and rolling stones until tired, we sought out a spot partially sheltered from the piercing winds, and, wrapping our blankets closely about us, opened our lunch and ate ravenously. Then we chose a suitable spot from which to watch the sun rise, and sat down to wait for it. It was now four o'clock, and already lines of gray had streaked the east. The whole horizon gradually assumed a dim reddish hue, and it seemed likely that the sun would appear at any one of half a dozen places. There was lively guessing as to just where he would come up; but we were not long left in doubt. By degrees the golden light seemed to gather in one place, and the glorious sun appeared in solemn state.

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

A more beautiful sunrise it has never been my lot to witness. The sublimity of God's handiwork was reverently spoken of, and we all felt ourselves drawn nearer to Him who made the mountains and the sun. After feasting the eye on the glories of the sunrise until satisfied, we climbed to a higher point just back of us, to get a view of the landscape.

My halting pen is quite inadequate to convey a fit impression of the scene spread out before us. The glad earth, just wakened from slumber by the sunbeams, was rejoicing in the new day. Look which way we would, as far as eye could reach, mountain was piled on mountain, and the valleys between were filled with white, fleecy clouds, from which the mountain tops protruded. Far away to the south stood grand Fuji, towering solitary and alone; while off in the west appeared the high Shinano range, its tops white with snow. The mountains nearer us, covered with green trees, were glistening in the morning sun. From our feet miles away down into the plain stretched the great wastes of lava and stone; and to crown all, the terrible crater at our side was continually roaring, hissing, and sputtering, and shooting up its eternal columns of fiery smoke. A scene so beautiful, and at

the same time so awe-inspiring, we had never beheld.

After seeing the crater by daylight we were able to form a much better idea of it. It was a vast fiery hole, about half a mile in width. The crater is remarkable for its depth. It has baffled all attempts at measurement; but those who have had an opportunity to look down its sides when comparatively little steam was escaping judge it to be several thousand feet deep, and perhaps as deep as the mountain is high above the plain. A large city could be tumbled into its capacious depths.

Wishing to get a good look at the volcano from all sides, we walked around its full circumference. There is a large crevice on the north side where one can approach pretty near, and from here we could see hundreds of feet down the perpendicular cliffs. The stones were burnt white and red, and here and there the yellow brimstone was oozing from them. As we were gazing into the lurid depths from this point, clouds of sulphurous smoke shot up so strong as to drive us hurriedly back from the edge; but as soon as the winds chased them away, we approached again.

It was from this opening in the crater's side that a vast stream of molten lava issued in the last great eruption, and ran down the mountain-side, instantly destroying several villages and large forests that were in its path. We could trace its course from this point, and see the great desert of ashes and stone still extending far down into the plains—a huge winding serpent, lying against the mountain.

On this side of the crater are ugly fissures of unknown depth; some narrow, others broad and impassable. Hissing volumes of steam and smoke issued from them, whispering of the smoldering fires underneath the thin crust. We found one sheltered little nook that was quite warm, steam issuing into it from all sides. At this altitude of 8,500 feet it was very, very cold, and our teeth were chattering; so we climbed down into the little nook and warmed ourselves by this natural radiator.

Going around to the south side, we found a considerable plateau, extending back from the crater for a quarter of a

mile, and ending in a mighty precipice. Gazing out on this plateau, on the farthest edge of which stood two of our party, through the steam and smoke rising from the fissures in the intervening space, and then seeing the awful pit of fire behind, Doré's illustrations of Dante's *Inferno* were vividly recalled to mind. I wonder if that grand and sad Italian saw anything more weird and awful than this in the infernal regions?

After going all around the crater, we sat down on its edge, and busied ourselves with thoughts of it. What irresistible force has been here displayed! What fiery messengers of death have emerged from this pit! The last destructive eruption, which occurred in 1783, was one of the most frightful of which we have record in the history of volcanoes. The guide sat down by our side and told us of that last eruption.

For five years the mountain had been closed, and no smoke had issued from it. Little by little it began to burn again, and the smoke gradually increased until it reached such proportions as had never been seen before. The column was more than one hundred and fifty feet wide, and it shot straight up into the sky. This unusual smoking continued for two days, to the terror of the people in the neighboring provinces. Soon the mountain became more active. There was an ejection of lava and stone accompanied by a great noise, and then columns of living fire were thrown far up into the heavens. The whole mountain seemed to be on fire, burning lava and sulphur rolling down to its very foot. The noise was like that of a thousand thunders. Enormous red-hot rocks were vomited forth, and flew hissing through the air. The people deserted their villages, and many were killed by falling stones as they fled. In Karuizawa lava was piled to a depth of four feet, and half of the town burned. The waters in the rivers becoming poisoned by ashes and cinders, all the fishes died. All vegetation and timber in parts of two provinces was completely destroyed. At midday it suddenly became so dark the people were compelled to use lanterns.

After the eruption had continued for

two or three days, a great river of mud and lava issued from the crater, on the north side, and flowing down the mountain completely buried the vast forests and all the villages that were in its path. Hundreds of people lost their lives. The mud was intensely hot, and continued boiling and bubbling for twenty-five days.

Forty-two villages were destroyed in this eruption, and a district ten miles square converted into a desert. The natural baths at Kusatsu, thirty miles away, suddenly became so hot that all the bathers perished.

The size of the stones thrown out is quite remarkable. Rocks fifty feet wide and one hundred long were thrown up into the air, and fell like leaves of trees. The largest one on record fell into a river several miles from the mountain, and formed an island. It is two hundred and sixty-four feet long by one hundred and twenty.

After the guide's recital of these awful happenings the crater possessed an additional interest for us, and we again gave it a good look. Then, with a long, lingering glance at the magnificent panorama spread out before us, we began the descent. One goes down rapidly, and it required just an hour and a half's walking to take us back to the horses.

Tired and hungry, we spread blankets on the ground, threw ourselves upon them, and ate a hearty breakfast. Then mounting our ponies, we set out on our return.

Being in a hurry to get back, and overconfident as to our ability to manage the horses, we ran on ahead of the *betto*, a rashness for which we paid dearly. Although we tried to stay about ten yards apart, two of our ponies got together, and had a big fight. We dismounted without ceremony, and finally managed to separate them; but one pony ran away, and we could not catch him until the *betto* came up. After that we were content to return at a slower pace.

When we finally reached Karuizawa it was with heavy eyes and weary limbs, but no one regretted the weariness or pain. The scenes of the morning were indelibly stamped on our minds, and will remain in memory's picture gallery to brighten many a reminiscent hour in after life.

# TO THE MAN ON THE TRAIL

## A KLONDIKE CHRISTMAS

By JACK LONDON

"DUMP it in."  
"But I say, Kid, is n't that going it a little too strong? Whisky and alcohol's bad enough; but when it comes to brandy and pepper-sauce and—"

"Dump it in. Who's making this punch, anyway?" And Malemute Kid smiled benignantly through the clouds of steam. "By the time you've been in this country as long as I have, my son, and lived on rabbit-tracks and salmon-belly, you'll learn that Christmas comes only once per annum. And a Christmas without punch is sinking a hole to bedrock with nary a pay-streak."

"Stack up on that fer a high cyard," approved big Jim Belden, who had come down from his claim on Mazy May to spend Christmas, and who, as every one knew, had been living the two months past on straight moose-meat. "Hain't fergot the *hooch* we uns made on the Tanana, hev yeh?"

"Well, I guess yes. Boys, it would have done your hearts good to see that whole tribe fighting drunk—and all because of a glorious ferment of sugar and sour dough. That was before your time," Malemute Kid said as he turned to Stanley Prince, a young mining expert who had been in two years. "No white women in the country then, and Mason wanted to get married. Ruth's father was chief of the Tananas, and objected, like the rest of the tribe. Stiff? Why, I used my last pound of sugar; finest work in that line I ever did in my life. You should have seen the chase, down the river and across the portage."

"But the squaw?" asked Louis Savoy, the tall French-Canadian, becoming interested; for he had heard of this wild deed, when at Forty Mile the preceding winter.

Then Malemute Kid, who was a born raconteur, told the unvarnished tale of the Northland Lochinvar. More than one rough adventurer of the North felt his

heart-strings draw closer, and experienced vague yearnings for the sunnier pastures of the Southland, where life promised something more than a barren struggle with cold and death.

"We struck the Yukon just behind the first ice-run," he concluded, "and the tribe only a quarter of an hour behind. But that saved us; for the second run broke the jam above and shut them out. When they finally got into Nuklukyeto, the whole post was ready for them. And as to the foregathering, ask Father Roubeau here: he performed the ceremony."

The Jesuit took the pipe from his lips, but could only express his gratification with patriarchal smiles, while Protestant and Catholic vigorously applauded.

"By gar!" ejaculated Louis Savoy, who seemed overcome by the romance of it. "La petite squaw; mon Mason brav; By gar!"

Then, as the first tin cups of punch went round, Bettles the Unquenchable sprang to his feet and struck up his favorite drinking song:—

"There's Henry Ward Beecher  
And Sunday-school teachers,  
All drink of the sassafras root;  
But you bet all the same,  
If it had its right name,  
It's the juice of the forbidden fruit."

"O the juice of the forbidden fruit,"  
roared out the Bacchanalian chorus,—

"O the juice of the forbidden fruit;  
But you bet all the same,  
If it had its right name,  
It's the juice of the forbidden fruit."

Malemute Kid's frightful concoction did its work; the men of the camps and trails unbent in its genial glow, and jest and song and tales of past adventure went round the board. Aliens from a dozen lands, they toasted each and all. It was the Englishman, Prince, who pledged



"Uncle Sam, the precocious infant of the New World"; the Yankee, Bettles, who drank to "The Queen, God bless her"; and together, Savoy and Meyers, the German trader, clanged their cups to Alsace and Lorraine.

Then Malemute Kid arose, cup in hand, and glanced at the greased-paper window, where the frost stood full three inches thick. "A health to the man on trail this night; may his grub hold out; may his dogs keep their legs; may his matches never miss fire."

Crack! Crack!—they heard the familiar music of the dog-whip, the whining howl of the Malemutes, and the crunch of a sled at it drew up to the cabin. Conversation languished, while they waited the issue expectantly.

"An old-timer; cares for his dogs and then himself," whispered Malemute Kid to Prince, as they listened to the snapping jaws and the wolfish snarls and yelps of pain which proclaimed to their practiced ears that the stranger was beating back their dogs while he fed his own.

Then came the expected knock, sharp and confident, and the stranger entered. Dazzled by the light, he hesitated a moment at the door, giving to all a chance for scrutiny. He was a striking personage, and a most picturesque one, in his Arctic dress of wool and fur. Standing six foot two or three, with proportionate breadth of shoulders and depth of chest, his smooth-shaven face nipped by the cold to a gleaming pink, his long lashes and eyebrows white with ice, and the ear and neck flaps of his great wolfskin cap loosely raised, he seemed, of a verity, the Frost King, just stepped in out of the night. Clashed outside his Mackinaw jacket, a beaded belt held two large Colt's revolvers and a hunting-knife, while he carried, in addition to the inevitable dog-whip, a smokeless rifle of the largest bore and latest pattern. As he came forward, for all his step was firm and elastic, they could see that fatigue bore heavily upon him.

An awkward silence had fallen, but his hearty "What cheer, my lads?" put them quickly at ease, and the next instant Male-

mute Kid and he had gripped hands. Though they had never met, each had heard of the other, and the recognition was mutual. A sweeping introduction and a mug of punch were forced upon him before he could explain his errand.

"How long since that basket-sled, with three men and eight dogs, passed?" he asked.

"An even two days ahead. Are you after them?"

"Yes; my team. Run them off under my very nose, the cusses. I've gained two days on them already,—pick them up on the next run."

"Reckon they'll show spunk?" asked Belden, in order to keep up the conversation, for Malemute Kid already had the coffee-pot on and was busily frying bacon and moose-meat.

The stranger significantly tapped his revolvers.

"When 'd yeh leave Dawson?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"Last night?"—as a matter of course.

"To-day."

A murmur of surprise passed round the circle. And well it might; for it was just midnight and seventy-five miles of rough river trail was not to be sneered at for a twelve hours' run.

The talk soon became impersonal, however, harking back to the trials of childhood. As the young stranger ate of the rude fare, Malemute Kid attentively studied his face. Nor was he long in deciding that it was fair, honest, and open, and that he liked it. Still youthful, the lines had been firmly traced by toil and hardship. Though genial in conversation, and mild when at rest, the blue eyes gave promise of the hard steel-glitter which comes when called into action, especially against odds. The heavy jaw and square-cut chin demonstrated rugged pertinacity and indomitability of purpose. Nor, though the attributes of the lion were there, was there wanting the certain softness, the hint of womanliness, which bespoke an emotional nature—one which could feel, and feel deeply.

"So thet's how me an' the ol' woman got spliced," said Belden, concluding the exciting tale of his courtship. "'Here

we be, dad,' sez she. 'An' may yeh be damned,' sez he to her, an' then to me, 'Jim, yeh—yeh git outen them good duds o' yourn; I want a right peart slice o' thet forty acre ploughed 'fore dinner.' An' then he turns on her an' sez, 'An' yeh, Sal; yeh sail inter them dishes.' An' then he sort o' sniffled an' kissed her. An' I was thet happy,—but he seen me an' roars out, 'Yeh, Jim!' An' yeh bet I dusted fer the barn."

"Any kids waiting for you back in the States?" asked the stranger.

"Nope; Sal died 'fore any come. Thet's why I'm here." Belden abstractedly began to light his pipe, which had failed to go out, and then brightened up with, "How 'bout yerself, stranger,—married man?"

For reply, he opened his watch, slipped it from the thong which served for a chain, and passed it over. Belden pricked up the slush-lamp, surveyed the inside of the case critically, and swearing admiringly to himself, handed it over to Louis Savoy. With numerous "By gars!" he finally surrendered it to Prince, and they noticed that his hands trembled and his eyes took on a peculiar softness. And so it passed from horny hand to horny hand—the pasted photograph of a woman, the clinging kind that such men fancy, with a babe at the breast. Those who had not yet seen the wonder were keen with curiosity; those who had, became silent and retrospective. They could face the pinch of famine, the grip of scurvy, or the quick death by field or flood; but the pictured semblance of a stranger woman and child made women and children of them all.

"Never have seen the youngster yet,—he's a boy, she says, and two years old," said the stranger as he received the treasure back. A lingering moment he gazed upon it, then snapped the case and turned away, but not quick enough to hide the restrained rush of tears.

Malemute Kid led him to a bunk and bade him turn in.

"Call me at four, sharp. Don't fail me," were his last words, and a moment later he was breathing in the heaviness of exhausted sleep.

"By Jove, he's a plucky chap," com-

mented Prince. "Three hours' sleep after seventy-five miles with the dogs, and then the trail again. Who is he, Kid?"

"Jack Westondale. Been in going on three years, with nothing but the name of working like a horse, and any amount of bad luck to his credit. I never knew him, but Sitka Charley told me about him."

"It seems hard that a man with a sweet young wife like his should be putting in his years in this God-forsaken hole, where every year counts two on the outside."

"The trouble with him is clean grit and stubbornness. He's cleaned up twice with a stake, but lost it both times."

Here the conversation was broken off by an uproar from Bettles, for the effect had begun to wear away. And soon the bleak years of monotonous grub and deadening toil were being forgotten in rough merriment. Malemute Kid alone seemed unable to lose himself, and cast many an anxious look at his watch. Once he put on his mittens and beaver-skin cap, and leaving the cabin, fell to rummaging about in the cache.

Nor could he wait the hour designated; for he was fifteen minutes ahead of time in rousing his guest. The young giant had stiffened badly, and brisk rubbing was necessary to bring him to his feet. He tottered painfully out of the cabin, to find his dogs harnessed and everything ready for the start. The company wished him good luck and a short chase, while Father Roubeau, hurriedly blessing him, led the stampede for the cabin; and small wonder, for it is not good to face seventy-four degrees below zero with naked ears and hands.

Malemute Kid saw him to the main trail, and there, gripping his hand heartily, gave him advice.

"You'll find a hundred pounds of salmon-eggs on the sled," he said. "The dogs will go as far on that as with one hundred and fifty of fish, and you can't get dog-food at Pelly, as you probably expected." The stranger started, and his eyes flashed, but he did not interrupt. "You can't get an ounce of food for dog or man till you reach Five Fingers, and that's a stiff two hundred miles. Watch out for open water on the Thirty Mile

River, and be sure you take the big cut-off above Le Barge."

"How did you know it? Surely the news can't be ahead of me already?"

"I don't know it; and what's more, I don't want to know it. But you never owned that team you're chasing. Sitka Charley sold it to them last spring. But he sized you up to me as square once, and I believe him. I've seen your face; I like it. And I've seen—why, damn you, hit the high places for salt water and that wife of yours, and—" Here the Kid unmittened and jerked out his sack.

"No; I don't need it," and the tears froze on his cheeks as he convulsively gripped Malemute Kid's hand.

"Then don't spare the dogs; cut them out of the traces as fast as they drop; buy them, and think they're cheap at ten dollars a pound. You can get them at Five Fingers, Little Salmon, and the Hootalinqua."

"And watch out for wet feet," was his parting advice. "Keep a-traveling up to twenty-five, but if it gets below that, build a fire and change your socks."

Fifteen minutes had barely elapsed, when the jingle of bells announced new arrivals. The door opened, and a mounted policeman of the Northwest Territory entered, followed by two half-breed dog-drivers. Like Westondale, they were heavily armed and showed signs of fatigue. The half-breeds had been born to the trail, and bore it easily; but the young policeman was badly exhausted. Still the dogged obstinacy of his race held him to the pace he had set, and would hold him till he dropped in his tracks.

"When did Westondale pull out?" he asked. "He stopped here, didn't he?" This was supererogatory, for the tracks told their own tale too well.

Malemute Kid had caught Belden's eye, and he, scenting the wind, replied evasively, "A right peart while back."

"Come, my man; speak up," he admonished.

"Yeh seem to want him right smart. Hez he ben gittin' cantankerous down Dawson way?"

"Held up Harry McFarland's for forty

thousand; exchanged it at the A. C. store for a check on Seattle; and who's to stop the cashing of it if we don't overtake him? When did he pull out?"

Every eye suppressed its excitement, for Malemute Kid had given the cue, and the young officer encountered wooden faces on every hand.

Striding over to Prince, he put the question to him. Though it hurt him, gazing into the frank, earnest face of his fellow-countryman, he replied inconsequentially on the state of the trail.

Then he espied Father Roubeau, who could not lie. "A quarter of an hour ago," he answered; "but he had four hours' rest for himself and dogs."

"Fifteen minutes' start, and he's fresh! My God!" The poor fellow staggered back, half-fainting from exhaustion and disappointment, murmuring something about the run from Dawson in ten hours and the dogs being played out.

Malemute Kid forced a mug of punch upon him; then he turned for the door, ordering the dog-drivers to follow. But the warmth and promise of rest was too tempting, and they objected strenuously. The Kid was conversant with their French patois, and followed it anxiously.

They swore that the dogs were gone up; that Siwash and Babette would have to be shot before the first mile was covered; that the rest were almost as bad; and that it would be better for all hands to rest up.

"Lend me five dogs," he asked, turning to Malemute Kid.

But the Kid shook his head.

"I'll sign a check on Captain Constantine for five thousand,—here's my papers,—I'm authorized to draw at my own discretion."

Again the silent refusal.

"Then I'll requisition them in the name of the Queen."

Smiling incredulously, the Kid glanced at his well-stocked arsenal, and the Englishman, realizing his impotency, turned for the door. But the dog-drivers still objecting, he whirled upon them fiercely, calling them women and curs. The swart face of the older half-breed flushed an-



grily, as he drew himself up and promised in good, round terms that he would travel his leader off his legs, and would then be delighted to plant him in the snow.

The young officer, and it required his whole will, walked steadily to the door, exhibiting a freshness he did not possess. But they all knew and appreciated his proud effort; nor could he veil the twinges of agony that shot across his face. Covered with frost, the dogs were curled up in the snow, and it was almost impossible to get them to their feet. The poor brutes whined under the stinging lash, for the dog-drivers were angry and cruel; nor till Babette, the leader, was cut from the traces, could they break out the sled and get under way.

"A dirty scoundrel and a liar!" "By gar! him no good!" "A thief!" "Worse than an Indian!" It was evident that they were angry—first, at the way they had been deceived; and second, at the outraged ethics of the Northland, where honesty, above all, was man's prime jewel. "An' we gave the cuss a hand, after knowin' what he'd did." All eyes were turned accusingly upon Malemute Kid, who rose from the corner where he had been making Babette comfortable, and silently emptied the bowl for a final round of punch.

"It's a cold night, boys,—a bitter cold night," was the irrelevant commencement of his defense. "You've all traveled trail, and know what that stands for. Don't jump a dog when he's down. You've only heard one side. A whiter man than Jack Westondale never ate from the same pot nor stretched blanket with you or me. Last fall he gave his whole clean-up, forty thousand, to Joe Castrell, to buy in on Dominion. To-day he'd be a millionaire. But while he stayed behind at Circle City, taking care of his partner with the scurvy, what does Castrell do? Goes into McFarland's, jumps the limit, and drops the whole sack. Found him dead in the snow the next day. And poor Jack laying his plans to go out this winter to his wife and the boy he's never seen. Well, he's gone out; and what are you going to do about it?"

The Kid glanced round the circle of his judges, noted the softening of their faces, then raised his mug aloft. "So a health to the man on trail this night; may his grub hold out; may his dogs keep their legs; may his matches never miss fire. God prosper him; good luck go with him; and—"

"Confusion to the Mounted Police!" interpolated Bettles, to the crash of the empty cups.

## A LOVER'S SONG

OVER the hills and far away,  
Where the sun sinks at close of day,  
There's where my thoughts are flying;  
As I gaze, I seem to see a face,  
And my heart pursues my thoughts apace,  
While the sunset glow is dying.

Over the hills and far away  
I will journey myself some day,—  
I will match the birds in flying;  
I will find my sweetheart true to me,  
And glad, ah glad, will our greeting be,  
With a gladness that knows no dying.

*Elizabeth Harman.*

# DAVY: A STORY OF A "GRINGITO"

By HENRY S. BROOKS

DAVY was a small boy,—about seven, I think,—when we first became acquainted at the Hotel Internacional, Mazatlan. His father, Colonel Bowman, was superintendent of mines in the interior. Davy was staying with his mother on the coast for a change. Occasionally his father would run down for a few days, always exceptionally happy days for the boy.

I was rooming with a friend at the Internacional for a short time. We were sitting in the upper corridor one morning, trying to keep cool, when Davy came out of his mother's room, his face shining with soap and good-humor, his clothes carefully brushed, a broad white collar, with a frill, turned over his jacket. He directed his steps to us without the slightest hesitation or distrust, and addressing me with engaging frankness, said, "My name is Davy; what is yours?"

"This gentleman is Señor Don Eugenio de Tompkins, Davy," I answered. "I am Señor Don Enrique de Brooks. We place ourselves, our house and family at your disposal."

By this time Davy had both his hands in mine, and was looking quizzically, but confidingly, into my face. A moment later he was on my knee, and I caught a glimpse of a pretty young mother peeping at us approvingly through a partially opened door.

"Where do you come from?" he asked, ignoring the flourish of my introduction.

"I am from San Francisco. My friend is from New York. Where are you from?"

"Papa's from Ohio. Grandma lives at High Bluffs. That's the beautiful place in the world."

"Oh, Davy! you don't mean that. Prettier than this? Look at those beautiful palms, and the painted houses."

"And the donkey-carts, and the little long-eared burros carrying ollas," said my friend.

"They have no palms, and they don't paint the houses at High Bluffs, and they

have no donkeys and ollas. It cannot possibly be more beautiful than this," I added.

"Yes it is," said Davy with undisturbed conviction. "They have horses—great big horses—and cows, and oxes—heaps of 'em!"

"But no donkeys," said Eugene. "Own up, now, Davy,—no donkeys. How can High Bluffs be beautiful—how can any place be beautiful without donkeys?"

"And the red tiles, Davy! They have no red tiles at High Bluffs!"

Davy took it all semi-seriously, looking from one to the other of us. Probably this was the first time in his experience that the beauty or merits of High Bluffs had been challenged, and Davy was loyal.

"There are big trees at High Bluffs," he said confidently, "and springs, and rivers, and boats, and ships, and lots of things."

"I don't care, Davy," said Eugene. "High Bluffs cannot be beautiful without palms and donkeys, that is certain. It must be Grandma who is beautiful!"

"Is Grandma beautiful, Davy?" I asked.

"Grandma is good," said the boy positively. "Grandma knows everything. She makes cookies, and apple-pies, and preserves, and custards,—Grandma knows lots!"

At this moment Davy's father appeared in the *patio* below with a miniature bicycle, which the boy was learning to ride. He had received several lessons, and had been promised that if he could ride a few times around the *patio* without falling he should be permitted to ride in the little plaza in the afternoon, after the heat of the day. We had progressed so rapidly in Davy's affections that he insisted upon our accompanying him; so, each of us taking a hand, we descended. Eugene lifted him on to his wheel, and under the stimulus of his father's promise he pedaled around in fine style. He was all pluck and go, and held himself like a miniature drum-major.

This was, I believe, the first wheel that had appeared in Mazatlan,—that is, the first bicycle; there were a few toy tricycles,—and the novelty of so young a child riding attracted the guests of the house, who encouraged Davy greatly by their applause.

In the afternoon we walked over to the Alameda, where we found Davy just preparing for his ride. He no sooner saw us than he ran, with both hands extended, exclaiming, "Here come my sure enough friends!"

"Sure enough" they were, Davy, from that time forward. May all our friends be as loyal and lovable as you, little son of mine!

Eugene lifted him to the saddle again, and he pedaled away in fine style. He had made a few turns around the little plaza when the Mexican children began to troop in,—children of the better class, for the neighborhood is good. It was amusing to see their gravity and decorum. They seated themselves upon the benches, in a row, like spectators at a theatrical performance; all greatly entertained, serious and observant, looking upon Davy as a miniature hero. And Davy, appreciating the situation, that he was upholding the honor of his country, did his best. There was nothing of the scorcher about Davy. He sat erect and dignified, but the little knickerbockers twinkled like the spokes in a carriage-wheel, as he pedaled for all he was worth.

There was a pretty, interesting-looking Mexican girl standing near, about Davy's age. Drawing her toward me, I said; "Little daughter, what do you think of all this?"

"I think the Gringito is very brave," she exclaimed.

"And very agile. No?"

"Si, señor."

"Would you like to ride a bicycle?"

"Si, señor,"—with hesitation,— "but bicycles are not for girls. I might fall and be injured."

"Would you like to talk to the Gringito?"

"Si, señor," she replied readily, without suggestion of bashfulness.

"What is your name?"

"Lolita Sanchez, señor, who holds herself at your service."

I called our hero when he dismounted, saying, "Davy, here is a little friend, Lolita Sanchez, who would like to talk to you."

Davy marched up, and they shook hands—Lolita supremely self-possessed and gracious, Davy with an air of indifference, as a rather unmanly display of weakness. Meanwhile the rest of the children had gathered around him, some examining with admiration the glittering wheel, others studying Davy with earnest attention.

"Will the Gringito ride again?" said Lolita.

Davy, nothing loth, was once more assisted to mount.

On our return to the hotel, Davy placed himself in the hands of his "sure enough friends," his father trundling the wheel in advance.

A few days later, an officious policeman arrested the little fellow for riding on the pavement of the Alameda, and marched him, wheel and all, to the *juzgado*. We were not with Davy on that memorable occasion; but we were not far away, and soon learned of it from the indignant Mexican children.

We hurried to the courthouse, and there found Davy in the hands of the wise, good-natured *alcalde*. He was seated on a chair beside that functionary, talking to him confidently. They were making great efforts to understand each other, with some success, it appeared, for there could be no doubt that an excellent understanding had been reached.

Davy was artlessly describing the beauties of High Bluffs, and the remarkable accomplishments of Grandma, when we arrived. Some of the idiomatic terms used by Davy in relation to Grandma's cooking had overtopped his Honor's rather elementary knowledge of the English language. Davy was coming on wonderfully well with his Spanish; but he had stumbled over the translation of "cookies," also, I think, "apple-sauce," and a favorite domestic candy made of molasses.

We were indebted to Davy's introduction for a very pleasant interview with the



genial alcalde, who did us the honor to accompany us to the Alameda, where with his own hands he mounted Davy on his wheel, with the assurance that the sidewalks of Mazatlan, north, south, east, and west, were at his disposition, and that they should even be extended if necessary to his enjoyment.

## II.

A FEW years later I again saw Davy. He was spending his vacation at his father's *hacienda*,—as the mining settlements are termed in Mexico. This was a boy's paradise, all sorts of industries in full operation. He was on terms of confidential intimacy, I found, with the chiefs of all the shops, with the store-keepers, the teamsters, and even with the captain of the company's schooner, trading in the gulf. He had the sweetest smile I ever saw. I used to fish for that smile, and I observed that the crankiest man about the camp would soften under its influence.

But Davy was now a difficult bird to catch or retain. He had a native pony, swift as the wind, as devoted to him as the rest of his admirers. No one was permitted to mount that pony but Davy, a fact as well known to the cunning little animal as to the rest of the camp. No slight portion of the boy's popularity was shared by "Dandy." The men would tempt him with *panocha* (crude sugar), of which he was extremely fond, or quite as often he would coax for it, and give thanks in the prettiest manner possible, nestling his head under one's arm or rubbing his soft, velvet nose against one's hand.

Davy's favorite occupation was to accompany the *conductas* in charge of the treasure and return with the silver coin for the pay-rolls. Mounted on Dandy, he would ride from team to team in turn, exhilarated by the spice of danger and adventure.

The chief teamster was a handsome fair-haired Georgian, with a fine tawny-yellow beard reaching to his breast; he had served in the Southern army under Stuart. Another had been a Federal trooper under Sheridan. One, a French-

man, was a deserter from the famous Chasseurs d'Afrique. These men all drove "single line" from the saddle on the nigh wheel-horse or mule, fourteen or sixteen fine animals to each team. The guards, mounted on good stout horses, carried repeating carbines and a brace of army holster Colts. They rode, two accompanying each team, or sometimes, if danger were suspected, in advance.

To drive Bill the Georgian's team, single-line, was the height of Davy's ambition. Needless to say, he was sometimes permitted to do so; already he could crack the blacksnake whip with the best of them.

To camp out at night was better than any picnic, as I happen to know, having camped with them more than once, and heard the best stories of all the teamsters, told at Davy's special request, he watching my face intently by the soft southern moonlight to augment his enjoyment of the dramatic situations, which he knew by heart, and which were certainly thrilling in the extreme, all of us meanwhile fishing slyly for that smile, when the lighter vein of the narrative permitted.

It was a red-letter day for Davy when he was permitted to make a voyage around the gulf on the schooner with his bosom friend, Captain Jolly. He was to sail to Altate, Topolovampo, and La Paz, for a cargo of beans, corn, lard, and *panocha*. Evidently the Captain had looked forward to this occasion as eagerly as the boy; for no sooner had Davy stepped aboard than he was rigged in a neat sailor's jacket and a cap with gold band, secretly ordered for the occasion. Three days and Davy could be intrusted with the wheel, under occasional supervision. To quote the Captain, "He took to the sea like a duck to water."

Doubtless the boy heard many remarkable yarns on that occasion also, for Captain Jolly was not a man to neglect his opportunities. Davy returned with the most exalted convictions in regard to the Captain's seamanship, and ever after had him enrolled on his list of naval heroes, with Paul Jones, Decatur, Farragut, and the rest. It was this whole-souled belief in his friends that formed one of the greatest charms of the boy's character, causing all to become so devoted to him. It would

have been almost as dangerous to question Captain Jolly's seamanship or Georgia Bill's skill as a teamster, as, in the earlier days, to have disparaged High Bluffs, or the merits of Grandma's cooking. One might go a certain length in jest, but woe to the infidel who should venture to displace from its pinnacle one of Davy's ideals.

The captains of the mines were Cornishmen, as were also the timber-men, night and day foremen, and track-layers; a manly, honest, clannish set, looking upon themselves as the salt of creation, with a fine contempt for all outsiders. Mexicans they tolerated despite their inferiority, considerably recognizing that they inherited the land, owing to an unwise dispensation of Providence, whose decree they were not prepared to dispute. Davy they cherished as if he belonged to them, his only demerit being that he was not from Cornwall. But Davy reproved their narrowness whenever it came in contact with his prepossessions with unsparing frankness, and strange to say, the strong-headed Cornishmen submitted to his reproofs and conformed themselves to his standards,—or good-naturedly strove to do so. From Davy's lips they would listen to praise of their "dearest foes." He was very fond of the Mexicans, and they were greatly attached to him—touchingly so. The women and children would call after him in loving tones as he passed, "Ah, que Davy! Que muchachito! God protect thee, Davy." The president of the Ayuntamiento addressed him always as "Hijito mio" (my little son), and really felt toward him the affection of a parent; perhaps in part because Davy was reverent to all authority, but mainly because he instinctively recognized the cosmopolitanism and breadth of the loyal heart betrayed in that sweet smile, which they all loved so well.

It was Davy's pet ambition, secretly confided to me, although but imperfectly concealed from others, to engage in combat in defense of the treasure-team. I believe he had carefully planned every conceivable method of attack and defense, in which he and Dandy were of course to perform heroic actions. His mother and father had other views for him, however, and it

is not probable that he would have been permitted to accompany the *conducta* in time of danger. But Davy was burning to distinguish himself, and he finally succeeded in doing so to some purpose without waiting for anybody's permission.

Until quite recently the American miners on the frontiers of Mexico had a pretty rough time of it. It is dangerous to be in possession of gold and silver treasure in an unsettled community where great poverty prevails. Hence the strongly guarded *conductas*. But there came a time of political strife when the arms, horses, mules, and general resources, of the Americans also formed an irresistible temptation to one of the ambitious Indian chiefs who had "pronounced" in opposition to the government. Being an Indian, he moved with remarkable secrecy and celerity, and before the little mining community was aware of any danger he was advancing upon the hacienda with the fell intent of sacking it and wiping it out of existence. The chief's force was so large, two thousand five hundred men, that prolonged resistance was impossible. Every hacienda of the kind on the frontier is surrounded by a high wall and rudely fortified. By calling in the miners, the place might possibly be defended for a week or ten days at the outside. Then it must fall, unless assistance could be received from Mazatlan.

But how to communicate with the city, when Osio's men were already guarding every avenue of egress? In this emergency the superintendent called for a volunteer or volunteers. It was truly a forlorn hope, for the character of the Indian chief was known to be merciless. He would certainly put to death any one arrested in the effort to secure assistance.

While the officers were still consulting, Georgia Bill came in with his team. He had been stopped on the road by Osio's men, but permitted to proceed, after the Indians had helped themselves to as much of his freight as suited them. He reported meeting Davy on the road, a mile only from the point where he had been intercepted. Davy informed him that he was on the way to Mazatlan to procure assist-



ance; that he had left the hacienda secretly, knowing that he would not be permitted to make the journey; that he was fully determined to succeed; and that "nobody need worry about him." All the Georgian's efforts to prevail upon him to return had proved unavailing,—he had even broken off the interview suddenly and ridden away at a great pace, fearing that his friend might seek to detain him.

When this news was announced consternation was depicted on every face. Several of the men were ready enough to follow him, but the superintendent refused permission.

"That would be of no use," he said, sensibly enough. "He is quicker than any of you. If he gets through their lines it would be of no use to overtake him, and if they capture him he is only a boy, and for shame's sake they would scarcely maltreat him. If any one can get through, he can. Of course, I would never have permitted him to go; he knows that very well. He is burning to win his spurs, and nothing could have prevented him from making a break sooner or later."

That was the father's view of it, but the pretty young mother cried aloud: "O, my Davy! O, my Davy! I shall never, never see you again."

### III.

DOUBTLESS the father was right; the boy had a better chance of getting through than any one. He knew every foot of the country, and every one living in the vicinity. No one could have been found to betray him, man, woman, or child; on the contrary, they would conceal or protect him if possible. But the enemies were Indians, subtle and alert. There was not a road or trail unguarded, and they could follow the track of a rabbit through the dense spiny undergrowth.

Davy knew all this as well as anybody. He had not formed any definite plan, but had resolved to consult an old Mexican Indian whom he knew, who in all probability would be informed as to the exact location of Osio and his party and the best means of avoiding them. He had made

some slight preparations for the journey by stuffing his saddle-bags full of provisions; these he carried behind his saddle. In front he had his holsters, carrying a pair of very small pistols, the gift of his admirer, Georgia Bill.

To his dismay his Mexican Indian friend was absent, and a brief examination of the premises rendered it certain that he had not occupied his cabin for several days. That was a serious blow to his prospects of success. In his disappointment, without pausing to reflect, he allowed Dandy to pick his own way amid the half-blind trails which led from the hut, and shortly found himself on a comparatively well-beaten path leading toward the main road. Five minutes later he was surrounded and a prisoner. Doubtless his extreme youth protected him from maltreatment, but when he pleaded to be permitted to continue his journey his captors were deaf alike to entreaty or expostulation. They would take him to "the General," they said; "words were useless."

When the party reached headquarters, the "army" had just encamped for the night. "General" Osio, and two or three of his officers were sitting in a rude hut of brush, the remnant probably of some charcoal-burner's camp. When Davy was brought to his presence he looked at him in surprise, glanced at Dandy, and noting the saddle-bags and pistol-holsters, caused the weapons to be brought for his inspection and examined them with evident amusement, much to Davy's mortification. Then he exclaimed abruptly: "Who art thou, boy?"

"I am Davy Bowman."

"Ah! Son of Colonel Bowman of the Hacienda de los Toros?"

"Si, señor."

By this time several of the officers had approached. They also examined the pistols with some merriment, causing Davy's face to become very red with suppressed indignation, but at the announcement of his name all immediately became serious.

"So, thou art the son of the superintendent!" said the General, after a pause.

"Si, señor."

"Where art thou going?"



"To Mazatlan."

"To Mazatlan! That is a long journey. On what business?"

"I have no business."

"No! Who sent thee?"

"No one."

"No business, and no one sent thee! Be thou careful, Davy. Is that thy statement?"

"Si, señor."

"Cipriano, bring me the boy's saddlebags. Now, if thou hast told me a falsehood," the General said in an undertone of menace, "it will be bad for thee."

All awaited the opening of the saddlebags with curiosity. Some, Davy thought, even with sympathetic anxiety. The General was evidently disappointed at the result, for he said sharply to Cipriano, his servant, "Search him."

Davy was searched very thoroughly, but not otherwise roughly handled. The officers were puzzled and most of them disarmed by the absence of incriminating correspondence, and the boy's apparent innocence.

"To whom art thou going in Mazatlan?" the General resumed.

"To the agent of the company."

"What business hast thou with him?"

"I live with the agent when I am in Mazatlan alone. When my parents are with me, we go to the hotel."

"Hast thou any message for the agent?"

"No, señor, I left the hacienda without my father's knowledge."

"Intending to go to Mazatlan?"

"Si, señor."

"I do not believe thee. Thou art lying."

"I am telling the truth," said Davy firmly, his face flushing with indignation.

"Dost thou assert that thy father sends no message?"

"None, señor. How could he when I left without his knowledge?"

"What made thee start so unexpectedly?"

"I wanted to go," said Davy simply.

"Did no one tell thee we were approaching?"

"Si, señor, we heard rumors."

"And thy parents were willing thou shouldst come?"

"Señor, they did not know I was coming."

The General was puzzled. There was no hesitation in the boy's answers, and truth was written on every line of his face. At length he told Cipriano to take Davy aside while he consulted with his officers. Davy was not taken out of sight, and only just out of hearing. He kept his eyes open and his wits alert.

"I do not place faith in the boy," said the General. "What think you, señores?"

"He is too young to have been sent with a message," said Colonel Pedro Marquez.

"It is just a boy's restless whim," said Lieutenant Pedro Arce. "These American boys want to see and know everything. They go where they please and manifest little respect for their parents."

"The mother—the mother would never permit that child to be sent with dispatches or a verbal message," said one, a married man, with children of his own.

"If he had either, he would have feared to meet us, and would have taken to the brush," said another.

"He has no dispatches," said the General, "but he has a message of importance, of that I am convinced. In any event we cannot let him go toward Mazatlan. We must keep him with us. He appears innocent enough, but he is in reality very cunning. If he speaks the truth it is with a great deal of reserve. Bring up the boy, Cipriano."

When Davy was again brought before him, he said in a pleasant, careless way, "Now, Davy, tell me thy father's message to the agent, and thou canst go on to Mazatlan."

"Señor, my father sent no message. I have spoken the truth."

"Thou art very cunning, Davy, notwithstanding thy assumed innocence. Inform me of that message or I will have thee tied up by the thumbs until thou art willing to communicate it."

Davy turned pale at this threat, but he replied manfully: "Señor, I am only a boy, but I have been taught that it is a disgrace to lie. If I had a message I would have told you that I had, but I would never have betrayed it, though you tied me

by the thumbs and hacked me with your machetes."

At this the staff applauded,—one of them even exclaiming, "Bien dicho, Davy!"

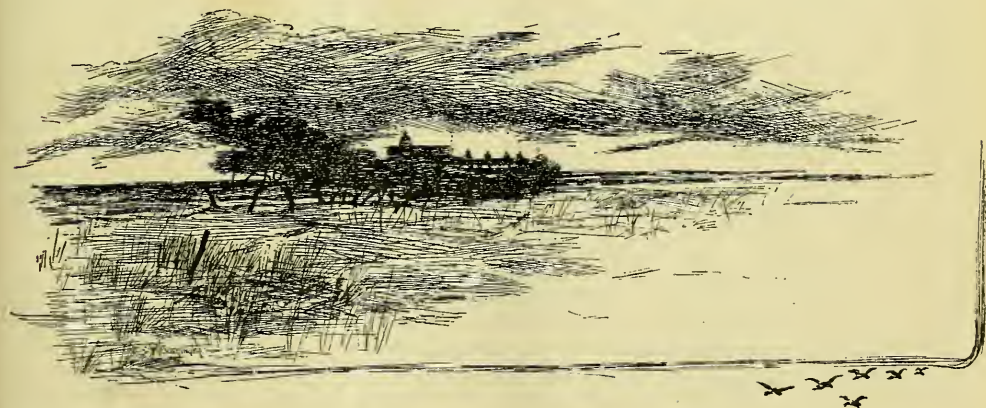
That only made the General angrier. Calling one of his orderlies, he said curtly: "Take charge of this boy until the morning and see to it that he does not get away! In the morning, Davy, I will have that message, if I have to tear it out of thee bit by bit; so think it over, and see to it that thou art not as obstinate when I again send for thee."

The orderly was afoot. He led Davy through the camp to the rear of the command, the boy leading Dandy by the bridle. They crossed the high road toward another cluster of charcoal-burners' huts, in the vicinity of which the troop was encamped. Just as the orderly turned to leave the road Davy sprang on to Dandy

without touching his feet to the stirrups, and leaning forward and sideways, so as to expose himself as little as possible, he shot, swift as an arrow, into the gathering darkness.

The surprised orderly emptied his revolver with vicious intent, but the bullets went wide, and although a party was started immediately in pursuit, there were few animals that could have overtaken Dandy on the high road to Mazatlan, and the darkness also favoring him, Davy was soon safe from pursuit.

When Davy returned in company with General Martinez, who made forced marches to the relief of the hacienda, Colonel Bowman was too proud to shed any tears, but the pretty young mother wept long, in secret, over the restored adventurer, even while guns and rockets were triumphantly proclaiming his success.



## THOUGHT

**H**OW far does thought reach? To the outermost star  
On the faintest verge of the sunset's gleam,  
Beyond the depth of the things that are,  
To the heart of the things that seem.

And what is its essence? The throb of the star,  
The red and gold of the sunset's gleam,  
The ebb and the flow of the things that are  
From the heart of the things that seem.

*Martha Trent Tyler.*

# TITIAN'S DREAM MADONNA

By MARY BELL

“YOUR eyes are full of dreams, fair lady. Do not forget I paint you as a queen.” The young Titian left his canvas and went toward his model.

“I am not queen,” she said; “but only a woman. I’ll try to remember, though. You wish my head raised thus?”

“So his Excellency, the Duke, would wish it. Were you my betrothed, and I could paint you as I would,—you should bend your head as mothers do, and hold within your arms the Child of Bethlehem.”

“You would paint me as Madonna?”

“For the altar of the Church of the Frari,” Titian said, returning not to his easel, though he had drawn her drapery into perfect folds.

Lucia, betrothed of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, lifted the jeweled coronet from her head.

“If you will think me fairer, I would rather wear the nimbus on the altar of the Church of the Frari,” she said softly.

He took the coronet from her hand and gently replaced it.

“The Duke has been most kind to me. I must do his will. He thinks of you as a being of majesty, ruling in his palace, and wishes you painted so.”

“Do you not think men of high rank should marry women of that same rank, Titian?” she said.

He was seated before his work again. He did not reply for a moment; then lifting his eyes and resting them full upon her, he answered:—

“Beauty is a kingdom of itself. You are its queen, and fit to marry the Emperor.”

“Ah, but my brother is king of a higher realm than the Duke, if you think of Beauty and Soul! Are not Poetry and Art nearer Heaven than Ferrara? And Heaven is the highest court.”

“It seems to me, Lucia, you have been presented there! Ah, I cannot paint you! Your soul is more beautiful than your face, and it eludes me.”

He tossed his palette aside and leaned his head upon his hand. They were silent.

“The portrait is true,” she said at last, fondling a stalk of lilies she drew from a vase he had placed beside her. “Something else has made you unhappy. Is it that you long for the lofty mountains of Cadore? Tell me of your home—and your mother. Is she sad to have you from her?”

“Her name is Lucia,” he answered, and his voice dwelt on the word with double tenderness. “She was my first Madonna.”

“It is well to see the beauty of one’s mother first of all. Tell me how you painted her.” Lucia was feeling for the sacred spot in Titian’s heart.

“I had no palette then, or brush, or paint. I had seen no beautiful pictures but the majestic Alps, down whose rent side swept the torrent of Pieve. I had been to no place but my grandfather’s crumbling castle. There in the garden of the court one day, while my mother sat holding her youngest child in her arms, I gathered a heap of bright-colored flowers, and on the castle wall tried to picture her as I saw her, by crushing the posies against the stone. My imagination filled up for me all the lacks in color and form, and when I had finished my Madonna—in my little soul it was beautiful.”

Lucia’s eyes were full of tears and she said nothing. His face was lighted with a rare smile as he appealed to her for sympathy. Steps were heard in the court. Swiftly she assumed the pose,—he picked up his palette and swept a long line of blue into the background.

“The next one I painted,” continued Titian in a changed and colder voice, “was the Madonna of Castelfranco.”

The footsteps died away.

“Who was the model?”

“She was a vision of the night,” he said, drawing near her once more. “She came into my dreams when I first knew I





Titian's Madonna, in the Church of the Frari, Venice

was a man with power to seize some of the beauty of earth, radiant with the light of Heaven, and fix it on canvas.

"But the dream Madonna?"

"She was tall and fair. Her hair was like yours,—her eyes,—look at me, Lucia,—her mouth,—O Heaven,—I cannot tell you. You are betrothed to the Duke."

He sank to his knees on the cushion at her feet.

"O my dream Madonna,—when he told me to paint you, I trembled. It has happened as I knew it would. We love each other. The Duke has taken me from obscurity and given me opportunity to win fame. Already my name is known—even in Rome. I cannot be a traitor to my benefactor. Your portrait must remain unfinished. Forever you must stay the Madonna of my dreams."

He seized her hand and was about to press his lips to it when the curtains opened and the Duke stood there.

"Return to your easel, Titian."

The artist rose humbly and went back to his canvas. He picked up his palette and brush and stood with bent head.

"Continue your work. I will watch." The distrust in the words stung to the quick.

Slowly the artist lifted his brush with his eyes bent upon the canvas. Presently he looked toward his model. Though she shrank from his touch, the Duke stood bending over her. Oh, the agony!—to see the only pure thing in all that luxurious court,—the woman he loved,—caressed before his very eyes by Alfonso, whom only last night he saw pressing the hands of Lucrezia Borgia to his breast!

But the Duke was noble and generous, and had placed the cup of Fame in his hands. Now that he had lost his noble patron, how long it would take him to recover his rank among artists! But what cared he for patrons and fame, when he had lost his love. His heart leaped when the Duke spoke:—

"You are a boy yet, Titian, and gifts pour upon you from God and man. Genius is yours, life is yours, beauty is yours, while I am no longer young; my wealth is not great, my dukedom seems

about to fall from me. Ariosto, whom I love, has given me his pearl. Could I have held it in my heart it would have made the whole casquet pure,—but you have stolen it from me."

"No, no,—not the pearl, your Excellency,—only a few gentle words and a smile. I have not forgotten you are my benefactor. My love is yours. 'Tis only this I beg of you, let the portrait stay unfinished." Titian spoke passionately.

The Duke's voice was commanding.

"Proceed!"

He came and stood behind the painter, who suddenly turned to the easel. Rapidly, wonderfully, the color grew upon the canvas. While Alfonso watched he changed the attitude of Lucia. The head drooped, the eyes grew full of dreams, the crown became a nimbus! The exclamation from the Duke, for which Titian waited, came. Only then did he tremble, and his brush fell from his hand. Before he could recover it Alfonso had stooped and picked it up. Titian sank to his knees to receive the brush from the princely hand.

"Oh, your Excellency,—forgive me. Even when I defiantly disobey your commands, you are generous. I expected you to lift a sword against me,—not reach your hand to serve me."

Alfonso raised him to his feet.

"Titian is worthy to be served by Cæsar," he said, and turned once more in admiration to the canvas.

"You are right. Lucia should wear no coronet, but a nimbus. Dream of her love no longer, boy. Receive it! Come, Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, cedes to Titian, Prince of Painters, his betrothed."

Dazed with wonder, Titian was led to Lucia, who stood gazing with eager hope at the Duke. He united their hands, wished them happiness, gravely yet earnestly, and then said:—

"Leave me now. I wish to be alone. You will find sunshine and flowers in the court."

The Duke stood in deep thought before the canvas.

"The purer things of life evade me," he said. "I have followed the path of power and luxury too long. Well, power is much. It makes the way for poet and





"Sacred Love," Titian, Villa Borghese, Rome

painter. Lucia,—sister of Ariosto,—bride of Titian. After all, it is not the first sacrifice I have made for Art's sake. If Love can inspire the boy like that, then Alfonso, who has power to do most things, will give him love."

With the instinctive gesture made in moments of danger, his hand sought his sword. He was to meet no blow of steel, but another moral battle was to be fought. A woman, in queenly robes and sparkling with jewels, came with stately step toward him. By her side walked a young Ethiopian slave. It was Lucrezia Borgia,—twice a widow, but still beautiful and young.

The Duke lifted her sparkling hand to his lips.

"You are welcome, Princess. Why were you not announced, so that I might have met you on the threshold of my palace?"

"I heard the artist Titian was here at work on the portrait of Ariosto's sister," returned Lucrezia, "and I wished to steal upon them unawares. 'Tis whispered in Ferrara, Duke, he loves your betrothed."

Lucrezia sank upon the empty throne. The slave stood beside. The Duke met her somewhat malicious glance calmly.

"Lucia is my betrothed no longer. She is too pure for my rough touch. The boy Titian loves her, and only now I gave her to him."

"Ah, you have proved generous to-day, as you were last night when you gave your love to me!"

The Princess Borgia held his eyes by her warm magnetic gaze. Her voice was deep and full.

"My love to you? I said not so." The Duke felt himself drawn toward her, even as he questioned her power.

"But you gave it without words. I felt it in your touch. I saw it in your eyes! You could not love the humble little Lucia." The half-merry note in her voice changed to one of queenly firmness.

"See! I have news from the Pope." She took the dispatches from the hand of the slave. "The King of France will give the Princess of Navarre in marriage to Cæsar Borgia. His Holiness will influence the Emperor to leave Ferrara in your



hands; the confiscated estates of Bisceglie are to be mine. I am the bearer of good tidings, my Duke!"

"It is strange my dispatches have not arrived. Bisceglie yours?" the Duke asked, reaching for the parchment sheet she held.

"Yes; and Ferrara yours!"

"Will you tell me, Princess, when the Pope sent you to Ferrara, did he think that some day I might take your hands in mine, press them against my breast, and look my passionate love into your eyes?" The Duke knelt where Titian had knelt such a short time before.

"His Holiness the Pope, knows I am beautiful," murmured Lucrezia, leaning forward.

"Great Heavens, you are!" exclaimed the Duke, seizing her hands. "Bisceglie and Ferrara—yours and mine—shall be united! The Pope's desires shall be fulfilled without the asking! Lucrezia, my dukely coronet is yours."

Lucrezia drew back from his embrace laughingly.

"Behold where it lies rejected by the poet's sister," she cried; and the Duke, blushing with mortification, rose to see the glittering circlet lying on the pedestal of a Venus.

"A good omen," he exclaimed. "At the feet of Love!"

The curtains opened and Titian entered.

"Dispatches, your Excellency, from his Holiness the Pope. Let me return your service of the morning and present them to you." The sealed manuscripts were delivered to the Duke. "And, your Excellency, Ariosto has fallen from his horse and lies wounded in the court by the fountain."

"Ariosto, my beloved poet! I must go to him! Princess, may it please you to linger here until my return. It will not be long."

"I will keep the artist Titian to wait my pleasure, while you go to serve the poet Ariosto."

The Duke failed to notice the tone of derision, and went from the hall.

"Sir, your newly betrothed waits on her wounded brother in the court by the fountain,—but you cannot go to her now. Sit

there! Tell me, am I as beautiful in the eyes of Art as in the eyes of men?"

The artist looked up at the statue by whose marble pedestal he was seated.

"You are one of Art's Venuses," he said.

"And the poet's sister, whom the Duke thought he might marry?"

"She is Madonna."

"I am satisfied to be Venus," said the Princess gayly. "But how will you paint me? For I am to be the Duchess of Ferrara—by command of the Pope, by right of high birth, by the claims of beauty and wealth, and by love of the Duke. Tell me. How will you paint me?"

"You have told me what you are. I shall try to exalt you equally in Art."

"You mean," said the Princess, "I shall be what I am. I have heard the poet say, Art idealizes even the most beautiful in Nature. How will you idealize me?"

"I can do no more than imitate your perfection of form," said Titian looking from her.

"You imply a lack. What subtle quality must I possess in order that you may perform that incomprehensible process of idealizing me in your art?"

"The qualities of soul,—which neither rank nor money can buy, and which the poet's sister possesses." Titian raised his head proudly.

"You are right, Titian." Lucrezia rose from the throne thoughtfully. "The desire for power and fame are not qualities of the soul. You shall paint me a princess who clings to the glory of earth, forgetting about heaven. The Duke returns. Is your poet badly hurt, my lord?" She took some steps to meet him.

"Only a few flesh-wounds. He fainted from the pain, but he will follow me in a moment to tell you himself of the accident. Has Titian been showing you the painting?" asked the Duke.

"No. I have not cared to see it," she said indifferently, dropping her rich mantle into the arms of the slave.

"Come,—you will think it beautiful. It is not Ariosto's sister, but Madonna."

As Alfonso of Ferrara led Lucrezia Borgia before the canvas, with the paint still damp upon the surface, Titian went

to offer his arm to Ariosto, who entered the hall, pale and weak after his recent fall. The painter led the great poet to a couch, where they listened to the expressions of admiration from the Duke and

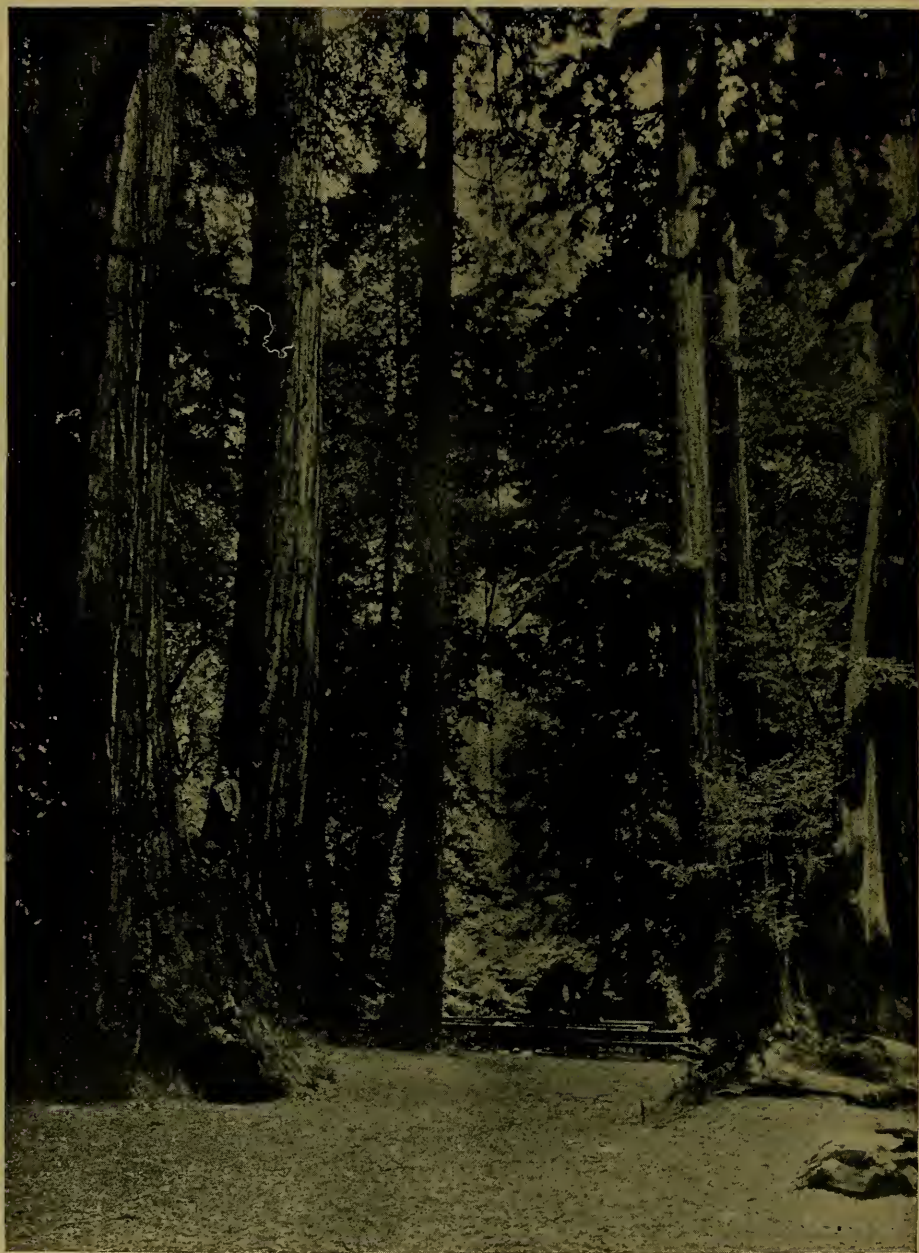
Lucrezia. From those two of royal inheritance, so consumed with worldliness and ambition, Titian turned, his face radiant with the light of happiness, to greet Lucia—the fair and beautiful of Soul.



WHEN all the world was still, he found ajar  
 The gate of Paradise, and heard alone,  
 As few in life have heard, the overtone  
 Above that heavenly music, bar on bar;  
 While, like the instant blaze of some strange star  
 Upon the marge of night, he thought to see  
 A gleam that pierced his soul's transparency,  
 Enkindling his whole self with flames from far.

To him was given no voice of raptured song,  
 To sing the deathless melody he heard;  
 No sorcery of hand to mould the light  
 In shapes that might be seen by all the throng,—  
 As though his life were one melodious word,  
 He *lived*, and that one word meant simple Right.

Norwood H. McGilvary.



In Bohemia's Footprints, Redwood Forest, near Guerneville





Lake Bohemia, near Guerneville

## MORE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS

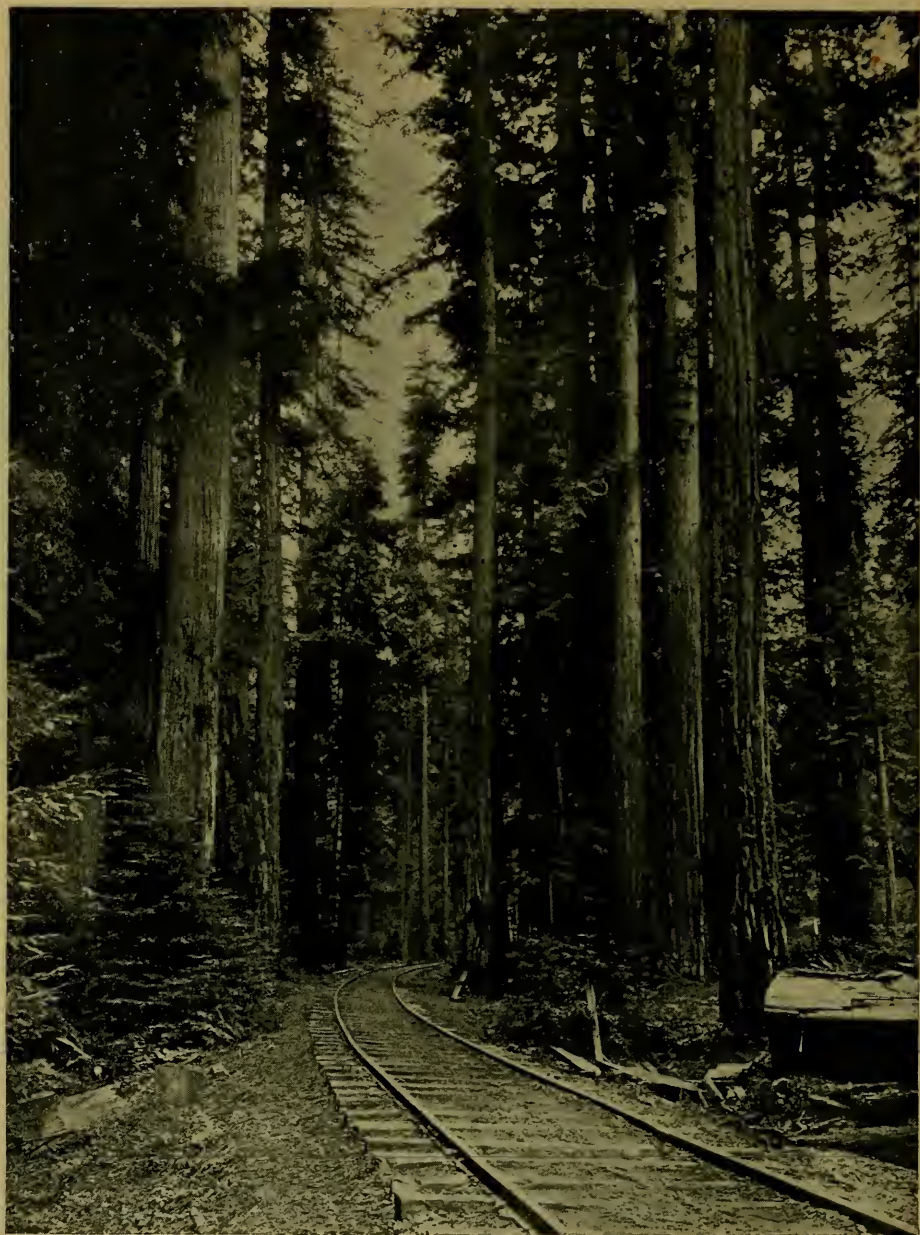
ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOS BY JOSEPH N. LeCONTE

### RESULT OF THE SIXTH CONTEST

**A**LTHOUGH the formal photographic contests have been ended, it is the intention of the Editors, bearing in mind that many readers have been attracted to the magazine by their love of photography, to publish as often as may be, examples of fine amateur work with the camera. Last month there was the little series of views taken at Santa Cruz by Captain F. L. Clarke, in which, by use of the Ray Filter, he arrived at an amount of detail hard to get without some such device. He showed, too, how great a variety of picturesque subjects could be had within a very small compass in that noted watering-place, which moved him to verse as well as to photographic activity.

This time we present the work of Mr.

Joseph N. Le Conte, an amateur widely known for his Yosemite and High Sierra photographs, treating a subject new to him and exceedingly difficult,—the red-wood forests. These views also show how much the camera may do in prolonging the pleasure of an outing trip; for they were taken on a two-day excursion to Guerneville, in the footprints of the Bohemian Club. There the Russian River has been dammed near the Bohemian Grove, so that slack water, deep and wide enough for comfortable rowing, extends up the river three or four miles, to the town of Guerneville. The day on which the first three of the pictures were taken was overcast, and this, with the dense shadow of the trees themselves, required



The California Northwestern Road, through Bohemian Grove

an exposure of forty seconds for Nos. 1 and 3, whereas ten or fifteen seconds answered on a sunny day, when the fourth picture was taken. The plates used were No. 26 Seeds' rapid non-halation orthochromatic plates, which, with a very small stop, allowed an exposure that would have

solarized badly on the high lights overhead on ordinary plates.

The first and third were taken in the heart of the Bohemian Grove, where that redoubtable club has its mid-summer jinks. In the first, some of the structures,—altar, or dancing-floor, or theater, or what-not,—





Grove North of Guerneville

show in the distance, and the place bears many traces of its joyous summer visitors.

The second is the landing on the river nearest the grove, at the lower end of "Lake Bohemia," as it is called.

The third is taken from the platform where the Bohemians leave the cars.

The fourth is in another grove, about three miles north of Guerneville, and even more attractive to the forest-lover, as being in its wild state. There are no worn pathways, and no evidences of human occupation in the form of tin cans and broken bottles mar the beauty of the foregrounds. The trees, too, are quite as fine, and the feeling of being in a great temple grows on even a careless mind.

After all, there is something incongruous in the combination of "high and low jinks," and the solemn depths of a redwood forest, pillared by the great trunks, three

hundred feet high, and arched in the stern Gothic style, with wonderful traceries of tender light on the feathery foliage. The Bohemian crowd may forget these things in their gay fellowship, but no small party can. Yet the small party of congenial friends,—and it need be no larger than two,—can get a charm and an enjoyment out of a trip to the Guerneville redwoods that the Bohemians miss; and a camera will add much to the pleasure.

Here, too, is the place to announce the results of the Sixth Competition.

The first prize goes to No. 86, by L. E. Dickens, "Daddy Has Gone to the War."

No. 95, Miss Ella E. Noble's pretty study of cats, takes the second honors; and the third is No. 88, E. M. Bixby's "Drying Sails After Rain."

Honorable mention should be made of Miss Wilson's "Sister Bianca."



# UNDER TEN THOUSAND TONS OF SNOW.

## A STORY OUT OF ALASKA

By THOMAS H. ROGERS

"YES, I've been there; been in the land of the mosquito and eternal snow; been to the very heart of the country those poor misguided fools are falling over each other to reach. Judging from your looks, stranger, you are a newspaper man?" And the clear, steel-blue eyes of the speaker eyed me sharply. "Well, seeing as I've guessed it," he added cordially, "I'll introduce myself. Bartholomew Smith," he said, with a wave of the hand; "miner by occupation."

He looked it, every inch of it, did the big Yukoner, as he stood tall, brown, and handsome under the electric glare on the Portland wharf, an interested spectator of the packed mass of humanity congregated there to see the good ship *Oregon* sail away for the golden Mecca of the North.

"Yes," the big fellow continued, as four new arrivals passed up the accommodation-stairs to the *Oregon's* already crowded decks, "I was one of the lucky ones that came down from St. Michaels on the treasure-ship *Portland* last month. It's my first trip out in eight year.

"To get out of the Yukon country," he went on, in his easy way, "is n't the easy job it's cracked up to be. My first attempt was a failure; the second,—well, it don't matter.

"Why did I fail? you ask. For the simple reason, stranger, that God Almighty willed it otherwise.

"It was on account of a boy," the Yukoner went on, as he braced himself against a huge pile of freight fast disappearing into the *Oregon's* hold, "and which happened ten year 'ago next May. It was at the foot of Marsh Lake, where all hands were camped, building boats and getting ready for the down-river trip, that little eight-year-old Bob was taken sick. Three hundred men said he had to be taken out to Juneau for medical treatment; three hundred men said I was the one to see the job through. Well, the outcome was that the boy, and five days' rations for Jack and me, were bundled onto a sled, and as the

May day waned we headed up the lakes for the Chilcoot Pass, on our one-hundred-and-twenty-mile tramp for civilization.

"When we pulled out that night," said my new-found acquaintance reflectively, "I did n't feel the best in the world, knowing what was ahead, and it was like pulling eye-teeth to say good-by. But what was I to do? With Jim's dead body,—God bless him!—floating ever on and on under the ice down the great river, there was nothing left me but to grin and bear it. A man in a mining country without a grub-stake has to take his medicine like a little man, you know; so I decided to risk it with Brassel and the boy.

"Brassel and the boy," he continued, "were on the way to Forty Mile, where the big chap expected to dig out enough yellow metal to lift the mortgage on the little farm away off up yonder in Eastern Oregon.

"I've roughed it, stranger," the Yukoner went on as he drew a pipe from his pocket and filled the bowl from a well-worn tobacco-pouch, "from Johannesburg to Ballarat, from Australia to Peru; but in all my wanderings that was the strangest sight of them all,—to see a little chap like Brassel's son in such a motley array as rushed pell-mell into Forty Mile in the spring of '88,—an assembly and country in no wise the place for a boy.

"The boy and big-hearted Jack were the favorites of the camp; and when the lad was taken sudden-like with mountain fever, as old Blackstaff, the horse-doctor, called it, those three hundred miners could n't do enough for the delirious little chap in tent '64."

"Well do I remember Brassel's farewell words. 'Boys,' said he, mighty solemn-like, as he picked up the sled rope, 'I may never make it, but I'll be found a-trying. The love for gold is strong within me, but the love for the little chap, I trust, is stronger. You,—yes, every one of you,'—and he paused a moment to look up and down the white-tented village street,—

'have been mighty good and kind to Bobbie, and I thank you for it; and if ever there's any luck on Forty Mile, Jack Brassel's the man that hopes you'll find it.'

"So vividly was that camp-leaving impressed upon my mind that I shall remember it to the last day of my life. I can see before me now those little A tents,—fifty or sixty of them,—standing in a row on the bank of the lake. It was supper-time. The camp-fires were burning brightly all along down the line, and the hemlocks in the background shone ruddy red in the glare. Men were baking bread and boiling coffee, and the odor of fried bacon filled the air. To perfect the picture, up in the north the northern lights were playing hide-and-seek around the Pole; while under foot, as far as the eye could reach, the frost on the ice-covered lake sparkled and glittered like so many thousand diamonds.

"It was twenty-five long miles across the lake, and after once started we trudged briskly along. In the mean time I kept a sharp lookout for air-holes. My experience with one of them a few weeks before had cost me dear, and I did n't propose to take any chances. That was how I lost my partner Jim, you know, by having him and the sled go plunging out of sight before my very eyes. We got along much better than I anticipated, however, and by the time the moon came sailing up, a great red globe of fire against the distant snow-covered mountain peaks, we had covered half the distance.

"For hours Brassel never spoke,—that is, to me,—but followed along behind, stopping now and then to quiet the little chap, who was always calling, 'Mother!' 'Mother!' When the lad would get more than bad, Brassel would drop the rope and kneel down beside the sled, mighty loving like. 'Bobbie,' he would say, 'we are going home to Mother. Have patience, little man, and we will get there by and by.'

"When Jack talked like that," said the big Yukoner, as he touched a lighted match to his pipe,—“talked so patient and brave away out there on that lonesome lake with only the moon and stars for company, a lump would rise in my throat and my eyes would smart,—guess it was on account of the weather.

"In this manner the short Alaskan May night wore away, and as the sun climbed up into the heavens, we reached the head of the lake, and stopped, as I thought, for the day. But no; Brassel would not have it that way. After we had eaten our breakfast,—a mighty slim affair it was,—he turned to me and said, 'Smith, I don't want to rush you, but I find the ice much firmer than I thought, and I'm for pushing on. You know, old man, what a day's delay may mean.' And he gave me a meaning look. That settled it,—that look of his,—so we rearranged the little fellow's hard bed and started on again. All that day we pushed on. Heavens! how Brassel walked! It kept me jumping to keep out of his way.

"Dusk found us at the head of the lake, sixty miles from our starting-point. Here we stopped for supper. As the stars came out one by one, the boy's fever, which had died down during the day, came up again. His mind wandered. He imagined all sorts of things. One minute he was on the steamer on his way north, happy with boyish glee at the ever-changing scenery; the next he was back again in his old home, watering the horses or driving the cows home from the pasture.

"All this time Brassel, who had eaten but little breakfast and no dinner or supper, sat beside him on the edge of the sled, the picture of despair. 'Fool, fool that I was to bring him along!' he muttered. 'But God knows I never thought it would come to this. Fool, fool, fool!' he repeated bitterly. 'Smith,' said he, turning to me, his eyes gleaming strangely red in the firelight, like those of a cat when you catch the shine in its eyes, 'I am going to save the boy,—I'm going to push on to-night.'

"It was useless to argue the point,—he would go; so we lit out again. Ten, twelve, and up to three o'clock, we kept up that reckless pace, the boy moaning and tossing on his hard bed. The bumping of the sled jarred him unmercifully. With the coming of the dawn we pulled into a grove of hemlock on the left-hand shore of Lake Bennett. Nature was asserting itself by this time. We had now been on our feet for almost forty hours, and rest we must have. So, building up a



roaring fire, and spreading the blankets on the ground, with the boy between us, we lay down to sleep like weary cattle,—to sleep the sleep of exhaustion.

"Ah, that sleep on the frozen earth, how sweet it was! The sun came sailing up over another day and cast its warmth upon us. We still slept. The day waned. Not until the sun was going down did I awake. Brassel was shaking me. 'Wake up!' he shouted, 'wake up! I've got some good news to tell you,—the little chap is better.'

"How joyfully he said those words! Poor fellow! he thought so. It was not my place, after looking at the boy's flaming cheeks and sparkling eyes, to inform Brassel that it was a bad sign; he was tortured enough as it was.

"For the first time in three days the lad was rational. 'O, I'm so glad we're going home,' he said; 'for then we won't have any more ice and snow. I'm so happy, too, that it makes me sleepy. So while I say my prayers, daddy, you kneel down beside me and play you are Mother.' And as Brassel, to humor the whim, knelt beside the sled, the lad repeated that simple prayer that we all have said at our Mother's knee,—

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

"We were all better for that prayer, simple as it was, and after the lad had dropped off to sleep, we ate a bite, then placed him on the sled and started on again. Daybreak found us at the head of Lake Linderman. Only the great snow-covered divide lay between us and the sea, thirty miles away.

"Contrary to expectations, no Indians were camped on the lake; they had decamped, bag and baggage, for the coast. They had been our main-stay,—we had expected to engage a number of them to help us over the pass. But Brassel was undaunted. 'Please God,' he said, 'I can pull the little chap over to Sheep Camp, where we are sure to find friends that will help us down to the coast. What do you say, Smith,—can we hold out for a few hours longer?'

"I looked at him closely. From the way his jaws were set,—they were shut

together like the jaws of a steel-trap,—I knew he would make it over the pass or die in the attempt. I said, 'Yes.'

"After leaving the lake, our route lay up a creek-bed, or cañon, that extended nearly to the summit, like a great lane. What water there was in the creek-bed was covered with thin treacherous ice, and Brassel, owing to his weight, often went through into three and four feet of water. The first time he crashed through the ice, going waist-deep, I suggested the idea of laying over a day or so and put in the time making snowshoes. This we could easily have done, for we were as yet in the timber belt. But he doggedly shook his head and kept on. I fared better than he. My rubber boots kept out the water; and while he was all dripping wet, I was comparatively dry.

"Notwithstanding the trouble I have mentioned, we made fairly good time, and ten o'clock found us within three miles of the summit. Then trouble began. So far it had been clear and sunshiny. But suddenly there came a change. What breeze there was all at once veered round to the north, and came whipping over the snowy wastes in stinging blasts. There was nothing to protect us from the mercy of the gale; for we were now far above timber-line in a changeable atmosphere. Soon the sky grew dark and overcast and snow began to fall. Softly it came down at first, then thicker and thicker it came, until we could not see twenty yards ahead. If not for the mighty walls of the cañon, we would have become bewildered and wandered off,—God knows where!

"When the storm began, Brassel became alarmed, as well he might. 'Smith,' said he, 'if this continues, the little chap will freeze; and then, O God! what shall I do?' With that he removed his heavy coat from about his shoulders and spread it over the sleeping lad, who had not once awakened since we left the lake; then the brave fellow plodded on in his shirt-sleeves.

"It was unselfish heroism! It was always for the lad's welfare that he thought, though he himself was shivering with cold as his soaking garments froze fast about him. No man in his condition could live long, and I was fearful what the end would be.





"I raised the white-mantled coat"

"Things had now reached such a pass that it was hard work for him to draw the sled; so I suggested the idea to spell him. For a wonder, he accepted the offer and took the lead, while I brought up the rear. Slowly, with the wind howling up the cañon, with great swirls of snow beating into our half-closed eyes, we tramped along. Thus half an hour went by. Slower and slower Brassel walked. His clothing was frozen stiff now; each step was mechanical. His head was bent forward as he faced that seething blast, like a reed in a gale. Twice he went down, only to regain his feet and press feebly on. At last the inevitable came. He tottered, he reeled, swayed for a moment like a drunken man in the throes of delirium, then pitched forward, first to his knees, and then measured his full length on a bare ledge of rock at the base of a snow-hill that towered white and grim for a thousand feet in the air.

"Even then I don't think Brassel realized his condition; even so he was as game as ever.

"'Smith,' said he huskily as I came up, 'the odds seem to be against me. Such a thing might be that I can't weather it out; so, while I rest a bit, I want your promise, in case anything should happen, to see the little chap through to the end. Will you promise?'

"We sealed the compact by shaking hands.

"Brassel was much like a watchful mother. For the twentieth time that morning, he bethought himself to look on the face of the sleeping boy, and with an effort he knelt beside the bed. It was with many misgivings that I raised the white-mantled coat. It was as I thought,—the little lad was dead!

"I have witnessed many sad and pathetic sights in my time, stranger; but that lit-

tle tragedy away up there in the clouds, miles from anywhere, was the saddest of 'em all. The dumb, unspoken agony in Brassel's eyes would have wrung the tears from the eyes of a man with a heart of stone. Cold, benumbed, accustomed to all sorts of sights, this one was too much for me; so I turned away. And as I staggered onto another ledge of rock, three hundred yards or so farther up the cañon, Brassel's heart-broken cry rose above the shrieking of the gale.

"I reached the ledge at last. By this time, the snow had nearly ceased to fall, and the sun was beginning to pierce the rifts; so, sitting there on the wind-swept ledge, in that wilderness of snow, in all my loneliness, caring not a whit whether or not grim death came a-knocking at my door, with Brassel in plain sight as he knelt beside the sled, his head upon his breast, I fell asleep.

"'Wake up, meester, wake up; you freezie to death. Vere your friend?' was the next thing of which I was conscious. The voice might have been in another world,—it seemed so far away. Slowly I opened my half-frozen eyelids. Two belated Italian miners on their way down the Yukon, were standing over me.

"'Vere your friend?' they again asked. 'Down there,' I replied without looking up, 'at the foot of the snow-hill.'

"'Vere? Ve see no snow-hill. Zee avalanche a while ago.'

"At that I glanced down the cañon. A cry escaped me,—there was no snow-hill. A radiant, sun-kissed, billowy pile of white had filled the cañon to the brim. The price of devotion was a spotless, everlasting monument; so deep as to defy the attempts of man.

"Ten thousand tons of snow lay over big-hearted Jack and little Bob."

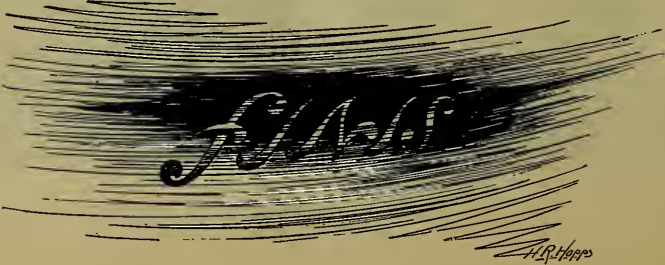






Photo by Joseph N. LeConte

## YOSEMITE — GOING OUT

[Written in the Register at the Guardian's Office, Yosemite.]

**B**UT when the gates of pearl were closed again,  
And the transfigured earth no more gave back  
The splendid vision, in the downward track  
Plodded the awed Disciples, saddened men.

What if the world showed its old fairness then,  
Since they at heart knew its supernal lack !  
Having seen God, what but the drift and wrack  
Of prescience was the range of human ken !

And I, like them, go with but laggard feet,  
For discontent divine within me calls,  
That I must leave this peace and rest complete,  
To dream it only in restraining walls ;  
And hear forever, in the crowded street,  
The roar of traffic like the roar of falls.

*Warren Cheney.*



# CHRISTMAS AT THE DIGGIN'S

By J. TORREY CONNOR

"THESE here Chris'mas fixin's 'mind me o' thet Chris'mas at the 'diggin's," said the Old Timer reflectively, glancing from the wreath of holly that decorated the one window of the corner grocery to the rosy apples and yellow oranges piled in pyramids on the broad shelf beneath. "'T ain't much of a story; but if you fellers cares t' hear it— Wall, here goes."

'T was 'way back in '59 thet me an' my pard lit out fer th' Coast. My pard's name was Brick Collins—leastways he was called Brick, on 'count of his ha'r bein' thet color.

We'd been neighbors fer years, an' as th' Western fever tackled both on us 'bout th' same time, we 'greed t' pull our freight t'gether. Brick was consid'bly older'n me, an' had a motherless darter t' look out fer,—an' right well he tended t' th' job, tew. Some o' the folks offered t' take th' gal an' do fer her, but Brick says, "Where I goes, Kit goes," an' thet settled it.

I wa' n't stuck on the idee o' havin' a twelve-year-old kid in camp; but neither was I stuck on breakin' with Brick. So we drifted from camp t' camp fer a matter o' two year, sometimes strikin' pay dirt, but more often not. Fin'ly we got 'round t' White Pine, an' says Brick: "If we don't strike it rich here, I pulls stakes an' gets back to God's country. These here minin' camps ain't no place t' bring up a growin' gal, nohow."

Which did n't come fur from bein' the truth. The diggin's was swarmin' with all sorts an' conditions o' men, Irishers an' Greasers, mostly.

Kit shot up, slim an' straight as a young Injun, an' all t' once it 'curred t' me as how she wa' n't a kid no more, but a woman growed, an' a mighty purty one at thet. I s'pose th' idee gettin' in my head must 'a' changed my ways, fer I note she acted dif'rent. She 'd been thet fond o' teasin' me, but all t' once she lef' off, an' our scrappin' an' quarrelin', which had been goin' on frequent, was done with.

Like's not you fellers wonders what thet's got t' do with Chris'mas, but I'm comin' t' it bime-by. Jes' pass me th' jar o' 'baccy.

Thet's better. As I was sayin', we let up on scrappin'. One day a tenderfoot from back East struck camp, an' bein' broke an' mighty anxious t' get back, he raffled a gold ring what had been a harloom in his fambly, an' th' ring fell t' me. I thought 't would look sorter neat on Kit's finger, so I was some tickled t' get it. One o' th' fellers what put up his slug fer a chance was Dan McCarty, an onlikely chap fer all his han'some phiz,—fer he had th' devil's own temper. When I captured th' ornament, he looked black, an' no mistake.

I may's well remark, right here, thet he 'd been hangin' 'round Kit consid'ble, but Kit wa' n't agree'ble, as a body could see with half 'n eye.

Wall, Dan wanted t' know, some sarcastic, if I meant t' start a joolry-shop.

"Thet orn'mint," says I, "is fer th' woman I means t' marry."

As a matter o' course I had n't done any courtin', thet not bein' in my line, but Kit's paw an' me had fixed th' matter up like this: I was t' have a year t' make my pile an' win Kit.

Brick was dead set on some feller with a pile takin' Kit an' makin' a lady out o' her. He hinted mighty signif'cant that Dan was ready t' do it if I could n't; an' I felt some glowery at times, luck bein' ag'in me.

On such 'casions, Brick, thinkin' t' cheer me a bit, would suggest thet we drop in of an evenin', fer a social game at Bill's place. I wa' n't noways sure with th' pasteboards, but Brick was a stiff better, an' game! Like's not Kit 'd come right in 'mongst us an' coax th' old man away, first han's 'round; but nobody ever interfered, fer Brick was a handy man with a gun.

Bime-by, what with Kit's tryin' t' keep th' old man straight an' all, we left off droppin' our dust on th' tables at the Last

Chance, an' took t' savin' it t' swell th' pile we'd set out t' make.

But I started t' tell you fellers about th' ring. Me an' Brick got back t' th' cabin 'bout sundown, thet night. Kit was stretched out before th' door under th' big cottonwood, diggin' her leetle brown toes in th' sand, lazy-like, an' takin' no 'count o' th' fact thet grub-time was more 'n an hour past. Brick was clean tired out, an' there bein' no grub in sight, he spoke sharp t' Kit—th' first time in his life he'd ever had anythin' but soft words fer her.

She looked at him scairt-like, her big eyes like a deer's when a bullet's in the heart. Then she busted out cryin'; an' comin' t' me, put her two arms 'round my neck an' laid her head on my shoulder.

Brick says somethin' 'bout goin' t' th' spring fer water, as a sort o' 'scuse fer gettin' out o' th' way, an' first thing I knows, Kit an' me was alone. She let go o' me all of a sudden an' started t' run outen th' cabin, but I called her back an' showed her the ring.

"Kit," says I, "but s' fer th' woman as 'll marry me?"

She jes' held up her purty red lips—an' thet's all th' answer I wanted.

But in th' mornin' Brick remonstrated with me a lot.

"This here courtin' will come off all reg'lar when yer gets yer pile," says he, "an' we dissolves pardnership right here onless."

It was tough, but Brick was a pos'tive man an' knowed how t' use a gun,—no man better.

A day, or mebbe two, after we come t' this understandin', one o' these here heathen Chinees straggled into camp. He come t' th' cabin door an' asked fer food, 'pearin' t' be on th' ragged edge of starvation. He was 'bout as mongrel a Chineee as ever wore a queue; but Kit's heart warmed t' him, an' he was supplied with th' first squar' meal he'd tasted in many a day, I'll be bound.

It was one thing t' take this Ah Sing in, an' another t' get rid o' him.

"Me stay," says he, quite confident, but he turned his slant eyes sort o' questionin'-like to'ards Kit. "Me heap fine cook, washee-man, anytling."

Thet clause recommended him a lot to Brick, who was toler'ble fond o' havin' his meals in good shape and on time. So Ah Sing "stayed."

The miners regarded Sing as a good joke, an' was dyin' t' play off their pranks on him, but Kit would n't have it. As th' men fairly worshiped th' ground Kit walked on, they let this Ah Sing off, bein' as how he was her partic'lar property; an' Sing shortly got a high 'pinion o' himself. He was thet proud he would n't answer t' th' name o' John, nohow, no more 'n 's if he was deaf.

"China boy no likee John," he says; "you callee me Sing."

Th' days passed by, an' Sing labored toler'ble well or neglected his work, as th' mood took him. Brick continually talked 'bout sendin' him away—a threat thet did n't ruffle this Chineee any whatever. But let Kit hint at these same severe meas-ures, an' he'd come t' time t' once.

Honesty ain't supposed t' be no part o' a Chineee's make-up, but Kit calculated t' make a exception in Sing's favor. He was thet honest he had spasms whenever he comes 'cross leetle things o' no partic'lar 'count; an' th' way he'd run 'round th' camp tryin' t' find th' owner was mighty entertainin'.

Notwithstandin', when we missed articles o' more value, we somehow natu'ly picked on Sing as th' one what was likely t' be interested in th' disappearance o' said articles. I int'mated as much t' Brick, when a gold nugget he had unearthed was missin' from th' shelf in th' cabin, where he laid it.

Two or three on us formed a committee, and marched out where Sing was choppin' wood. He was leanin' against a tree in a attitood that was suggestive o' thet tired feelin' thet with some folks is constitootional. At his feet was mebbe a dozen split sticks, th' sum total o' an hour's work.

"Jes' tell us where thet nugget is," Brick blustered, takin' a firm hold on Sing's sleeve.

No need t' ask him,—fer out o' thet same sleeve somethin' slid, fallin' t' th' ground afore our very eyes.

"Th' nugget!" we shouted.

Sing was th' pictur' o' injured inner-cence.

"How come?" says he.

"I did hope t' make somethin' outer him," says Kit; "but I guess we'll have t' let him go."

Sing made out he was thet grief-struck, and 'pented o' his wrong-doin' t' thet extent, Kit fin'ly begged, with tears in her eyes, thet we'd give him another show. Brick never could hold out ag'in Kit; so Sing was took back on trial. He was willin' t' work fer his grub an' a blanket t' sleep in; an' though we wa'n't pannin' out but a few dollars' worth o' stuff a day, Brick 'lowed we'd never miss what he got away with in th' eatin' line.

He did 'pear t' be reformed, an' no mistake. He worked early an' late, an' earned consid'ble doin' outside jobs. When th' mule team went on its reg'lar trip t' th' nearest settlement fer supplies, Sing sent his dust along t' exchange fer a gang o' chickens—a present fer Kit, he give us t' understand.

These here chickens was what you fellers'd call a innervation, seein' 's how White Pine never took no previous 'count o' th' 'vantage o' havin' these useful fowls in its midst.

We unloaded 'em from th' crates; an' as there wa'n't any quarters ready fer 'em, we all turned in an' built 'em a brush house on th' wash, handy t' gravel. Then we camped 'round an' watched th' doin's o' these same hens; an' 't was a whole lot instructive. On matoor reflection, I will state thet never have I seen th' like o' them fowls fer cuteness. They was shorely th' pride o' Kit's heart; an' if they'd laid nuggets o' pure gold 'stead o' aigs, she could n't 'a' made a bigger fuss.

Th' rainy season set in early thet year, an' it set in in earnes' too. One night th' heavens split wide open, an' th' floods d'scended. The wind howled an' shook th' leetle cabin, till you'd 'a' thought 't would 'a' been battered flat. In th' mornin' th' sun was shinin' bright, same as ever, an' th' sky looked 's if it had been scoured. But of them chickens there wa'n't so much as a feather left! Th' gravelly wash was a ragin', roarin' river, covered with driftwood.

Kit wept big tears, an' not even th' promise o' a new batch o' hens was comfortin' t' her. I was a-meanderin' along th' banks o' th' stream, notin' how it had took a tree here, an' swallowed a slice o' ground there,—the water had never riz so high in th' mem'ry o' th' oldest inhabitant,—when what sh'd I sec but one o' them Brahma hens, perched on a piece o' drift thet had lodged near th' bank!

I rescooded thet there lone survivor o' th' flock, an' carried it t' th' cabin in triumph, where it was received with great rejoicin'.

"Him heap smart hen," said Sing, as he scattered yeller corn-meal on th' ground. And he fed th' fowl so many times durin' th' day 't was a mortal wonder he did n't kill her off.

'Long 'bout Chris'mas th' flood went down. Kit'd set her heart on havin' a real Chris'mas, same 's her paw had told her 'bout havin' 'way back East, 'fore her mother died. She was never tired hearin' him tell 'bout them times. How she did work t' get things in shape! She gathered purty red berries, like them in th' winder, an' stuck th' chinks full o' green stuff, till th' cabin looked like a nest an' smelled like a bokay. She tried her hand at makin' cake an' pie like they uster have t' home; but while we praised them aplenty, we wa'n't sorry t' sec thet she was calculatin' t' let Sing do th' heft o' th' cookin'.

She sent out word all over th' diggin's thet everybody'd be welcome as long as th' grub lasted; an' you fellers can bet there was some scrubbin'-up goin' on all 'long th' line. Lots o' th' men, most likely, did n't know what Chris'mas meant; but whatever Kit said was all right, an' they'd 'a' held a ghost-dance if she'd 'a' give th' word.

Chris'mas mornin' was as purty a mornin' as ever you secn. Kit was up with th' sun, singin' like a lark; but her rejoicin' was turned t' mournin'—fer in come Sing, a heap excited, t' tell us thet the Brahma fowl was hobblin' 'round with a broke laig!

Kit gathered th' pore hen t' her busom, an' cried an' cried. Brick p'inted out thet th' Brahma'd make a fine addition



t' th' Chris'mas feast; an' at last Kit give consent, though she 'lowed she could n't get down a mouthful o' Beauty, as she called th' hen, nohow.

Soon as ever breakfas' was over, Sing set out t' prepare Beauty fer th' pot. He coaxed th' pore, unsuspectin' bird t' his side with a handful o' crumbs, an' soon Beauty was no more.

Briek had gone up th' hills a piece t' prospec', an' Kit was in th' cabin, wras'lin' with th' dinner problem an' weepin' fer th' departed. I was jes' thinkin' I'd go in and ask her fer a kiss,—as a Chris'mas present, you understan',—fer I had n't broke my word, an' did n't inten' to,—when thet heathen Chinees raced up t' th' door, brandishin' a gleamin' knife. I'd

'a' drawed a bead on him in a second more, but he sings out, "Looke! Looke!" holdin' up t' view th' remains o' thet Brahma hen.

Wall, t' cut th' story short, thet fowl's gizzard was chock full o' gold. She had swallowed it t' grind her food, like th' discriminatin' hen she was. Did n't take me long t' find out where she got it, neither; fer her pickin' ground was thet same gravel-wash where th' other fowls met their sad fate. You see th' stuff was what they calls free gold, washed down from th' hills by th' flood, an' left on th' gravel-flat.

When we gathered 'round th' Chris'mas spread I was a rich man, boys,—fer I'd staked out claims on everythin' in sight, inclodin' Kit.

## WARUM ?

**A** NIGHT-BIRD screaming in the dark;  
A bat, an owl, some formless thing,—  
On fancy's pedestal I sit  
And wonder why God gave it wing.

God gave it wing? God gave me breath,—  
Have I proved why He bade me live?  
And was it, then, by chance to me  
This strange existence He should give?

What am I, and from whence to where?  
A ripple in the ocean's tide,  
A zephyr in a sea of air,  
A something in a world too wide?

Too wide, because my mortal eyes  
Can only see a little way.  
Why, then, do I *think* on so far  
Beyond the portals of to-day?

Perchance some time, I know not where,  
I'll live and know the reason why,—  
Perhaps I'll live and understand  
This puzzling thing,—this monster, I.

*Anne Lucia Holmes.*

# WHERE THE MISSION SHADOWS FALL

By EMELYN TICKNOR GUILD

“ ‘**R**AH, 'rah, Stanford!’ ”

The cry rang out from the luxurious quarters of the University Club in San Francisco, where some half-score choice spirits of the class of '94 were gathered about the festal board, paying tribute to their Alma Mater.

The banqueters had reached that point where cigars and reminiscences were in order, and absent favorites were receiving toasts through the medium of sparkling, foaming champagne. Alphonso Marchado's name was proposed. Everybody in the vicinity of the peninsula city knew Marchado,—that is, anybody that knew college men at all and was familiar with the “pigskin,”—the handsome, reckless center-rush of '94, whose clever play had done much toward losing the day for Berkeley and sending her partisans to their Thanksgiving dinner with rancor in their hearts and “Go Home to Mamma,” ringing in their ears.

At the dinner two years before, Marchado had been the gayest of the gay, and had then announced his intention of shortly becoming a benedict; since then nothing had been heard of him save the occasional rumor with which the social atmosphere is loaded,—so, lifting the wine to their lips, they were about to drink to his success, wife, and probable heirs, when Holbrook, who had not joined in the toast, broke in with an abrupt, “Boys, I've got a story to tell you of Marchado,” bringing the glasses to the table with a resounding clink and an air of interested expectation to every face. He began:—

Some six months after the dinner at which Marchado announced his engagement, he came to my rooms one evening looking pale and depressed, and said he wished to confide in me regarding his love affair which, after the usual fashion, was not running smoothly. It seemed that he had kept the news from his family, who, as you know, are devout Catholics and had their minds fixed on an aristocratic Castilian beauty as the pros-

pective bride. You know how proud the few old Spanish families in California are of their blood. You can imagine, then, that at Alphonso's announced intention of taking as his wife the daughter of an obscure Presbyterian minister the very furies were unloosed. The father threatened, the mother pleaded, while the sisters, cousins, and aunts, were loud in their taunts and lamentations, but the son remained obdurate. Finally, his mother went to the girl, and by tears and protests, prevailed upon her to break the engagement and see him no more. When I asked Marchado if there were any but religious and social objections to the marriage, he clenched his hands and huskily answered, “Yes,—Heaven help her!” He would give no further explanation, but begged, that in the face of her refusal to see him, I would plead his cause, which I set out to do the following night.

I found myself at a pleasant, comfortable home, and sending up a card of introduction, was immediately bidden to her presence. The room into which I followed the servant was lighted only by the ruddy flare of a coal fire. Miss Scott did not rise as I entered, but gave me a slender white hand, and in a low, musical voice bade me be seated. In the dim light I could but faintly discern the outline of a clear-cut profile and a small head crowned with a mass of reddish-brown hair, while a tantalizing fan partially hid the eyes and delicately curved mouth.

I entered directly into the purport of my visit, picturing as graphically as possible, Marchado's misery and despair, and inwardly condemning her as a fickle coquette. She returned no answer until I commenced to plead for his love, when, with a voice which she tried vainly to master, and quivering lips, she replied: “I thank you warmly for your intercession, but I perceive Alphonso has not told you all. I love him,—no, more than love him,—but his mother has shown me how selfish that love is and what a misfortune such a marriage would be to him.”

She rose as she spoke, and with a bosom heaving with scarcely controlled sobs, laid down her fan, and turning toward me for a brief second, walked with uncertain steps from the room. She was totally blind!

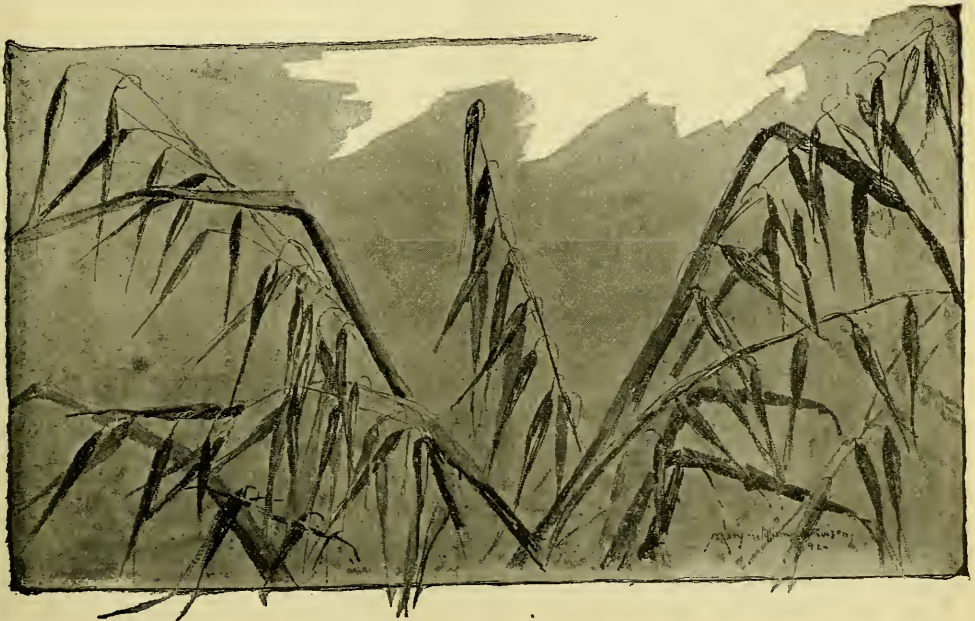
I did not return to Alphonso that night, for while my heart fully sympathized with him, my reason did not. Beautiful and charming as was the girl to whom he had given his deep affection, I could not approve a marriage wherein lay so great an affliction, not only for his sake, but that of posterity, and though I told him so, at our next meeting, as gently as possible, he was deeply wounded and did not see me again. At the close of the year I learned that he had gone abroad, and about the same time heard of the serious illness of his former fiancée, then in Santa Barbara. The poor girl was silently and uncomplainingly grieving away her life.

Last week I returned from Santa Barbara. I went, as you know, to make a sketch of the old Mission, and while rambling about the quaint cemetery, which lies within its walls, I came upon a newly-made grave,—her resting-place! As I stood bending over the simple stone on

which her name was graven, the bells in the double towers rang out their summons to vespers, and passing through the stone gateway, surmounted by a skull and cross-bones, I entered the chapel.

The church was but dimly lighted; a lamp here and there before a shrine of the Holy Mary, Saint Peter, or Saint Paul, and over the altar the flickering blood-red flame of the never-extinguished light. A young acolyte appeared from a door to the left of the chancel, carrying a lighted taper in his hand. He approached the altar, and bending his knee before the door which concealed the Host, passed around it, lighting the tall tapers as he went. He knelt again before returning from whence he came, and as the clear, soft light of the candles fell upon the tanned head and gray robe of the Franciscan order, I recognized Alphonso Machado.

When Holbrook ceased his story there was an oppressive silence for some minutes; each man striving to call himself back from the contemplation of the brilliant young life hidden within the ancient walls of the monastery; then, as the evening was far spent, they joined in a final toast and chorus to Alma Mater.





# THE WHISPERING GALLERY

By ROSSITER JOHNSON

Some truths may be proclaimed upon the housetop;  
Others may be spoken by the fireside;  
Still others must be whispered in the ear of a friend.

IT WAS about time—at least, the average interval had elapsed—for another visit to the Arbor of Abstraction, when Elacott received a note that said: “You and your friend will be welcome whenever you choose to come, provided you have something to talk about other than poetry; for I am still halted, as you may guess, at the end of the second line.”

Elacott and I, who so often went there without a special invitation, were not likely to delay long in accepting this one.

“You see what the terms are,” said he. “We must not go unless we can carry the subjects for conversation with us.”

“I understand,” said I, “a sort of rural surprise-party of the intellect, at which the guests bring the entertainment with them, and nobody is surprised, while the hostess is put to no cost except weakened furniture and broken china.”

“Exactly so,” said Elacott. “And as soon as you are equipped we will go.”

It wanted an hour of dusk, in a balmy summer evening, when we peeped over the hedge, saw that the sisters were in the arbor, and snapped a twig, which was the signal to announce our coming, instead of bell or knocker.

“You are very welcome,” said Miss Ravaline,—“provided—”

“Yes; provided we bring our own provisions,” said Elacott. And then he told them how I had likened it to a rural surprise-party.

“Quite so,” said Miss Ravaline, smiling; “and why not? I never have invited you here to play whist, and never shall. While this is the Arbor of Abstraction, for absolutely free thought and plain speech, it is dedicated to all the virtues except the Zenoic.”

I frankly confessed that I did not know what she meant by the Zenoic.

“When I was a little girl,” she explained, “my copy-book always had twenty-six pages, and the copies began with the successive letters of the alphabet. In the different books there was some variation except on the last page. There I constantly found, ‘Zeno, of all virtues, chose silence.’ I suppose those who made the books did not know any other word that began with Z. My joy at getting to the end of the book was always clouded by that somber declaration. I did not know who Zeno was; but I felt sure he was some dreary old schoolmaster.”

“He was a schoolmaster,” said Elacott, “and he was old, for he lived to be almost a hundred; but I don’t know whether he was dreary. At all events, there was a large and steady attendance at his school; and as the teacher did most of the reciting in those days, it was natural that he should value silence in his pupils.”

"I thought it was a little strange," Miss Ravaline remarked, "if he meant his own silence. However, as I said, this arbor is not dedicated to silence. There will be silence enough by and by; let us talk while we can."

"That is what we are here for, under your special orders," said Elacott; "and as you have forbidden us to talk poetry, I have prepared myself on a subject as far from that as possible."

"We heard a lecture last evening," said Mrs. Trenfield, "on the great prose-writers of the first half of the century, and I shall be much interested in seeing how your views compare with those of the lecturer."

"No doubt you would," said Elacott, "and perhaps some day you can; but you make a mistake in assuming that if I do not speak of poetry I must speak of prose. I am not such a purely 'litory feller' that I always talk about literature. In fact, I am one lesson ahead of Monsieur Jourdan, and have learned that there is something besides prose and poetry."

"I have been aware of that," said Mrs. Trenfield, "ever since I read, or tried to read, Carlyle and Browning."

"I cannot perfectly agree with you there," said Elacott, "but am willing to compromise on Carlyle. Some day when poetry is not forbidden, perhaps you will let me tell you what I think of Browning. But you still misunderstand me; I have no intention of talking about literature at all to-day. The theme that fills my mind is, the Glory of America."

"When you say America," said Miss Ravaline, "what do you mean?"

"What could I mean, but just America?" said he.

"The term has two meanings, unfortunately," said Miss Ravaline. "When properly used it signifies the land that stretches from the Arctic Ocean to Cape Horn. But it is constantly used with a signification that confines it to the territory between the Lakes and the Gulf. There appears to be no Englishman on earth who is aware that the name of our country is the United States. They forever speak of it as America—or 'Amurrika,' as most of them pronounce it; and large numbers of our own people, and even of our writers, have fallen into the habit of imitating them. The first lesson in every study should teach the pupil to call things by their right names. If I had charge of the primary class in patriotism, I would teach them first of all to speak of their country by its true name—no America, or Columbia, or other poetical make-shift."

"They could not very well sing, 'The United States, the gem of the ocean,'" said I.

"No," said Miss Ravaline; "and I would not let them sing that silly song at all. Just consider it—'Columbia, the gem of the ocean.' To what can the term 'gem of the ocean' be applied? It may be applied properly to a small, beautiful island, and to nothing else. To apply it to a continent, or to a country of three million square miles, is preposterous. But that is what we must expect when we go a-bor-rowing foreign songs and trying to adapt them."

"I was about to say, in my amended pleading," said Elacott, "that the subject I had in mind was, the Glory of the United States. But if you prefer to talk about songs, and if songs are not poetry, or if poetry is not forbidden to-day—"

"Such songs as the one I have spoken of are certainly not poetry," said Miss Ravaline. "But let us hear about your Glory."

"That is not in our songs," said Elacott; "for several nations beat us on songs, though we have a few good ones. But there is one thing in which we have surpassed them all; and, as I said in the beginning, this is as far from poetry as possible. When our country took its place among the nations, the sculpture of Greece, the painting of Italy, the music of Germany, and the literature of England, rendered it unlikely, if not impossible, that she could ever attain the first place in any of those arts. But she found a new field in the realm of invention, and straightway entered in."

"What you say is very true," said Miss Ravaline, "but in this arbor of plain speech I may be permitted to say that the theme has been very much discussed already."

"In this arbor of plain speech," said Elacott, "I may be permitted to say that you are a little hasty. I had no intention of dilating in general terms on the genius for invention displayed by my countrymen. I was going to tell you specifically about two or three of the latest inventions which seem to me noteworthy."

Miss Ravaline interrupted him long enough to apologize for her hasty inference, and then he resumed:—

"I have a friend who has a gift for invention, and whose ingenuity has grappled with some larger problems than any that have been solved by Morse, or McCormick, or Edison. With your permission, I will describe a few of his latest. As the abolition of war is the uppermost topic just now, let me first tell you about his invention for that. When Christian Sharps invented his rapid-firing rifle he claimed that it would make war so destructive that all fighting would cease and arbitration take its place. And General Sheridan expressed a similar hope from the later improvements in firearms. But though we have since had the needle-gun, and the Chassepot, and the Mauser, and the Krag-Jorgensen, no such result seems likely to follow. Both the inventor and the General were groping toward the true idea, but neither quite got it. My friend has hit it exactly in his Golden-Rule army rifle. What we most lack in war is the Golden Rule. There have been double-barreled arms before, but they all had the radical fault that both barrels discharged in the same direction. In this rifle, one barrel is simply turned around, so that the two point in exactly opposite directions; there is but one trigger, and when that is pulled both barrels are fired simultaneously. Thus each party is done as he does by. I think you will agree with me that when the nations of the earth adopt the Golden-Rule army rifle, there will be no more wars."

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Trenfield; "but might not the consequent increase of disputation over arbitration treaties be such as to make some quiet folks sigh for the old method of settlement?"

"No doubt it would," said Elacott; "and that would lead finally to a settlement of all international disputes by drawing lots, which would result in quite as much justice as either the firearms or the arbitration method—if we may judge by our own country's experience of the latter; for we have been cheated every time we have arbitrated. But let me next tell you of my friend's great invention for increasing



the health of cities. Take Boston, for instance. He would erect on the White Mountains a monster funnel, or series of funnels. It has been observed that very few people die on tops of high mountains. It is in going up or coming down that they lose their lives. These funnels would be mounted on swivels, and attendants resident there would keep them always turned with their mouths to the wind. Large pipes, or mains, would lead from them to the city, from which smaller pipes—as in the case of gas and water—would be introduced into the houses. Simply turn a key, and a stream of pure mountain air is poured across the patient's pallid face and fills the whole apartment with ozone. Of course, in the case of Boston we should have to consider whether this would in any way modify the intellectual atmosphere. No such trouble would be possible in New York or Chicago."

"But," I suggested, "would not the whole line of pipe have to be guarded constantly, to prevent the physicians from destroying it lest they lose their employment?"

"My friend has thought of that, and provided for it," Elacott answered. "He would have two sources of supply,—Mount Washington and Mount Jefferson, for instance,—and get up a discussion as to which is the better air. Then, of course, the family physician will be called in to say which shall be used, and thus his income continues. If he is wise, he will ascertain the politics of the patient's ancestors before he decides between Mount Washington and Mount Jefferson, and in some cases he may have to prescribe a mixture."

"A good argument for your supposition that the physician would be called in to make the choice of air," said Mrs. Trenfield, "may be found in the sale of dictionaries and pianos. Thousands of persons who are not sufficiently educated to use any dictionary very intelligently, and who find their verbal comfort rather in having a large one in the house than in actually consulting it, are afraid to make the purchase without taking scholarly advice as to the relative merits of the rival works. And the parents who force their children into piano-practice without any reference to their taste or ability are the ones most anxious to know which instrument is used by the great performers. But does your friend stop there, Mr. Elacott? I should think such genius would have an unlimited field."

"That is only a beginning," said Elacott. "He makes an invention nearly every day—sometimes before breakfast. But some of them cost him as much as two days' thought, with a wakeful night between. The most difficult one, he tells me, was that for the abolition of poverty; but he hit it at last. His plan depends entirely on the colleges. Our country now has, on the average, a college for every piece of territory a hundred miles square, and he says this is enough. We must gradually, but as soon as possible, get rid of the excrescences and outgrown features of these institutions, until finally each has but two departments—Athletics and Altruism. The entire force of students should be organized into athletic teams, and these should spend at least half the year in traveling about the country and giving those delightful exhibitions of pulley-hauley, punch, and plug-ugly, for which the public are always eager to pay. Then let the gate-money be disposed of in accordance with the principles taught by the Professors of Altruism, and poverty will disappear from our beloved land."

"After your friend has abolished war, disease, and poverty," said Miss Ravaline, "I should fear he would sit down and weep because there were no more evils to conquer, and thus not be happy after all."

"By no means," said Elacott. "My friend does not concern himself alone with material betterments; he considers also the moral and intellectual sufferings of his fellows, and he has not overlooked the fact that after war, sickness, and poverty have been banished, two great evils will still beset us—egotism and garrulity. His invention for the cure of egotism is a little complicated, but very compact. It is not larger than a small watch, and it consists of a combination of telephone, microphone, and megaphone. The case may be made of any of the usual colors of outside garments, and the instrument is fastened to the collar of a man's coat, hanging between his shoulder-blades. You will see at once how this works. It enables the man to hear everything that is said behind his back; and if he remains an egotist very long, you might as well send him to the asylum for incurables. The cure for garrulity consists of a very small, neat phonograph, which the man can carry in his pocket. It skips four words out of every five, and each morning when the owner steps out of bed it begins to repeat all that he said the day before, showing how he might have said it in one fifth the number of words. I am sorry to say that this invention does not work so perfectly as the others. It depends upon the temperament of the individual. Some get angry about it, and refuse to wind it up after a few days,—or pretend that they forgot to; others trade it away for a second-hand bicycle; and in several instances the machine has been found lying beside a dead cat under the lee of a back fence. The fact is, garrulity is the most serious evil with which reformers have to deal."

"Any epidemic is likely to become unmanageable," said Mrs. Trenfield, "when it attacks the physicians who are trying to cure it; and I have yet to see a reformer who is not garrulous."

Here the conversation appeared to come to a natural pause.

"Now, if you have done with your elaborate fooling," said I, "perhaps you will listen to a perfectly serious plan for the abolition of war. It has been running in my head for some time, and I should be glad to submit it to your judgments."

As they all expressed an immediate and deep interest, I proceeded to set forth my idea for universal peace.

"If I were inclined to be facetious," said I, "the philosophy of my plan might be summed up in the slang expression, 'hit him where he lives.' The fault with warfare is, that it does not hit him where he lives; and the serious fault in modern warfare is that its tendency is to remove the stroke farther and farther from the spot where he lives. You have quoted the declaration of Inventor Sharps concerning the beneficent effects of his rifle. That was made nearly half a century ago; and many philosophers and theorists agreed with him in the opinion that if arms could only be made deadly enough nobody could be induced to face them, and war would have to cease. But ever since the days of Christian Sharps the most tempting prizes have been held up before the improvers of firearms, and one military rifle has succeeded another because of more rapid or more accurate work. But the needle-gun, the Chassepot, the Mauser, make no difference with war. The Zulu warriors take their knives in their teeth and crawl on their hands and knees under the smoke of the

batteries, until they can spring up in the midst of the guns and stab the gunners. And our boys at San Juan Hill showed themselves no more afraid of Mauser bullets propelled by smokeless powder than their grandfathers were of flint-lock muskets at King's Mountain or Lundy's Lane. The dictum, 'All that a man hath will he give for his life,' is true only of those who have lived long enough to comprehend what life is worth and what may be made of it. An army made up of men between forty and fifty years of age—if there could be such an one—would behave very differently from the actual armies, which consist almost exclusively of very young men, who are full of unreasoning enthusiasm and ideas of glory, and are too ready to throw away the lives whose wondrous possibilities they have not learned to appreciate.

"Working in the same direction with this is the tendency of the non-combatant part of the community to advocate a war in which they are to undergo no personal risk. When you are on the firing line, you point your rifle, not at the men who decree that the war should take place, but at those who have been put forward, or have put themselves forward, to take the brunt of it. Some of those in the rear remind me of the man who said his business was with the fine arts. Being asked whether he was painter or sculptor, he answered, 'No; I don't sculp myself, but I sell the stone to the man what does.' They don't do any shooting themselves, but they make a good thing by selling arms and ammunition to the people that do.

"It is evident, then, that when you fire at the enemy in front you are not hitting him where he lives. You may be doing what will win that battle and perhaps terminate that war, but you are not doing anything that will prevent the occurrence of another war. A fire in the rear is the thing most dreaded by any army; and the grandest strategy would be that which should bring an effective fire in the rear of all the armies, to strike the people who are pushing on those armies.

"Now, don't imagine that I am going to advocate the slaughter of old men and women and children. I have already shown you that destruction of life does not tend to abolish war. I would not strike at life at all, but at property; and at that I would strike the heaviest possible blow. We have said a great deal about the modern mitigations of the horrors of war, and justly, perhaps; for a great deal has been done in that direction, and I hope that still more can be done. I would do everything possible at whatever cost, to diminish the loss and suffering in camp and battle-field and prison-pen. But when the half-thinkers get hold of an idea they are certain to misinterpret it; and our most eminent half-thinkers are misinterpreting this one. On the ground of mitigating the horrors of war, they are howling for abolition of privateering and immunity of private property from capture. The suppressed premise of their argument is the tacit assumption that war is merely a game, that the immediate players in it are the only ones concerned, and that the non-combatants are innocent spectators. All this is absolutely untrue. Privateering is not only an effective method of warfare, but by far the most merciful. Thomas Jefferson's article in favor of it, written during the War of 1812, is unanswerable. The more you capture private property, the more the owners of property liable to capture will desire to have the war ended and another war avoided. And surely it is more desirable to gain your end by capturing a bale of goods than by killing a man. Even our most humane half-thinkers would be obliged to admit that.

"But I have not yet arrived at the core of my argument. Privateering and cap-



ture of private property are but an auxiliary means toward the desired end. The great thing is, to give notice to every nation that if it insists upon war, and is unsuccessful in the contest, it will be compelled to pay the heaviest cash indemnity that it can possibly bear—will be absolutely bankrupted. Young manhood is rash, but middle-aged capital is timid; indeed, the financial proverb tells us that all capital is timid. Then Artemus Ward said he was willing to sacrifice all his wife's relations for the good of the country. He did not add that he was also willing to sacrifice his own private fortune. Those who lend money to governments to carry on war would not be so ready to do it if they knew that in case of defeat the debt would have to be repudiated or scaled down.

"Perhaps you think this idea is fantastic, but I am not without a good historical example to strengthen my argument. When the Franco-German war was finished, nearly thirty years ago, Germany not only took away Alsace and Lorraine, but exacted a cash indemnity of a thousand million dollars, which France had to pay. Mutterings of revenge and predictions of another war were plentiful; but it is noticeable that no renewal of the contest has been attempted. France may have forgotten her sons who fell at Forbach, Mars-la-Tour, and Gravelotte, and might be quite willing to sacrifice as many more; but she has not forgotten her thousand million dollars, and she will not be in a hurry to risk a similar fortune. When the Germans loaded that money into wagons and carted it across the Rhine, they offered the world a most valuable lesson,—if the world would but read it."

This was the longest speech I ever had made in that little forum; and, to my surprise, my auditors all agreed with me.

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## WHAT IS GRIEF?

**W**HAT is grief? To smile when death is in the heart;  
 To sing a joyous song while bitter teardrops start;  
 To strangle pain, to check the welcome tears,  
 To speak the word that comforts, soothes, and cheers  
 Some other soul, less strong to fight.  
 Dear God! Thy martyr's death were slight  
 Beside the daily death that dwells in life,—  
 The torturing agony of hourly strife  
 Beneath the fair mask of a smiling face,  
 The old, old pain that naught can e'er efface,  
 For whose wild throbbing there is no relief,—  
 The daily crucifixion,—this is grief.

*Elizabeth A. Vore.*

# RED CROSS DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION OF THE RED CROSS

THE Executive Board of the Red Cross Society of San Francisco wishes to thank the editors of the OVERLAND MONTHLY for their great courtesy in allowing the Society, from August, 1898, to January, 1899, inclusive, the space known as "The Red Cross Department." They recognize that the knowledge of the work done by the Society has been given to a large body of readers, and that in the pages of the OVERLAND the record becomes a part of the permanent history of California.

MRS. JOHN F. MERRILL, *President.*

MISS ANNA W. BEAVER,

*Chairman Committee of Publication.*

## HISTORY AND REPORT OF OREGON EMERGENCY CORPS AND RED CROSS SOCIETY

THE CALL to arms was still ringing through the land, when a band of patriotic women, responding to an appeal for assistance, assembled at the Armory in Portland, Oregon, on the morning of April 26th, to offer their services to the Military Board of the State in providing material aid and comfort for the Second Regiment, Oregon Volunteers.

Col. O. Summers was present, and briefly explained the object of the appeal. He suggested that as speedily as possible a society be formed to take up that branch of work which belongs alone to women in time of war, and consists in providing the requisites for a soldier's welfare not laid down in army regulations.

Temporary officers were chosen—Mrs. S. P. Sladen, Chairman, and Mrs. F. E. Lounsbury, Secretary. After some discussion the following ladies were appointed chairmen of twelve committees: Mrs. H. E. Jones, Mrs. O. Summers, Mrs. W. A. Buchanan, Mrs. G. T. Telfer, Mrs. R. S. Greenleaf, Mrs. W. F. Gardner, Mrs. Levi White, Mrs. B. E. Miller, Mrs. J. E. Wright, Mrs. E. C. Protzman, Mrs. A. Meier, and Mrs. J. M. Ordway. Each committee consisted of six members, the chairman selecting those she desired as helpers. The duty of each committee was the personal supervision of one company, alphabetically assigned to it.

Final organization was perfected April

27th, when the following permanent officers were elected: Mrs. Henry E. Jones, President; Mrs. W. A. Buchanan, Vice-President; Mrs. F. E. Lounsbury, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Martin Winch, Treasurer. Executive Committee—Mrs. O. Summers, Mrs. A. Meier, Mrs. Levi White, Mrs. W. T. Gardner, Mrs. B. E. Miller, Mrs. J. E. Wright, Mrs. E. C. Protzman, Mrs. R. S. Greenleaf, Mrs. G. T. Telfer, and Mrs. J. M. Ordway.

The name, "Oregon Emergency Corps," was adopted and Mrs. W. A. Buchanan and Mrs. Levi White appointed to draft a constitution. This was presented at the next regular meeting, and after a slight revision, unanimously adopted.

A suitable badge was adopted and a membership list opened, the fee being placed at ten cents, affording all patriotic women an opportunity to enroll their names and become active workers of the corps. Regular meetings were held at the Armory once a week, the Executive Committee meeting at the call of the President as often as the business of the society required. Being now in readiness for work, the question arose as to what should be done, and the most practical way of doing it. To this end the Military Board was consulted, and valuable suggestions were received from Gen. Chas. F. Beebe, Col. Jas. Jackson, Col. B. B. Tuttle, and Major Dan J. Moore, Brigade Commissary, O. N. G., each advising

that a regimental fund for the Second Regiment, Oregon Volunteers, be raised; also the making and purchasing of such articles for a soldier's knapsack as army quartermasters do not keep in stock.

A room on First Street was placed at the disposal of the society by Mr. Adolph Dekum, and here the Oregon Emergency Corps' headquarters opened May 5, 1898. Capt. R. S. Greenleaf, of Battery A, kindly detailed members of the company to decorate and make attractive the room, loaning for this purpose the historic Centennial flag, which, for the first time in over twenty years, passed from the custody of the company. Members of the battery reported for duty each morning, thus assisting the committee of ladies in charge in many ways.

A telephone was put in by the Oregon Telephone Company, electric lights supplied by the General Electric Company, and chairs, tables, and other furnishings, provided by the business houses of the city. The Singer Machine Company sent sewing-machines for the use of the Supply Committee, and work began in earnest. Women from every part of the community, representing church, club, and society organizations, enrolled their names and offered their services in the emergency call, showing more plainly than words can describe the broadening influence of these organizations upon the mother-heart of the land. Laying aside prejudices, creeds, and personal affiliations, they became a unit in this patriotic work. Day after day, with aching hearts, but smiling faces, they toiled; the membership grew into the hundreds; subscriptions came pouring in, the sums ranging from one hundred dollars to the dimes, nickels, and pennies of the children.

Word was received that the volunteers of Oregon were to be mobilized at Portland, and on April 27th Brigadier-General Chas. F. Beebe, O. N. G. issued special orders for the preparation of a suitable camp within the city limits. The site selected was the Irvington race-track, and on April 29th one hundred and sixty-one tents were pitched, the name "Camp McKinley" adopted, and on the morning of April 30, 1898, the first company arrived and active camp-life began.

Members of the different committees of the Emergency Corps visited the camp daily, consulting with the commanding officers as to the health, comfort, and needs, of the soldiers in their charge. Open house was kept

at headquarters for the Volunteers when in the city, and everything human ingenuity could suggest and loving hearts contribute to smooth the pathway from comfortable civil life to the hardship and discipline of camp-life was done. This was not planned nor worked out by one person, but by united effort on the part of all, whose kindly ministrations grew out of a desire to cheer and encourage these brave Oregon Volunteers,—the flower of the State,—who had given up home and position, offering their lives to their country in the noble work of liberating an oppressed and outraged people.

Meantime, circular letters had been sent to the cities and towns throughout the State, urging the patriotic women to form auxiliaries for the purpose of raising money to swell the regimental fund, and also help in the purchasing of a flag, to be presented to the Volunteers by the women of the State.

Hood River was the first to respond, with Roseburg, Pendleton, Corvallis, Hillsboro, La Fayette, La Grande, Hubbard, Weston, Woodburn, Astoria, and The Dalles, quickly falling into line. Faithfully have these auxiliaries assisted in every line of work that it has been found necessary to take up; contributions of money and supplies have been given, while in their respective localities a fund has been raised to assist the families of the Volunteers. Hospital supplies of caps, fever-belts, and cordials, are constantly forwarded, and daily letters are received asking for instructions.

On Sunday, May 8th, a patriotic and sacred concert was given at Camp McKinley, to increase the regimental fund that the Emergency Corps was raising, and the proceeds netted the creditable sum of \$1,399.35. The attendance of over ten thousand people was an evidence of their zeal and desire to contribute their mite toward the object. The programme was furnished by the First Regiment Band, Miss Rose Bloch, and Madame Norelli. It was a scene never to be forgotten by that vast audience, when, at the close of the evening drill, the Stars and Stripes were slowly lowered at the booming of the sunset gun, and the long lines of Volunteers, motionless as statues, listened as the inspiring strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" floated out upon the summer air, while the setting sun, kissing the peak of the distant snow-crowned mountain, shed its departing



rays like a heavenly benediction upon these sons of valor.

May 11, 1898, the First Battalion, consisting of Companies A, B, C, D, Second Regiment, Oregon Volunteers, under command of Major C. H. Gantenbein, by order of the War Department, left for San Francisco, and one week later (May 16th), Companies E, F, G, H, I, K, L, and M, under command of Colonel O. Summers, broke camp and proceeded to join the others at the Presidio, to await transportation to Manila.

To the Captain of each of these companies, the Oregon Emergency Corps gave one hundred dollars in gold coin as an emergency fund. To Major M. H. Ellis, Commanding Regimental Surgeon, in charge of the Hospital Corps, was given one hundred dollars, also eight hundred yards of flannel for bandages. In addition to this, contributions from other sources made the available amount fully two thousand dollars.

To each Volunteer was given a pocket-comb, cake of toilet soap, one huck towel, one package of envelopes, one writing-pad and pencil, a housewife containing needles, thread, pins, safety-pins, trouser-buttons, court-plaster, waxed-ends, etc., while members of committees visited the different companies, mending their clothes and providing many things necessary to their well-being.

After the departure of the Volunteers for San Francisco, the headquarters were transferred from First Street to the Armory, which the Military Board turned over to the Emergency Corps for their use. Here meetings were held, a bureau of information established, with a committee in charge, and all other business transacted.

On May 14th an offer was made by the firm of Lipman, Wolfe & Co. to turn over their department store to the Emergency Corps upon any date they might select. The entire charge of this establishment was to be assumed by the organization for one day,—ten per cent of all sales to go to the regimental fund. To this generous offer was added the privilege of serving a midday lunch and introducing other suitable features that would help to swell the treasury. This offer was unanimously accepted, and on May 17th the most novel scene ever witnessed in Portland's business history was presented. Women, prominent in charitable and philanthropic work, leaders of society,

sedate and stately matrons, assumed control of the various departments of this large business house, acting as superintendent, assistant superintendent, cashier, and floor managers, while a hundred or more of Portland's fair daughters from early morning till late at night stood behind the counters serving customers. The store was gayly decorated with flags, bunting, and roses; music was furnished by the Kinross Orchestra and Columbian Mandolin Quartette. Thousands of purchasers who had waited for this day surged back and forth through the aisles, and crowded stairways and elevators in their haste to give their ten per cent to the soldiers' fund. The East Indian department, which was transformed into a most enticing restaurant, proved inadequate to the demand, as hundreds whom it was impossible to serve were turned away. The result proved the success of the venture, one thousand dollars being added to the treasury of the society, while the remark made by the senior member of the firm, that it had been "the happiest day in a business career of over thirty-five years," left no other conclusion than that a two-fold blessing follows such generous deeds.

After the departure of the Second Regiment for San Francisco, the Emergency Corps continued the work of its supply department in meeting the wants of the soldiers,—not only Oregon Volunteers, but all or any needing assistance. On May 23d an appeal was received from a member of the Red Cross Society in San Francisco for fever-belts and sleeping-caps, as it was impossible to meet the needs for these articles then existing. The following telegram was at once sent:

Red Cross Society, San Francisco, California,—Greeting: Count on us; will send one thousand caps and one thousand fever-belts.

#### OREGON EMERGENCY CORPS.

Work was at once begun, and in a few days the supplies were shipped to 16 Post Street.

The Sewing Committee has continued its labors, hundreds of articles being made and furnished to the Second Regiment, Engineer Corps, Oregon Recruits, Washington Volunteers, and others.

It has been the privilege of the Oregon Emergency Corps to entertain all troops

passing through Portland en route to different stations on the Coast. This was at first done at the Union Depot, where the soldiers were met by committees and served a substantial lunch, consisting of coffee, sandwiches, cake, fruit, etc. In this branch of work the Flower Mission, composed of twenty or more young women, has rendered valuable assistance in serving refreshments and decorating the trains. Tons of flowers have been donated for this purpose, and the departing soldier has been given a bouquet of Oregon roses in addition to his box of lunch. Frequently has a letter accompanied by a box of flowers been sent at the request of husbands, brothers, and sons, to their distant homes, and replies received from many have made sweeter the saying, "Small service is true service while it lasts."

After the use of the Armory was tendered the Corps by the State Military Board, the soldiers were met on their arrival at the depot and escorted to military headquarters, and lunch served in the spacious drill-hall. The freedom of the building was extended, the gymnasium, bowling-alley, reading-room, etc., affording rest and recreation for all.

Six thousand three hundred and thirty-one soldiers were entertained at lunch in the Armory, and 3,578 given boxes of lunch for use on the train.

In July the work was found to be increasing so rapidly that it was necessary to increase the executive staff. To this end the President made the following appointments: First Assistant, Mrs. Levi Young; Second Assistant, Mrs. H. W. Wallace; Assistant to Treasurer, Mrs. William Patterson; Assistant for Correspondence, Mrs. Edmund Nollan; Assistant for Recording Secretary, Mrs. Lischen Miller.

Headquarters were again established at 137 First Street, to meet the request of business men and others who wished to contribute to the society, and found the Armory at an inconvenient distance.

An honorary membership list was opened, with the fee fixed at one dollar. This list at present numbers over three hundred, and among the names recorded are those of Captain C. E. Clark, of the battleship *Oregon*, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, General Longstreet, Hon. Jos. E. Sheldon, and Mrs. James Shafter.

The total membership of the society is 1,557. Of this number, 553 are members of

Auxiliary Corps, leaving 1,004 members for the Portland organization.

Among the treasured souvenirs of the society is an autograph letter from Captain C. E. Clark, in response to a congratulatory telegram sent upon receipt of the news that the *Oregon* had been selected as the flagship of Commodore Watson's fleet. Another is from Edward Everett Hale. This aged author paid the Oregon Volunteers the great compliment of presenting twelve copies of his famous story, "A Man Without a Country," with his autograph upon the title-page of each copy, to the Second Regiment. These books were sent to the care of the Emergency Corps, who forwarded them to Manila, acknowledging the receipt of the same in a letter to the author.

Valuable service has been rendered the State of Oregon by a member of the Corps, Madame A. de Fonfride Smith, who has compiled an official roster of the enlisted men for 1898. This has been entirely her own work, and contains a careful history sketch of each member of the State Military Board, officers of the Second Regiment, and the name of every volunteer. This little book is tastefully bound, and illustrated with views of Camp McKinley and photographs of the officers of each company. The author has visited nearly every town in the State from which volunteers were recruited, circulating the work, while a copy has been kept for every man whose name is recorded on its pages. Several thousand copies have been sold and the net proceeds are to be a contribution to the treasury of the Emergency Corps. In work of this kind Oregon stands alone, being the only State that is the fortunate possessor of so concise and comprehensive a history of its brave sons.

Up to the time of the departure of the Oregon recruits for San Francisco, there had been an ample field for the labors of the Oregon Emergency Corps in its local work; but it became evident that in order to carry out the promise of continued care and attention to the Volunteers while in the service of their country, to assist in the relief work of furnishing supplies for the hospital ships or sending nurses to care for the sick at Manila, it was now necessary to have Governmental protection. This could only be obtained through the agency of the Red Cross Society, and the question of expediency in this direction was considered. On July 23d, Judge



Joseph Sheldon, of Washington, D. C., visited Portland in the interests of the American National Red Cross Association. In an address before the Emergency Corps he presented the advantages resulting to the relief societies of the different States through co-operation with this national body, advising affiliation as soon as possible. Action was deferred on the part of the Society till the next regular meeting in order that members might be given an opportunity to investigate for themselves. Meanwhile the Executive Board held several conferences with Judge Sheldon relative to their power to continue local work and their obligations as an organization to the National Committee. At a regular meeting, on July 30th, the subject was resumed, and after a presentation of both sides of the question a unanimous vote in favor of affiliation resulted. The name of the organization was changed to the "Oregon Emergency Corps and Red Cross Society," and an application made to the National Committee for proper recognition. The wisdom of the step was demonstrated a few weeks later, when transportation was given by the Government for two nurses,—Doctor Frances Woods and Miss Lena Killiam,—for Manila. These nurses were outfitted and furnished funds by the Portland Society and sent forward on the *Arizona* as Oregon's representatives in the relief work of caring for her sick or suffering Volunteers.

Reports having been received of the sickness and general discomfort of the Oregon recruits at Camp Merritt, the Society, at a meeting held August 6th, voted to send the President, Mrs. H. E. Jones, and Mrs. Levi Young to visit the recruits and inquire into the matter. They proceeded at once to San Francisco, spending two weeks in investigating conditions and doing whatever their judgment advised to make more comfortable the unpleasant surroundings. These recruits, whom it was expected would be sent at once to their officers and regiment, turned out veritable military orphans, stranded at Camp Merritt, and left for weeks to the care of young officers from other regiments. Happily, this condition is changed, as on the 20th of August they were turned over to the command of an able and experienced officer, Major Goodale, of the Twenty-third U. S. Infantry. They have since been moved to

the Presidio, where surroundings are pleasanter, pending orders for their transportation to their own regiment at Manila or return to their homes.

During their stay in San Francisco the representatives of the Oregon Emergency Corps and Red Cross Society were enabled to look into the various lines of relief work of the California Society. Many courtesies were extended by the officers of the State and local associations, valuable suggestions were received, and it was also their privilege to attend the meeting of the State Association held in Golden Gate Hall, and listen to Judge Sheldon's able address upon the American National Red Cross Society.

It gives us pleasure publicly to acknowledge the unbounded gratitude of the Emergency Corps of Portland for the many kindnesses bestowed by the women of the California Red Cross upon the soldiers from Oregon; first, for their attention to the Second Regiment Volunteers, who, though with them but a few weeks, were the recipients of many comforts, but more particularly to the sick or afflicted ones of the Oregon recruits, for whom they have cared, supplying both medicines and delicacies and in other ways providing for their necessities.

In the space of this article it is impossible to mention in detail the many contributions from patriotic citizens throughout the State of Oregon. Gifts from corporations, business houses, independent leagues, and individuals, bear testimony to the interest all feel in this great relief work, and their confidence in the Red Cross Society, through which their offerings are dispensed. The press has been our staunch and valued friend, freely giving editorials and space to further the cause.

There are no salaried officers,—men and women having generously given their time from the first day of organization to the present. It has been the aim of the officers faithfully and conscientiously to discharge their duties, realizing the great responsibility and confidence reposed in them.

Each month a carefully prepared report of the proceedings, receipts and disbursements of the Society has been given the public, and the Treasurer's report, here appended, is in full from April 26th to September 1st.

The work of the organization will be carried on in future as in the past along every



line which best serves the interest of those for whose benefit it was begun.

MRS. LEVI YOUNG,

For Oregon Emergency Corps and Red Cross Society.

# REPORT OF TREASURER, APRIL 28 TO SEPTEMBER 1, 1898.

## RECEIPTS.

Initiations (city members, 1,004)...	\$ 100.40
Initiations (auxiliaries, 553).....	55.30
Sale of membership badges.....	292.00
Sale of honorary badges.....	19.75
Honorary membership fees (300)...	300.00
Sale of stationery.....	31.06
Sale of Manila punch.....	51.05
Proceeds sacred and patriotic concert .....	1,399.35
Proceeds refreshments (Camp McKinley) .....	58.08
Proceeds Lipman, Wolfe & Co's store .....	1,000.00
Sundry donations.....	1,537.76
Donations (hospital fund).....	539.50
Sale of flags and small items.....	5.74
	<hr/>
	\$5,389.99

## DISBURSEMENTS.

Postage .....	\$ 22.84
Express charges.....	17.95
Telegrams .....	31.20
Expenses at headquarters.....	60.80
Sundries .....	74.40
Furnishings for Armory kitchen....	63.80
Printed stationery.....	69.55
Badges .....	199.40
Pacific Regalia Company.....	25.50
Regimental Band.....	100.00
Expense for soldiers' luncheons....	221.98
Second Regiment Oregon Volunteers .....	1,200.00
Second Regiment Hospital Corps...	100.00
Second Regiment colors.....	175.00
Supplies in equipping troops.....	1,651.47
Relief fund.....	104.15
Expenses for Oregon recruits in San Francisco .....	241.70
Outfitting nurses for Manila.....	500.00
	<hr/>
	\$4,859.74

Balance on hand Sept. 1, 1898...\$ 530.25

Respectfully submitted.

MRS. MARTIN WINCH,  
Treasurer.

## THE RED CROSS

[Dedicated to the ladies of the Red Cross.]

O RED CROSS, blazed on field of white!

O heart of love on pure ideal!

The great world's grief-anointed sight

Has found thy color-symbols real.

Thou standest for the mighty throes

Of human sympathy profound,

That reach alike to friends and foes,

That know no race or nation's bound.

Untrammelled thou by caste and creed;

That man is man, enough for thee;

His pain is thine; thy chance, his need;

Thy care, his dole of misery.

Where'er our country's standard goes,

Its shadow thou till tumults cease;

Where'er the trumpet's war-blast blows,

Like echo sweet, thy flag of peace.

A marshaled host, thy army stands,

Untiring in its pledged relief,

Responsive to the high commands

Of duty,—its accepted chief.

Wherever Suffering lifts her voice,

In wars or devastations dread,

There ye have made your ready choice,

Ye toilers 'neath this Cross of Red.

The ills of soul or flesh ye meet

In service without stint or price:

Death's "Dolorosa" knows your feet,

Pain's "Calvary" sees your sacrifice.

Ye tread within the footsteps sore

Of Him who healed in Galilee,—

Who said, "This shall ye do, and more,

Fulfilling God's own ministry."

Amelia Woodward Truesdell.

## Happy New Year

IT IS due to the faithful friends who have followed the fortunes of this magazine through years and decades, and to the multitude of new friends made by the reduction in price, and through the Photographic Contests, the Red Cross Department, the Yukon articles, and other features, to give them greeting at the opening of a new year. The magazine has had abundance of material to occupy itself with during the year that is closing. Never before has so much interest centered in Hawaii, the Philippines, China, and all that great range of countries that encircle the basin of the Pacific,—the OVERLAND's chosen field. The outlook is that the year to come will be quite as full of incident and interest, and the OVERLAND girds its loins to occupy yet more comprehensively all these fields. It begins with a new dress of type and better facilities than it ever before had. The business outlook, given only a fair share of rain in this State, is of the very best. So we can promise our readers that the OVERLAND will do its share in making the coming year a notable one. We wish them all abundant prosperity and a Happy New Year!

## American Ships and Legislative Coddling

A GOOD deal of patriotic sentiment has been wasted over the decadence of American shipping, and many wild remedies for it have been suggested by those who think the honor and glory of the nation is in some way implicated in the failure of an unprofitable industry. But however useful patriotic sentiment may be to orators and newspaper editors, it has never yet been found substantial enough to form alone the foundation of a successful business enterprise. National pride will frequently lead a body of patriots to immolation; but it has never led them to engage in an unprofitable business or served in other ways to reverse the law of commercial gravitation. As there is nothing unpatriotic about the reasons for the decadence of American shipping,

it is not to be expected that patriotism will re-establish it. A dispassionate examination of the subject, indeed, will show that the present condition is due entirely to the operation of very natural and simple laws, and that the remedy does not lie in any legislative fiat.

At the birth of the republic, the vast majority of its inhabitants lived on the Atlantic Coast; and every American boy could scull a boat or steer a skiff. The natural tendency of a large part of the population was to seek a livelihood at sea. The rest of the people were occupied in agricultural pursuits. Such manufactures as were not made on the farm were imported from abroad. The conditions thus supplied at once the need for foreign traffic and the means of carrying it on. So great was the maritime activity of the nation at this period that it seemed as though the commerce of the world would soon pass under the Stars and Stripes. In twenty years, American shipping increased fivefold; and in 1820, English country people used to make long trips to Liverpool to see the Yankee clippers that were beating everything afloat. At that time 92.5 per cent of the foreign carrying trade of the United States was done by American vessels. But as the back country became settled, and new industries were established, fresh avenues of trade and opportunities for remunerative work ashore diverted an increasing proportion of the population from seafaring pursuits. The change was accelerated by the competition to which the shipping trade at this time was subjected by reason of the long peace in Europe, which removed the risks of English ship-owners to which they had long been subjected by the Napoleonic wars. As early as 1826 the influence of these factors was felt, and an effort was made by Congress to neutralize them by "protecting" native ships by discriminatory duties on imports and tonnage, which sometimes amounted to as much as the whole wages of the crew. Other schemes of help were devised; but the operation of natural laws could only be delayed, not checked. By 1856, the native vessels entering from foreign ports had decreased to 75 per cent of

the total tonnage. Soon after, came the Civil War; and American ships at once sought safety under neutral flags. Under ordinary circumstances, it was to be expected that with cessation of war the traffic would return to the flag; but it was not so here. The reason has been generally overlooked, but it is not far to seek. It was, in fact, but a repetition on a gigantic scale of the conditions of 1820. The war was immediately followed by the opening of the great West, by the building of railroads, by the establishment of new manufactures, by an industrial growth so rapid and so great that profits became abnormal. Capital found more remunerative uses in the development of the country, where there was no outside competition, than in the foreign carrying trade, which was open to the world. In 1868, American tonnage amounted to only 30 per cent of that clearing from foreign ports. Even that small proportion was destined to diminish as fast as the old wooden ships were worn out; for now came the era of iron and steel ships, and America was not equipped for building them herself, and an unenlightened system of navigation laws prevented their purchase abroad. Thus the old ships were not replaced; and by 1882 the proportion of American foreign-going ships in our ports had fallen to 15.5 per cent, and last year it was but 11 per cent.

While the decadence of American shipping is thus shown to be mainly due to natural causes, it has been accelerated by the many legislative interferences designed for its protection. It is a fact, so often observed as to have become a commonplace, that whenever law-makers try to regulate trade and commerce, they invariably throw the delicate mechanism out of gear, and work injuries infinitely greater than those they are seeking to remedy. They are like a woman trying to mend a watch with a pin. This has been noticed since Solon's day; but the lesson on non-interference with the natural processes of commerce is never learnt. Accordingly, our sapient legislators devised schemes to help American shipping, by decreeing that if a New England captain bought a ship at a bargain in a foreign port, he had to sail it under a foreign flag, thus expatriating himself and lowering the average of the nation's tonnage! He had also to engage his crew, not where it was easiest or cheapest for him, but where certain gentlemen from the inte-

rior of Pennsylvania or Nebraska permitted him to do. Periodically, some restrictions were removed in response to the demands of common sense; but others were imposed in their place; so that there has never been a time when American shipping has not been handicapped by the well-meant but foolish interference of Congress.

Despite legislative bungling, however, and despite the artificial disadvantages imposed by it, the American shipping industry is now in a fair way to re-establish itself. And this, not by any Congressional bolstering in the way of subsidies or discriminatory tariffs on imports, but by the operation of natural laws, as readily recognized as those which led to its decadence. Of these, the first is the lowering of profits due to competition in manufacturing and other enterprises on land. Capital no longer receives such great returns that it cannot be tempted into channels which are open to the world. A further cause is the reduced cost of native-built ships, which enables us to compete with constructors abroad. The iron and steel which enter so largely into the construction of modern ships are 20 to 25 per cent cheaper here than in England. A yet further cause is the more extended use of machinery in navigation; and here American ingenuity has achieved economies which more than offset the higher wages which prevail in this country. If left alone, these causes are of themselves more than sufficient to redeem us from what many estimable people regard as a national reproach; but if we are to rely upon the uncertain aid of Congress, with its incoherent and injudicious methods, we shall fail as surely as did the much-becoddled ship-owners of the past. One cannot expect a person to develop strong legs if he is forced always to go on crutches.

The causes thus operating to rejuvenate American maritime interests are no new discovery. They have been known for years to those most interested in them. Fortunes have been made by American ship-owners who have been progressive enough to avail themselves of the inventions and discoveries which have made successful competition with Europeans possible. The only help which legislators ought to be asked to give, and the only real help they can give, is by the reformation of our medieval navigation laws, and the liberalization of our pilotage and harbor regulations. It is in the removal



of old restrictions, not in the creation of new ones, that we must look for the means of regaining our commercial supremacy. American enterprise and ingenuity can hold their own in competition with the world, without any legislative coddling; and in no department of industrial activity is this more true than in the one under consideration.

### Against Flag Desecration

AT a recent meeting of the California Commandery, Military Order of Foreign Wars, the chief topic of discussion was the advisability of laws against the base uses to which the American flag is often put. The Commander, Judge Robert Y. Hayne, was requested to draw up a memorial to the nation's lawmakers, urging the passage of some law to prevent the most crying of these abuses. The resulting memorial was as follows:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America: The California Commandery of the Military Order of Foreign Wars, composed of officers and the lineal descendants of officers who fought in some one of the foreign wars in which the nation has been engaged, respectfully recommend the passage of some bill to protect the national flag from desecration.

The flag is the emblem of our nation, the symbol of the people's sovereignty, the object of our homage. Like other sacred things, it ought not to be used for ignoble purposes, such as advertisements for private gain, or be subjected to unseemly usage, as is not uncommon. If it be said that its reverent use should spring from the hearts of the people, and not from the compulsion of a law, the answer is that the mass of the people do not require any such compulsion. But there are, and always will be, persons whose conduct, even in such matters, needs the curb of a legal sanction. Such is the case with many holy things. There is no more sacred duty, nor one which is usually more willingly performed, than that which we owe to those who brought us into the world. Yet the God of Sinai wrote upon the tables of stone the command to "Honor thy father and thy mother." So there is no more pure affection than that which parents have for their offspring. Yet there are numerous and necessary societies for the prevention of cruelty to children, whose work is largely to intervene between parent and child. The Hebrews were a God-fearing people, and regarded their historic place of worship with veneration. Yet the Saviour of mankind found it necessary to drive the money-changers from the temple. The graves at Gettysburg ought to touch the American heart. Yet provision to protect them from vandalism is not unwise. Some-

thing is due to the feelings of those who have patriotic pride in our flag. Something is required for the training up of those who are to take our places. And some admonition of the kind would not be altogether thrown away upon those who come from other lands to make their homes on our shores.

Our Order, therefore, ventures to call your attention to the subject.

By order of the Commandery.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE,  
Commander.

### Memorial of Roger Sherman Day

AT Santa Monica, California, in the last days of October, there passed into the Open a soul for sixty beautiful years. housed on earth, speaking to men as Roger Sherman Day.

Mr. Day was not a master of any art, nor a professional man, nor a statesman, nor even a rich man; but ever one who, like his own beloved Attic Philosopher, had "the courage to remain poor." Still, though not in any public way a moulder of the State, Mr. Day was, in a unique sense, a memorable figure in the life of California.

Coming to the Coast when he and the State were in the first flush of life, he brought the ardent love of public service, the quick response to duty, that have marked his house since its founding in America by the sturdy patriot whose name he bore. In all questions of social behoof he was ever on the side of justice and kindness. His New England conscience was ever alert and assertive, radiating into the community where he chanced to be the same earnest conviction, the same broad humanity, that in the East his kinsmen, the Hoars, the Evartses, the Beechers, the Dwights, and the Thatchers, were spreading about their homes.

Having every grace of fellowship, he might have been a leader here, but his temperament inclined to the quiet, unobtrusive, personal touch, leaving to others the noise of the arena.

His life, for all its obscurity, was varied in scope, representing almost every phase of California activity. Though but a youth when he came to California, his boyhood was passed in Brooklyn and New Haven,—in the latter city under the shadow of Yale, where his grandfather, Jeremiah

Day, had been for thirty years the honored President.

Mr. Day was matriculated at the University, but owing to somewhat unstable health and because his parents had come to California, it was thought best that he come West instead of taking his degree.

After some years of surveying with his father, Mr. Day came to Folsom as assayer in connection with the bank of C. T. H. Palmer, his brother-in-law. Here he married Miss Harriet Clarke, of Boston, a musician like himself, and a lady to whom he remained ever the ardent boyish lover.

Edward Rowland Sill, also of the bank, here became a member—almost a brother—of the Day household, and poetry and music in the evenings and holidays banished the memory of dreary calculations. The old ledger, with tail-pieces of the drawings of Sill or Day, and bits of verse, celebrating current events, and a more serious poem of Mr. Sill to Mr. Day, are among the family treasures.

In 1870, Mr. Day left Folsom, to be for four years overseer of the Palmer-Day ranch, on Union Island, near Stockton. Abandoning the unequal effort to reclaim the land from the encroaching waters here, he lived for a time in Oakland, then went as superintendent and assayer to Lovelocks, Nevada, and afterwards in the same capacity to Colfax, Placer County. Later, the family moved to Southern California, where, in the bank at Pomona and with Wells-Fargo in Los Angeles, he passed the rest of his life.

In every community, whether of mountain or valley, north or south, Mr. Day left warm friends in every rank of life. He had an especial genius for friendship. His gentleness and genuineness made a loadstone that drew to him the heartiest and best about him. In the continuous business routine of his life he kept his childlike belief in the noble outcome of life. He never lost his ideality, his passionate outreach for the spiritual, which, unseen, was to his thin-shelled soul ever near and warm. An omnivorous reader, he was in touch with the best literature, new or old. A born musician, he found daily solace in playing old classics or improvising rich harmonies. A charming conversationalist, he always

had his fitting story from book or life to illustrate the passing mood. In reminiscence he was delightful, having somehow come close to almost every personality worth knowing in his orbit.

The literary set of the early days he knew well, and recounted the prophecy of the Bohemian Club from himself and Bret Harte and Noah Brooks before the Club began to be.

The tributes of remembrance to his life are noteworthy. A minister of distinction writes: "He was of the Dreamers, who are of the Kingdom of Heaven." An influential man whose word makes or unmakes great projects for the State writes: "I cannot consent that he is dead. I loved him for the honor and dignity of his manhood; for the possession of certain interior qualities toward which all civilization tends."

Another, the head of a large college, wrote to him on his death-bed: "You are still at work, Roger, though your face is to the wall. You have set up a system of perpetual motion in the far-reaching beneficence of your life." Another, one of California's best-loved poets, says: "Mr. Day spent his years not in making a living a life."

To his family and to his State Mr. Day leaves the legacy of a life busy, yet unspotted from the world, of a character strong, yet unobtrusive. He stood uncompromisingly for the larger and nobler things of the universe, and was in his quiet spirit of a rarer type than are the hosts about us who insistently push into the public gaze.

It strengthens us who remain to know that such a soul has gone this way.

*Anna Catherine Markham.*

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### Note.

IT SHOULD have been stated under the picture "On the Trail," in the article on Mr. Joullin's work, that it was reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. Henry J. Crocker. The painting, with many another good example of local art, adorns his beautiful home in San Francisco. It has never before been photographed.

## What Mother Used to Say

I SEE a lot of verses for the children nowadays,  
 And people write to please them in all sorts of curious ways,  
 And rhymes are made about them and what they say and do,  
 And the old bedtime songs and plays are each brought out anew,  
 Like "Land of Nod," and others that we knew when we were small;  
 But the one I think the cutest I never see at all;  
 And though "This little pig went to market" is very sweet, I s'pose,—  
 It's not what mother used to say when she'd count the baby's toes,—

*"Toe tipplin,  
 March mapplin, mapplin how,  
 How herry, bow berry,  
 Michigan, gan gibby,  
 Gibby nod, wicksom tod,  
 Tentoes!"*

When Al, my youngest brother (there's four years 'tween him and me),  
 Was only just a yearlin', mother'd take him on her knee  
 In her old splint-bottomed rocker with the cushioned back and seat,  
 And take his shoes and stockings off his pudgy little feet,  
 And say, "Now 'tretch 'e footies, 'at 's 'e way to make 'em grow,"  
 And rub and squeeze and kiss them till he'd laugh and kick and crow.  
 Then she'd say, so very slowly, while he'd grin from ear to ear,  
 And all we older ones would crowd around to see and hear,—

*"Toe tipplin," etc.*

Oh, those rare December evenings on the snow-piled sidehill farm,  
 When the backlog in the fireplace made the kitchen light and warm,  
 And the leaping flame shone brightly on the table long and wide,  
 With its pans of apples waiting to be pared and strung and dried,—  
 On the group of merry workers,—father sharing all the glee;—  
 But the home-scene that we children loved the best of all to see  
 Was when our busy mother dropped her work to rest a while,  
 And take the coaxing baby, and say, with ready smile,—

*"Toe tipplin," etc.*

Well, change has come to us folks, as it comes to all in life,  
 And Miles is gray, and Lem is bald, and Al has got a wife,  
 And Lib's brown curls and gentle eyes long since began to fade,  
 And she's married to a widower with family ready-made;  
 And strangers run the sidehill farm, we boys have wandered wide,—  
 The old place never seemed the same since the day that father died,—  
 And each of us is at the head of another home to-day,  
 And mother's gone to glory,—and we'll never hear her say,—

*"Toe tipplin," etc.*

But I have a foolish fancy that I've never told before,—  
 Perhaps I should n't tell it now, though I like to turn it o'er,—  
 I have a babe in heaven,—my mother loved her here,—  
 And Miles has one and Rame has two,—she knew and held them dear;  
 And I like to think she's found them and knows them over there,  
 And that sometimes in a quiet nook they gather round her chair,  
 While she tells them of the earthland that they never lived to see,  
 Of their brothers and their sisters who have sat upon her knee,  
 And of their own brief stay below, and the far-off happy time  
 When we smiled to see her count their toes to the dear old foolish rhyme,—

*"Toe tipplin," etc.*

*Laveine R. Sherwood.*



# BOOK REVIEWS

## Bismarck.<sup>1</sup>

FOR more than a generation the colossal figure of Bismarck has loomed above the political horizon like an ancient Scandinavian god. To a whole world he has seemed in his transfigured grandeur the very embodiment of patriotic greatness—stern, unbending, and on occasion cruel and ruthless, yet at all times truly great and often magnanimous. Beside him, all men seemed puny and insignificant. He rose like a giant above his generation, in mental as well as in physical aspect; and his life-work—the welding of nations—was the greatest which has ever fallen to the lot of man. But now the great gold-and-brass idol which men had reared to his glory lies prone in the dust, its feet of clay washed away by the over-abundant libations of a worshiper. The Scandinavian god has been Boswellized out of his divinity. The giant figure has had the light changed, and turns out to be nothing but a shadow. Bismarck the Great is shown to be a very ordinary mortal, fuller of faults than the average man, and mean and petty in ways that would disgrace a village schoolmaster. We expect our heroes to be great in little things; when they turn out little in great things, they excite condemnation instead of homage. We feel that we have been imposed upon; and as action and reaction are equal, our resentment is proportionate to the intensity of our previous admiration. This is, no doubt, the explanation of the acerbity displayed by reviewers of Doctor Moritz Busch's recent book on some secret pages of Bismarck's history. Throughout the European press, and particularly in England, this book has provoked the bitterest denunciation of the late German Chancellor. He is called "the arch-reptile," a "diplomatic Satan," the "prince of liars," and the "most unprincipled and villainous editor the world has ever known." And if this book is what it pretends to be,

these names are none of them hard enough to apply to one whom the world worshiped for a score of years. If Doctor Busch is telling the truth in these remarkable revelations, Bismarck the Great was but a colossal villain, of whom his nation and race should be profoundly ashamed. Busch quotes him as admitting that he spent forty-five million marks in editing, printing, and subsidizing, newspapers; and the methods by which this enormous sum was used to destroy the reputations of political opponents justify the harshest terms that have been applied to "the arch-reptile." A notable example of Bismarck's duplicity and scurrility is given in Busch's account of the article attacking the Empress Frederick in the *Grenzboten*. This infamous attack was written by Doctor Busch himself, at the Chancellor's own dictation; yet the unconscionable Bismarck at once published in another of his creature-organs the following lying disclaimer:

"We are in a position to state that the imperial Chancellor, as was indeed to be expected, is most indignant at the notorious article in the *Grenzboten* slandering the Empress Frederick, and that he has given expression to his condemnation in very strong terms."

When the Emperor Frederick's diary was published, Bismarck told Busch that he fully believed the diary to be genuine, but that it must be declared a forgery. These are his instructions to Busch:

"First assert it to be a forgery and express indignation at such a calumny upon the noble dead. Then, when they prove it to be genuine, refute the errors and foolish ideas which it contains, but cautiously, and bearing in mind that he was Emperor and father of the present Emperor."

His horrible brutality is shown in a hundred instances given in this book, but perhaps no grosser display is made than the reference to Lord Wolseley's efforts to reach Khartum and rescue Gordon. Says Busch:

"The inhuman pair of us then rejoiced at England's misfortunes in the Soudan, and I expressed a hope that Wolseley's head would

<sup>1</sup> Bismarck: Some Secret Pages of His History; being a diary kept by Dr. Moritz Busch, during twenty-five years' official and private intercourse with the great Chancellor. Two vols., with portrait, cloth, 8vo, \$10.00. New York: The Macmillan Co.

soon arrive in Cairo nicely pickled and packed."

Presumably Bismarck echoed the wish. In another place Bismarck denounces what he calls "an aggravating peculiarity" of the old King, which is nothing but "what he calls conscientiousness." It was well for the Fatherland that some one had a conscience; Bismarck certainly had not.

The predominant feeling of Americans reading this book will be one of wonder that a nation so intelligent and progressive as the Germans, can tolerate a political system conducted with such an absence of all moral sentiments as is indicated in these revelations. The next feeling will be one of self-gratulation that, whatever the shortcomings of our own system of government, it is at least not characterized by the falsehood, brutality, and petty spite, shown to have been the active forces of the autocratic system conducted by Bismarck.

### The Authorized Official History of the World's Columbian Exposition.<sup>1</sup>

THE great "White City," which, at the touch of American genius, arose as by magic on the shores of Chicago's inland sea, filled the hearts of twenty million visitors with enthusiastic joy, and spread throughout the length and breadth of the land a loving pride in the achievements of our race. It also gave a stimulus to the esthetic development of the people, which is seen to-day in the beauty of every recent public building on the continent. Every little hamlet learnt something of the beautiful and good, which it has since incorporated in its new school-house; and every county seat has been taught that a public building is as easily made beautiful as not. In domestic architecture the influence of the group of men who made the World's Fair the wonder of the age, has been almost as great. It is eminently fitting, if only in view of this single beneficial effect, that the source of inspiration should be made as nearly permanent as possible. The great spectacle itself is gone; the beautiful dream city has melted away; but it is now more than a memory. Bound in four handsome volumes, just issued by the

Appletons, the lessons taught in the biggest schoolroom the world has ever seen are not only made accessible to those of us who could not attend the classes, but they are saved for the pleasure and instruction of future generations. The character and scope of this great work are well set forth in the publishers' prospectus, from which we quote as follows:

"The whole story of the 'Fairy City by Lake Michigan'—why it was built, how it was built, how it was used, and what it accomplished—is told under four titles: Narrative, Departments, Exhibits, and Auxiliary Congresses. Each of these occupies one volume.

"The first volume shows the reader what difficulties were met with and how they were overcome, in transforming a sandy tract into a beautiful city; how millions of dollars were raised; how lake and landscape features were created; how enormous buildings (one of them the largest that ever existed in the world) rose in a few months; how the tracks of a great railroad were elevated to give access to the park without chance of accidents; how a hundred unexpected problems were solved, and the whole scheme brought to a triumphant success.

"The second volume records more in detail the management of the various Departments—Agriculture, Manufactures, Fine Arts, Electricity, Machinery, etc.—of which there were fifteen, together with criticism and comment by the officers at their heads.

"The third volume describes the most notable exhibits in each of the Departments. As there were nearly 66,000 exhibitors, many 'exhibits' consisting of numerous articles—sometimes hundreds or even thousands—the condensation of their descriptions, giving a general view of all and neglecting no important ones, makes this volume practically an epitome of the world's work at the close of the nineteenth century.

"The fourth volume consists of an account of the World's Congresses Auxiliary (at which the total attendance was nearly three quarters of a million), embodying many of the most valuable and interesting addresses that were delivered there, some of these being here in print for the first time. Of these Congresses it has been said: 'They were the most notable and valuable events of the time. They embodied the best intelligence of the age upon all human interests.'"

Previous histories of such expositions have consisted simply of a literal printing of the official reports of heads of departments. In this one not a single report is thus printed; but all the reports are used as a basis of information, and the story is worked up into a readable narrative, like any history.

<sup>1</sup>The Authorized Official History of the World's Columbian Exposition. Edited by Rossiter Johnson, LL. D. Four volumes, royal 8vo. New York and San Francisco: D. Appleton & Co.



There are a thousand illustrations, all made in the highest style of book-illustration, and subjected to the most skillful press-work. They include at least one view of every structure on the grounds, and fine portraits of hundreds of the men and women who made or decorated the Exposition.

Each volume closes with a special chapter written by an expert purposely for it, which, taken collectively, set forth what may be called the moral or lesson of the Fair. The fourth volume closes with an index to the whole.

In short, the work is exactly what it professes to be, and in saying that we pay the highest possible compliment to its editor.

The Control of the Tropics.<sup>1</sup>

MR. BENJAMIN KIDD is the author of "Social Evolution," of which two hundred thousand copies were sold. This fact indicates its merit. He has just published another work which has a special interest for us at this time. It is on the control of the tropics. Having taken the Philippines and decided to keep them, it behooves us to take explicit advice as to the best way of governing them,—not the best way for us, but the best for them and for the civilization in whose name we have taken them. Mr. Kidd contends that it is the duty of peoples in the temperate zones to develop the tropics along the lines of the most advanced democratic and industrial governments, which he identifies with those of England and the United States; and he presents figures to show how much of the trade of these two countries is already carried on with the tropics. Most people will be surprised to learn that this amounts to about 44 per cent of their total trade. Thus:

Great Britain, trade with tropics.....	£138,000,000
United States, trade with tropics .....	70,000,000
	<hr/>
	£208,000,000

Combined trade of the United Kingdom and the United States with the remainder of the world (exclusive of English-speaking lands)... .. £473,000,000

This trade, Mr. Kidd maintains, has grown up upon the natural principle underlying all trade, "that the exchange of products between peoples and regions possessing different natural capacities tends to be mutually advantageous." And reviewing the policies which different nations have pursued in regard to the development of these regions, he finds that these policies fall into three classes. The first is that of treating the colonies as estates, to be worked for the benefit of the owners. This is the plan pursued by all the nations except England, who learnt better when she lost her American colonies. The second plan is that of France and Germany, which seek to colonize the tropics with settlers of their own race. But they fail because they "continue to wait for the white colonists who will never come," and the "estates" revert to the condition of those conducted under the first plan. The third plan is that of England, as observed in the self-governing colonies of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. This plan, Mr. Kidd maintains, can be modified to suit conditions; but he holds as essential to success that there must be a high degree of freedom in the industrial development of the colony. Indeed, he maintains that a tropical region can justly be held only as a—

"Trust undertaken in the name of civilization, a duty which allows the occupying country to surround her own position therein with no laws or tariffs operating in her own interests, and which allows her to retain to herself no exclusive advantage in the markets which she has assisted in creating."

Applying this to our recent acquisitions in the tropics, we are justified only if we keep in sight the best interests of the colonies. We must turn a deaf ear to the demands which manufacturers have already made for special privileges of trade in our new possessions. We must not stumble into the mistakes which led to the Boston tea-party. We must not follow the ignoble example of Spain, or unlearn any of the lessons which we ourselves taught the world a hundred or more years ago. There are many rapacious interests all ready to clamor for opportunities of selfish aggrandizement; but we must learn that our primary duty is not to some of ourselves, but to our dependents, and to the high ideals of humanity which civilization connotes.

<sup>1</sup> The Control of the Tropics. By Benjamin Kidd. Cloth, Crown 8vo, 75 cents. New York: The Macmillan Company.



### The Adventures of François.<sup>1</sup>

DOCTOR WEIR MITCHELL has added another charming romance to the list of his non-medical works. *The Adventures of François* have the French Revolution and the time of the Terror for their background, and a lurid picture it makes. As in all of Doctor Mitchell's stories, the characters are full of life, and the times are truthfully and vividly

series of excellent illustrations by Castaigne adds to the interest of the text. One of these we are permitted to reproduce.

### Foot-Notes to Evolution.<sup>2</sup>

THIS is a book which throbs with life. To read it is an intellectual tonic. It is not, as its name might suggest, a collection of didactic essays rescued from the dusty shelves of a scholar's workshop. It is a

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"He staggered to left, to right, and at last tumbled in a heap"

From "Adventures of François"

depicted. If there is any fault in this book it is the minor one of an epilogue, which gives the story a disjointed and unsymmetrical character, and emphasizes somewhat unnecessarily, the diminishing interest of the tale as it nears the end. The prison scenes in the Madelonnettes and the flight through the Catacombs are vigorously described. A

strong, pulsating vitality, which takes the reader with a swing and throws him into the midst of real things. It deals with evolution, not so much in its historic aspects as in its relation to every-day life—its bearing on human effort and achievement, on duties, aspirations, failures, and glorious successes. It is a healthful book. Its strength is radiant

<sup>1</sup> The Adventures of François. By Dr. Weir Mitchell. With fifteen illustrations by André Castaigne. 12mo, \$1.50. New York: The Century Co.

<sup>2</sup> Foot-Notes to Evolution. A Series of Popular Addresses on the Evolution of Life. By David Starr Jordan, Ph. D., President of Leland Stanford Jr. University. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

and gleams like light from almost every page. It is an effectual antidote to pessimism; and it scatters the dismal doctrines of Schopenhauer and Nordau like dry leaves before an autumn wind. Its uplifting lessons, too, are emphasized by a sturdy diction that rings out like blows on an anvil—musical, rhythmic, forceful, and full of conviction. In such essays as "Hereditary Inefficiency," "Degeneration," "The Stability of Truth," and "The Struggle for Realities," every other sentence is an epigram, hitting the bull's-eye of truth with unflinching regularity. There is not a dull page in the volume; and in it President Jordan has again justified the pride which California has in him. Professors Conklin, McFarland, and Perrin Smith, have added essays on the more technical aspects of the subject, thus giving the book a completeness which, as a presentation of the doctrine of evolution, it would otherwise have lacked.

### Bird Gods.<sup>1</sup>

MR. CHARLES DE KAY utilized a part of his leisure as Consul-General at Berlin in the compilation of references in out-of-the-way places to the part played by birds in the myths, legends, and early religions of Europe, and these he has now worked up into a very interesting volume. Its value as a scientific study, however, is diminished by the failure to give reference to authorities; so that verification of some of the most important statements made is almost impossible. If future editions are called for, Mr. De Kay will probably remedy the omission. This he can do without changing the plates of this book, by adding a few pages made up of references similar to those which Mr. Herbert Spencer devised for his "Principles of Sociology." While the facts which Mr. De Kay has garnered are of value, we are unable to concede the accuracy of his deductions, however ingeniously drawn. The skill with which the ancient gods of Europe, for example, are derived from birds excites our admiration, but leaves us unconvinced of the truth of Mr. De Kay's theory; but when we are gravely told that the custom which is known as the *couvade* is nothing but an imitation of the brooding of birds, our dissent is

unqualified. The book, however, is full of suggestions, and it would be unfair to the author to deny him the right, which most of his readers will take, of explaining some of the facts according to personal taste, idiosyncrasy, previous habit of mind, degree of special knowledge, or whatever it may be called. The volume is decorated by George Wharton Edwards.

### Practical Sociology.<sup>2</sup>

PROFESSOR GIDDINGS has made many notable contributions to the study of sociology, but his latest book will probably have a wider range of readers than any other of his writings. In *The Elements of Sociology* Professor Giddings has made an effective response to a persistent and growing demand for an untechnical but scientific statement of sociological theory; and while it is primarily intended for the use of college students, it will be found of great value to older readers who may desire to know something of the foundations of political and social belief. In these days the study of history, unilluminated by scientific analyses of the principal forms of social organizations, gives the student but an imperfect knowledge of the nature and laws of human society; and while the deficiency may to some extent be supplied by a course of political economy and international law, there will still remain unexplored a vast region which nothing but a systematic study of sociology can cover. This little book of Professor Giddings's will serve as an admirable introduction to this interesting subject.

### The Hope of Immortality.<sup>3</sup>

IN THIS book the Rev. J. E. C. Welldone does not attempt more than is implied by his title. He frankly says that he does not believe it is possible to demonstrate by syllogism the immortality of the human soul, but that he hopes to be able to make a belief in it reasonable and probable. "I plead for a belief in the soul's immortality," he says; "I seek no more than that." There is consequently no attempt at abstruse discussion; and theological experts are not invited to

<sup>1</sup> Bird Gods. By Charles De Kay. With decorations by George Wharton Edwards. \$1.50 net. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.: 1898.

<sup>2</sup> The Elements of Sociology. By Franklin H. Giddings, M. A., Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Co.: 1898.

<sup>3</sup> The Hope of Immortality. By the Rev. J. E. C. Welldone, Head Master of Harrow School. New York: The Macmillan Co.



read the book. But to one inclined to accept the orthodox beliefs, and desirous of a little extraneous help, the book will probably prove most satisfying. Every phase of the belief in a future life is considered in turn—its nature, its history, its value, and the evidences, its favor both internal and external, and finally the Christian amplification of the belief, is treated in a broad and liberal spirit.

### **Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen.<sup>1</sup>**

THE "Little Journeys" series of the present year has been to the homes of American statesmen, and Mr. Hubbard has personally conducted us to the homes of Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Samuel Adams, Hancock, John Quincy Adams, Jefferson, Webster, Clay, Jay, Seward, and Lincoln. Each of these "Journeys" is illustrated by a fine portrait of the statesman treated of, and several of them have other pictures as well.

Mr. Hubbard's chatty, bright style is apt to beguile the unwary reader into a failure to perceive how much of good doctrine and sound information he imparts. These "Journeys" come in monthly parts through the year, and are just the size to slip into a pocket for reading on a train, and at the year's end they are issued bound in a tasteful shape that makes them a welcome addition to library shelves.

### **The Great Salt Lake Trail.<sup>2</sup>**

COLONEL INMAN and Buffalo Bill are to be commended for rescuing from oblivion the traditions of early pioneer life on the plains, which were fast being forgotten. In the book which they have just published, under the above title, a vivid picture is presented of the stirring days of the overland stage and the Pony Express; and it will surprise many readers of the later generation to learn of the eight-day trips between Sacramento and Saint Joe, the riders often having to fight their way through Indians and road-agents, and on occasion making three hundred miles or more without rest. It is an

important and picturesque chapter of American history which is thus saved to us, and congratulations are due to the authors for the admirable way in which their work is done. The illustrations are worthy of Remington.

### **The Nation's Navy.<sup>3</sup>**

CHARLES MORRIS, the indefatigable (for he has no less than four good books on Lippincott's latest list), has produced an excellent account of our ships and their achievements. It is really a history of the navy from its inception to the destruction of the Spanish fleets, with a full account of armor, guns, powder, shot, and everything that goes to make up the armament of a modern battle-ship. The book is timely, and sure to have a large sale.

### **The Loves of Lady Arabella.<sup>4</sup>**

MOLLY ELLIOTT SEAWELL has just published another charming tale full of romance, sprightly dialogue, and dramatic action. The inspiring story named above is, indeed, so full of incident, and the plot is so skillfully developed, that the reader is forced to the conclusion that it is the theater-goer rather than himself that Miss Seawell had in mind when she wrote it. The scenes follow each other in true dramatic sequence, and the vigorous plot rises to its proper climax. There is a duel, an elopement, a trial scene, a dance, and a dinner; and the rapidly shifting scenes give a sufficient variety of stage-setting to the whole. At the same time the characters are so managed as to carry conviction. The story will justly add to Miss Seawell's well-deserved reputation.

### **A General History of the World.<sup>5</sup>**

THE Crowells have just published in one volume the most satisfactory general history we know. It practically contains an account of everything of importance that ever happened from paleolithic times to our recent

<sup>1</sup> Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen. By Elbert Hubbard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1898.

<sup>2</sup> The Great Salt Lake Trail. By Col. Henry Inman and Hon. William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill). With full-page photogravures by F. Colburn Clarke, besides other drawings in the text. Cloth, med. 8vo, \$3.50.

<sup>3</sup> The Nation's Navy. By Charles Morris. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

<sup>4</sup> The Loves of Lady Arabella. By Molly Elliott Seawell. New York: The Macmillan Co.

<sup>5</sup> A General History of the World. By Victor Duruy. Translated from the French and revised, by Edwin A. Grosvenor. 12mo, \$2.00. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Son.



war with Spain. Of course, only a general survey can be given in a single volume; but M. Duruy, the author, is a past-master in the art of condensation, and he has crowded as much between the covers of this volume as one could reasonably expect to find in thrice the space. It is not only of value to students; it is of interest to the general reader, in that it focuses so much that is dispersed in other histories, and thus enables one to get a general view of an epoch in a way that no other book we know of will do. It has a generous supply of maps, indicating the condition of various countries at different times.

### The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow.<sup>1</sup>

THE witty author of "Idle Thoughts" and "Three Men in a Boat" has lost none of his grace of style and sparkling fun. His latest book indeed in some ways is superior to those which gave him his reputation as one of the most amusing writers of the day; for here humor is mixed with the pathetic, and emphasized by juxtaposition with the more somber aspects of things. The chapters "On the Disadvantages of Not Getting What One Wants," "On the Motherliness of Man," and "On the Inadvisability of Following Advice" are full of quaint fancy.

### The Ranch on the Oxhide.<sup>2</sup>

COLONEL INMAN'S new story will remind grown-up readers of their delightful days with Captain Marryatt and Mayne Reid. It is full of exciting adventures with Indians, interspersed with real information about the animals and plants of the prairie. Buffalo Bill and General Sherman flit through its pages with life-like reality; and there are fights with wolves, panthers, and other creatures, to say nothing of the capture by Indians of a young woman. The story is well illustrated and well made.

### Le Conte's Geology.<sup>3</sup>

DOCTOR LE CONTE'S larger "Geology" has been standard for many years in American colleges. His *Compend*,—which is the larger book with the difficulties left out

<sup>1</sup> The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome K. Jerome. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

<sup>2</sup> The Ranch on the Oxhide. By Henry Inham. New York: The Macmillan Co.

<sup>3</sup> Le Conte's Compend of Geology. By Joseph Le Conte. New York: American Book Co.: 1898.

and the interesting things left in,—has also been for ten or fifteen years a godsend to pupils of the secondary schools. Geology can be made such a dry-as-dust subject that when a master takes hold of it and makes it as interesting as romance, everybody is grateful. Doctor Le Conte gives his work interest by bringing his illustrations directly home to the daily observation of the pupil, and by making him see that Geology is not a fossil science, but one whose processes are now going on everywhere and accomplishing the same tremendous results that we see in upheaved mountain chains and fully formed continents. Happy the boy that is given a book like this to study.

### Mr. Dooley's Book.<sup>4</sup>

THE readers of the daily press are pretty apt to know Mr. Dooley, for his work has been copied widely from the *Chicago Journal* throughout the country, and we have all laughed as we have in thought leaned up against the bar on Archey Road, "forninst th' gas-house and beyant Healey's slough, and not far from the polis station." Here the genial philosopher talks of current matters (and a great many matters seem to be current just now) with a mingling of Attic wisdom and Hibernian wit that makes charming reading. There is too, that determined good-humor, embracing all the affairs of life, which it seems to us, is truly American. To be sure, Mr. Dooley does not always take the pains to be as funny as he can; and yet there are but few of these sketches that do not contain bright touches. It is a pretty severe test of a humorous writer whose work is intended only for the swift reading given the daily paper, to put his work between pasteboard covers. We doubt also, whether the fun in Mr. Dooley will be so apparent in a few years, when people have forgotten the exact circumstances he comments upon, but just now "Mr. Dooley's" book is a pleasant companion.

### Briefer Notice.<sup>5</sup>

AS DAINTY a bit of book-making as any publisher East or West, or even across the water, can show, is the series of "Lark Classics," published by Doxey of San Francisco.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Dooley.—In Peace and In War. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.: 1898.

<sup>5</sup> Departmental Ditties, The Vampire, etc. By Rudyard Kipling. San Francisco: William Doxey: 1898. The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald, *Ibid*.

Without the many wrappings and the antique proportions of margin which give an air of affectation to the work of the decadent school, these little books are just of the proper shape to be thoroughly useful. They are at the same time, thoroughly pleasing to the eye, in type, press-work, and binding. They are not illustrated, it is true, but are well worth the having, none the less.

IF A literary statute of limitations did not prevent criticism of criticism, it would be our pleasure to comment at length upon Professor Syle's *Essays in Dramatic Criticism*.<sup>1</sup> The author has steeped himself deeply in the Restoration comedy and brings the plays of our current amusement-mongers to the test of comparison with work which has lasted for two centuries. No wonder that he sometimes feels called upon to say sharp and sweeping things against the modern stage. Nevertheless, whether we agree with him or not, there is always to be found in Professor Syle's critiques something positive in opinion and trenchant in style,—that means, something worth reading.

### Minor Mention.

THE Macmillan Co. have just published a beautiful edition of Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans*, in two volumes, in a box. It is handsomely gotten up, with many colored illustrations by H. M. Brock. The price is \$3.

Mr. Chas. M. Skinner has rounded out his series of *Myths and Legends of America* with a new volume, just published by the Lippincotts, entitled *Myths and Legends Beyond Our Borders*. This deals with the traditions of Canada and Mexico. It is an important contribution to the history of folklore on this continent.

Grace King is out with a new book, this time on *De Soto and His Men in the Land of Florida*, published by the Macmillans. It is a charming condensation of the original accounts of De Soto's remarkable explorations. The style is as picturesque as the narrative itself. It is almost impossible not to believe the story as Miss King tells it; but after escaping from the charm of her manner of telling it, one cannot but be im-

pressed with the tremendous imagination of those old Spanish chroniclers.

The best popular description of the home-life of the early settlers in America has just been issued from the press of the Macmillan Co. It is a handsome book, well illustrated by photographs, written by Alice Morse Earle. It treats not only of the customs of the early fathers, their methods of work, and travel, their homes and dress, but every little utensil and domestic appliance is fittingly described and pictured, and its uses fully explained. Many of the curious articles set forth in this book are so obsolete as to have been almost forgotten by this generation, and the author is to be commended for saving them from utter oblivion.

The beautiful edition of Washington Irving's works which the Putnams are bringing out has received the usual Christmas accession. This year it is *The Adventures of Capt. Bonneville, U. S. A. in the Rocky Mountains and the Far West*. It is an exquisite example of the bookmaker's art, superbly printed on fine paper with decorated border round each page, and many photo-gravures and engravings. The cover design, in gold and red on a heavy white cloth, is very appropriate, being the totem figurings of Indians with old flintlocks ranged down the sides. The book, which is in two volumes, will make a handsome Christmas gift.

MR. W. K. VICKERY always gets up something dainty for the holiday season, and his offering for the present year is a little rough-paper portfolio called *A Window in a San Francisco Church, with Some Views of Its Surroundings*. The window is a stained-glass St. Christopher, and Sarah Keppel Vickery has written some pleasing verses about the good Saint. The "surroundings" of the window are picturesque photographs of the San Francisco Swedenborgian church, a church whose esthetic gospel has received wide acceptance from all lovers of the beautiful that have seen it. Mr. Vickery also issues *Glad Things*, a pretty hand-colored Christmas card, designed by Albertine Randall Wheelan, to embalm a Christmas poem by Willis Boyd Allen, and a little Chinese Christmas card with a photograph and dainty stencilings upon it. All Mr. Vickery's outputtings are marked by the best of taste.

<sup>1</sup> *Essays in Dramatic Criticism with Impressions of Some Modern Plays*. By L. Dupont Syle. New York: William R. Jenkins: 1898.

## Books Received

## AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY.

- Outdoor Studies. By Jas. G. Needham.  
 Story of the English. By H. A. Guerber.  
 Beginners' Latin Book. By James B. Smiley  
 and Helen Storke.  
 Park's Language Lessons. By J. G. Park.  
 Elements of Perspective. By Christine Gor-  
 dan Sullivan.  
 American Elementary Arithmetic. By M.  
 A. Bailey.  
 A Primary Arithmetic. By A. R. Horn-  
 brook.  
 Barnes's National Vertical Penmanship  
 Series.  
 Oration of Lysias. William H. Wait.  
 Differential Calculus. By James McMahon  
 and Virgil Snyder.  
 Analytic Geometry. By J. H. Tanner and  
 Joseph Allen.

## THOS. Y. CROWELL &amp; CO.

- The Secret of Gladness. By the Rev. J. R.  
 Miller, D. D.  
 Ideal Motherhood. By Minnie S. Davis.  
 The Marriage Altar. By the Rev. J. R. Mil-  
 ler.  
 The Everlasting Arms. By the Rev. Francis  
 E. Clark, D. D.  
 The Fruit of the Vine. By the Rev. Andrew  
 Murray.  
 Manual of the History of French Literature.  
 By Ferdinand Brunetiere. Illustrated  
 with portraits. \$2.  
 Great Books. By Dean Farrar.  
 The Fairy Book: The Best Popular Fairy  
 Stories, Selected and Rendered Anew.  
 By the Author of John Halifax, Gentle-  
 man.

## THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

- De Soto in the Land of Florida. By Grace  
 King. \$1.50.  
 Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the At-  
 lantic. By Thos. Wentworth Higginson.  
 \$1.50.  
 When the Birds Go North Again. By Ella  
 Higginson. \$1.25  
 A Short History of the English. By Geo.  
 Saintsbury.  
 A Life of William Shakespeare. By Sidney  
 Lee. With Portraits and Facsimiles.  
 \$1.75.  
 The Last of the Mohicans. By James Fen-  
 imore Cooper. With colored illustrations  
 by H. M. Brock. In two vols. \$3.

## CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

- The Workers: An Experiment in Reality.  
 The West. By Walter A. Wyckoff. \$1.50.  
 The Coede Vrouw of Mana-ha-ta at Home  
 and in Society, 1609-1760. By Mrs. John  
 King Van Rensselaer. \$2.

## D. APPLETON &amp; CO.

- Cannon and Camera: Sea and Land Battles  
 of the Spanish-American War in Cuba,  
 Camp-life, and the Return of the Soldiers.  
 Described and illustrated by John C. H.  
 Emmet, War Artist at the Front. \$2.  
 Latitude: A Romance of the West Indies.  
 By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. Illus-  
 trated by Geo. Gibbs.

## J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

- Myths and Legends Beyond our Borders.  
 By Charles M. Skinner.  
 Historical Tales; Russian. Illustrated. By  
 Chas. Morris.  
 Historical Tales; China and Japan. Illus-  
 trated. By Chas. Morris.  
 The Cost of Her Pride. By Mrs. Alexander.  
 From School to Battlefield; A Story of the  
 War Days. By Capt. Chas. King, U. S. A.

## G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

- The Doctor. By Robert Southey.  
 Little Journeys to the Homes of American  
 Statesmen. By Elbert Hubbard.

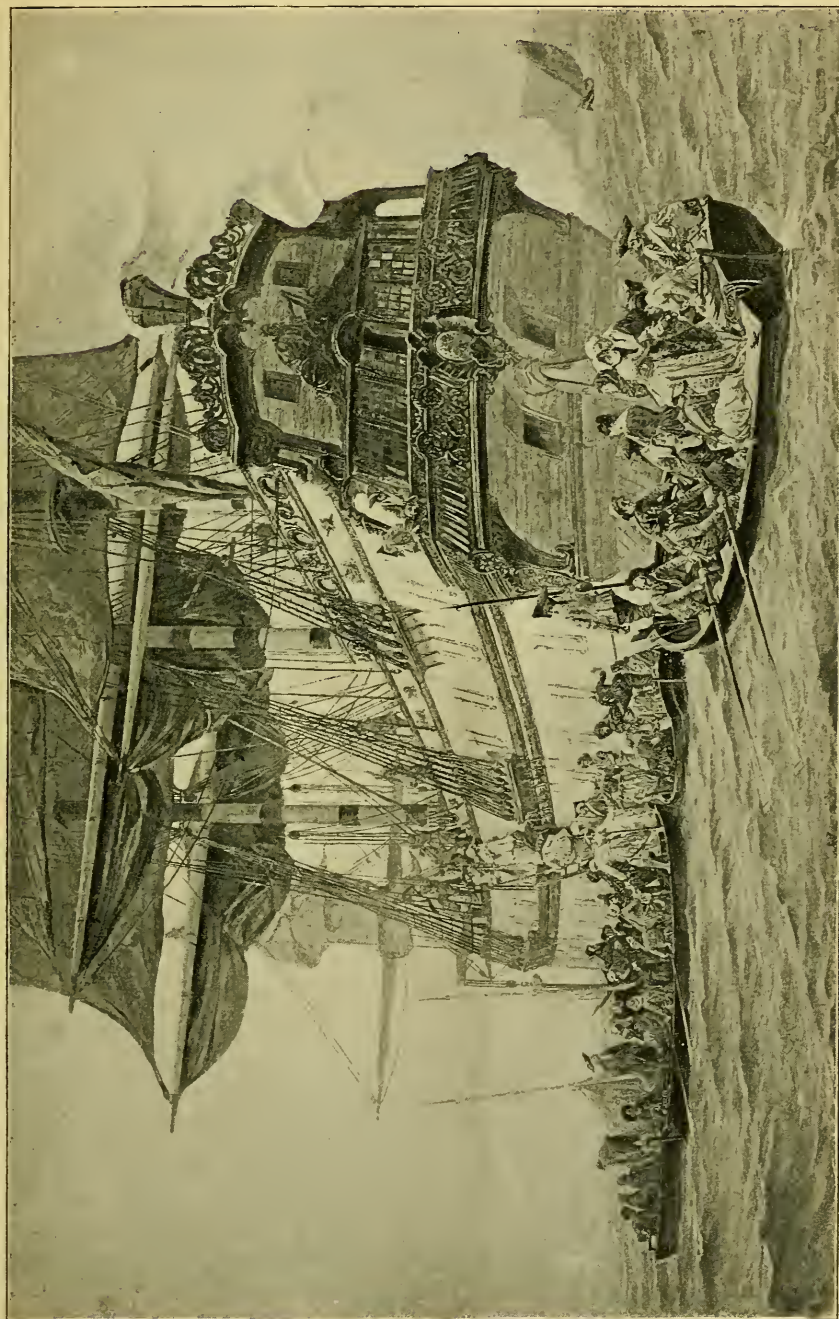
## DOUBLEDAY, McCLURE &amp; CO.

- What Shall Our Boys Do For a Living. By  
 Chas. F. Wingate.  
 Cyrano de Bergerac. By Edmond Rostand.  
 Bob, Son of Battle. By Alfred Ollivant.  
 The Business Girl. By Ruth Ashmore.  
 Home Games and Parties. By Mrs. S. T.  
 Rorer.  
 The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling.  
 Life and Character of General U. S. Grant.  
 By Hamlin Garland.  
 Mistress Nancy Molesworth. By Joseph  
 Hocking.  
 South America. By Hezekiah Butterworth.

## HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN &amp; CO.

- The Black Curtain. By Flora Haines  
 Loughead.  
 Corona and Coronet. By Mabel Loomis  
 Todd.  
 Dorothy Deane. By Ellen Olney Kirk.





IN THE DAYS OF THE ANCIENT MARINERS.

From Painting by Delort



11-11-1914

“‘Ramona,’ we said beneath our breath”  
(See “Hacienda de Ramona”)



# Overland Monthly

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## The Ancient City of Guanajuato.

by  
Vera Granville

**T**HERE is no more picturesque city in the world than Guanajuato, capital of the Mexican State of that name. Every turn in the narrow, crooked streets reveals a subject for the camera, from the time we leave the tram-cars at the central plaza until we reach the hill of the Pantheon, famous as containing the only mummies on the American continent.

The ancient name of the city was Quana-shuato, meaning "Hill of the Frogs," so named by the Tracen Indians, when but a few huts stood on the hills where seventy thousand people now dwell. The growth of the place after the discovery of silver was phenomenal. In 1553, a poor muleteer found some rich silver "float," and tracing it to its source, the great *veta madre*, or mother vein, was revealed. It is one of the few true fissure veins of the world, and its mines have yielded billions

of dollars during the past three hundred years, the Valenciana alone having produced more silver than the entire Comstock Lode.

The city is built between the narrow walls of a cañon, and the flat-roofed adobe huts rise tier above tier for hundreds of feet to the truncated mountain crests. Few of the habitations of the peon class have more than two rooms, and many but one. Often eight or ten people live in one room, with no floor but the mother earth, untidy beyond description, with barely clothes enough to cover their attenuated bodies, but apparently at peace with themselves and the rest of the world. Intemperance is the besetting sin of both men and women. The native drinks of *mes-cal* and *tequilla* are manufactured near Guanajuato, which is remote from the great *pulque*-growing districts of the republic. The chief articles of food are *tortillas* and *frijoles*, the two staffs of life wherever the Spanish language is spoken, be it in the Iberian Peninsula, far-off Manila, or beautiful Havana. The cooking is done on a *bra-*





Beggar

*sero*, somewhat resembling a Dutch oven, and the floors, and even the streets, are swept with a few wisps of straw, tied in the middle, just as was done hundreds of years ago. Anything like an American broom is rare, even in the City of Mexico. The spectacle of a score of *peones* abreast, sweeping the streets of a great city with wisps of straw, is certainly unique. The introduction of modern sweepers would deprive many people of employment, and would probably prove more expensive, as the Government would have to support the supplanted laborers, whose wages are about fifty cents a day in Mexican silver.

As we walked, a mule tram-car dashed down the narrow street and found itself in the midst of a band of mules laden with ore and going in the opposite direction. We took refuge in a shop until the mules had been driven past, after much swearing by the conductor and driver; for the street is so narrow that the animals were forced on the sidewalk and even into the shop, whence they were expelled with

much difficulty. The shop-keeper warned us to look out for mules in our peregrinations, as they often squeeze pedestrians against the wall and inflict serious injury. Desiring to see the workings of a great *hacienda*, we followed the mules until they stopped at a gate in a high adobe wall in a side street. The *portero*, with many flattering words at the honor we had done the *hacienda*, and the assurance that the entire place was ours, called another employee and bade him show us our new possessions. A Mexican always presents you with all his possessions when he meets you for the first time,—but he does not expect you to take his words literally.

The *patio* floor is covered with flags held closely by cement, and after the ore has been ground in the *arastras*, it is amalgamated with water, salt, and quicksilver, and thoroughly mixed in the *patio* by driving blindfolded mules around through it. The action of quicksilver on the hoofs soon causes them to become loose, the mouth is salivated, and after great suffering the animals die. The amalgam is scraped off the stone flags and conveyed to the amalgamating room, where it is retorted and made into silver bars ready for the mint.



An Old-Style Broom

There were in the *hacienda* over three hundred employees, whose wages averaged sixty cents a day in Mexican silver. They began work at six o'clock, without having breakfasted, and stopped at nine o'clock for the morning meal. As each man passed out the gate, the *portero* searched his clothes for stolen ore or tools, a necessary precaution where an immense amount of valuable ore and many implements are annually pilfered. The ore-sorters are past-masters in the art of stealing, and in spite of the greatest vigilance are very rarely detected. When tools are missing, their value is deducted from the wages of all the laborers in that special department, a method that usually induces some innocent man to expose the guilty one, after which the sum exacted is returned, less the cost of recovery. Each man's breakfast is brought to him by some member of his family, and partaken of in the shade of the *hacienda* wall. A half hour is allowed for breakfast, after which work is resumed until noon, when an hour is allowed for dinner. The gate-keeper, as before, searches each man as he passes out. The day's work is over at six o'clock. Women are often employed as ore-sorters, and are far better judges of values than men. They are also more expert in stealing rich bits and escaping the vigilance of the inspectors. It is quite wonderful to watch their deft hands as they choose from a pile of ore the various grades and place them in separate baskets, never hesitating over the difference in values. Each great mine has a church, built by levying a tax on the laborers' wages, as was the custom



Ore-Carrier

in former days. In spite of the reform laws and the separation of church and state, the priests are yet all-powerful in many of the districts remote from the railroads, and exact a certain per cent of all wages for church maintenance.

The great mines are to the north and east above the city, at an elevation of from six to eight thousand feet above sea-level.



"Driving blindfolded mules around through it,"



Water-Carrier

Our amiable guide conducted us through the Sirena mine, which has yielded its owners over one hundred million dollars, and is still being profitably worked. The main tunnel is a mile in length, the main shaft twenty-five hundred feet deep, with many cross-cut tunnels and smaller shafts. In an angle of a tunnel is a small but beautiful altar, over which swings a silver

lamp. As the laborers pass, they bow in reverence before the image of the sad-faced Madonna. And in those depths, far from the light of day and the bright skies and blooming flowers of an eternal summer, hundreds of men toil and moil for a pittance barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, practically spending their lives underground—for many sleep in the mine to save the rent money of a miserable hut. They would in all probability have been born underground but for the superstition that ill-luck attaches to a mine where women are employed, a saving grace that prevents the female population from a like servitude in those dismal sweat-houses. Almost every mine pays its employees two or three times a week, for so improvident are the lower classes that they would be reduced to starvation if paid weekly, as in other more favored places.

Although a tram-road extends the entire length of the tunnel, most of the machinery and ore are conveyed to and fro on the backs of men, as it is apparently less work to direct scores of men than drive one mule, judging by the difficulty the *administrador* had in transporting us in and out of the tunnel on the car. An ordinary laborer is expected to carry the load of a mule or burro, which is between two and three hundred pounds.

The streets were full of people as we returned to the central portion of the city—for it was a feast day, and the military band was playing in the plaza, a small wedge-shaped bit of ground, containing many flowers and fine old trees. Dark-eyed women of all ages, gayly dressed; and peeping coquettishly from the folds of filmy mantillas, or *rebosos*, lounged on the benches and amiably chattered with each other during the intervals between the music; but when the next strains began, the young people promenaded, the men going in one direction and the women in the other, which is conducive to sly glances and open flirtation. At the edge of the sidewalk were small tables on which were piled all sorts of *dulces*, fruits, and cakes, none of which we found inviting, for the flies hovered over them in swarms. Gayly colored calicoes, muslins, and shawls, were spread on the ground, and the vendors implored each passer-by to purchase. A



small *reboso* was bought by a native for a dollar. A few minutes after a similar one was delivered to a tourist for four. Articles of every description are sold on the street, and fruits, *dulces*, vegetables, wood, and charcoal, are arranged in one-cent piles.

Policemen are everywhere, and arrests are made on the slightest pretext, so anxious is the governor to gain for his State a reputation for being peaceable. There is an excellent public-school system, but not yet sufficiently advanced to do away with the old ear-splitting method of studying aloud. At the door of one of the smaller schools we asked permission to rest, and were cordially invited to enter by the handsome young señorita, who calmly puffed a cigarette as she drew lines in the copy-books of her dozen small pupils. Smoking in school, and by the teacher, was a most novel sight! On the sidewalk was an iron railing, from which a small black-eyed urchin swung himself round and round, as he gayly whistled or sang, evidently having a very jolly time, and was regarded with envious eyes by the boys in the schoolroom. When I asked the teacher why the playful little fellow was not compelled to go to school, she replied,

"Oh, señora, he is one of my pupils who is in disgrace for having come late, and is made to stay outside to show passers-by that he is a bad boy."

And the bad boy, who certainly enjoyed being in disgrace, shied a stone at a passing dog, whistled to a boy across the street, matched *centavos* for *dulces*, the bad boy winning, and ate the sweets with much glee as he cast sly glances at his envious mates within.

The mule tram took us to the *presa*, or city water-works, where the street is broad and lined with beautiful houses, many of which are built of varicolored stone, quarried in the mountains above the reservoirs. Every house has a beautiful *patio* in the center, where the family virtually live, and Moorish columns, bright flowers, tropical plants, and singing birds. The odor of orange-blossoms floats out on the warm air; the merry laughter of children as they romp up and down the colonnades, and the soft humming to the tinkling of guitar or mandolin, attest the happiness of the dwellers in these stately homes, as



A Little Señorita

well as in the humble mud huts, where care seems to have no existence. As we rested in the pretty plaza near the reservoir, our attention was attracted by the peculiar actions of a good-looking young man, who was standing on the edge of the sidewalk opposite a handsome residence. He threw up his arms, as if in the act of embracing some one, hugged himself, sighed, and rolled his eyes as if in mortal pain. None of the passers-by seemed to pay any attention to him, and our guide said in explanation:

"That is the son of a wealthy mine-owner, and he is 'playing bear' to the señorita at the window in the third story. It is the custom for a man to demean himself thus for several weeks before asking the consent of the parents in marriage, and one of these bear-playing young men will often stand thus on the sidewalk all night. It is so common that we pay no attention to their antics. In the City of Mexico 'playing bear' is now prohibited by law."

In a spot where level ground is at a premium, and where the living are so closely crowded together, the disposition



Teatro Juarez

of the dead is a matter of much concern. The dead of Guanajuato are buried on a hill overlooking the city, in an acre of ground, surrounded by a high wall. For a certain price a grave is rented by the year, and if the rent for the following year is not forthcoming in advance, the body is

exhumed and the bones placed in an underground crypt. Some element in the soil acts as an embalmer, and many of the bodies are mummified and remain entire for years. They are ranged on the sides of the crypt, the women opposite the men, and present a most uncanny spectacle as



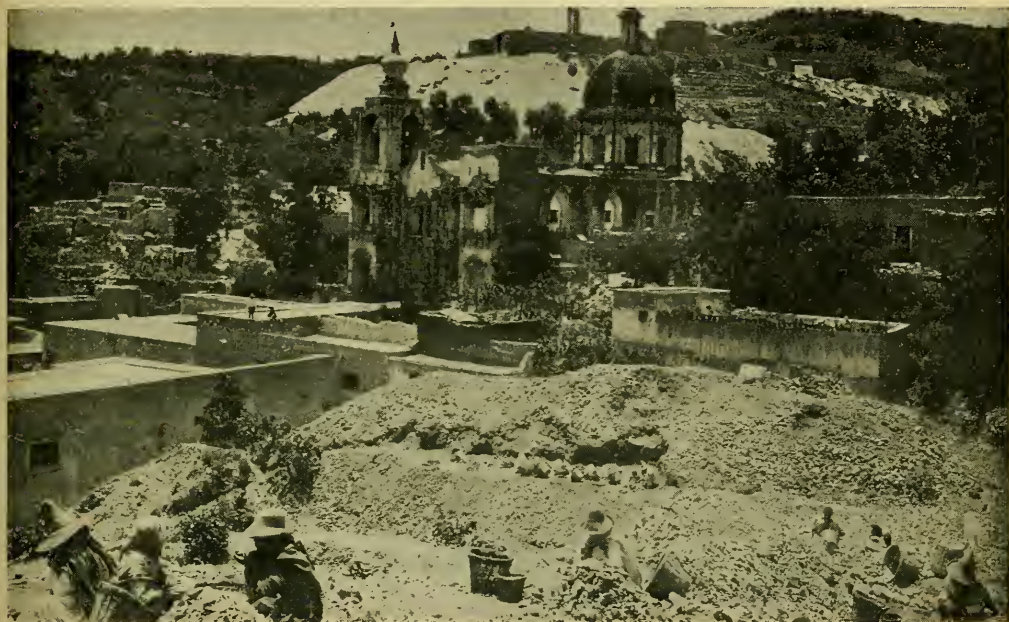
"Ranged on the sides of the crypt, the women opposite the men".



one enters the semi-darkness after descending the spiral stairs from the area above. Many of the fleshless faces are horribly contorted, others mirthful, thoughtful, or sad, but all inexpressibly loathsome.

From the Pantheon walls a magnificent view is obtained of the strange, Moorish-looking city, seemingly swimming in the golden light of the setting sun. The church domes rise far above the humble mud huts, like a watching mother, from

now occupied as a city hall and jail. It is a massive square building with walls twelve feet thick, and has played a great part in Mexican history. In 1810, Hidalgo, the patriotic priest, who the year before had taken the fortress by storm and cruelly put to the sword its inmates, was captured and killed by the Spaniards at Chihuahua, and his head and those of three of his lieutenants were brought to Guanajuato and hung on the four corners of the fortress as a warning to all who re-



Church at the Cata Mine

the cradle to the grave. Away in the distance, crowning an elevation, is the magnificent Church of Valenciana, built by a tax on the wages of the employees of the great mine of that name, the richest silver-producer in the world. The official statistics of the district show that this mine has produced almost one billion dollars during the past three hundred years. It is now flooded with water, and employs only three hundred men, whereas, in its prime, five thousand were required to handle its vast product. A prominent object in the center of the city is the Castle of Grenaditas, originally built as a granary and place of refuge during the revolutionary days, and

sisted the cruel tyranny of the conquerors. But it was not for long that Grenaditas belonged to the Spaniards; for the close of 1810 saw the liberation of from seven to ten millions of Indians, Juarez, afterwards President of the republic, being one of the emancipated slaves. Of the cruelty of the Iberians in relation to the aborigines, Las Casas as early as 1560 wrote:—

We dare assert without fear that in the space of forty years in which the Spaniards exercised their intolerable tyranny in the New World, they unjustly put to death over twelve millions of people, counting men, women, and children; and it may be affirmed without injury to the truth, upon a just calculation, that during this space of time





Guanajuato

above fifty millions have died in these countries.

As we passed through the various departments of Grenaditas, after once more reaching the city, the Angelus bells were ringing from the cathedral in the next street. Every sombrero was doffed, every head bowed, and every prisoner crossed himself. Even in the lives of these wretched people the Church exercises a marvelous influence. She is a beneficent mother, and every Mexican is a devotee, even the criminals of Grenaditas being scrupulous observers of religious form.

Opposite the plaza is the Teatro Juarez, one of the finest buildings on the American continent, and strangely at va-

riance with its humble surroundings. It is constructed of beautifully colored stone, was ten years in building, and cost considerably over a million dollars. It has never been used, and was erected under the necessity of providing work for the poor of Guanajuato. The practical tourist cannot help wondering why that amount of money was not expended in making roads and improving the streets, which are paved with cobble-stones, worn smooth and slippery from the passage of many feet. Almost all traffic is done by mules and burros, and the tram-cars and electric light are about the only signs of nineteenth-century progress one may see in this strange and rarely picturesque city of the "Hill of the Frogs."



## A Flight With Puck

When half this happy world in sleep's embrace  
 Close-folded lies, and I, denied, without  
 That blissful pale cast restless arms about,  
 Goddess long-wooed, with stern averted face,  
 One boon remains: With Puck through realms of space  
 My spirit and that wanderer gay seek out  
 Far countries by his swift unerring route,  
 And, lingering, flying, claim each  
 Longed-for place.  
 Venice is mine; the bridge of Sighs restrains  
 Our flight as sunset fades; proud Rome unveils  
 Her treasures, or we float  
 adown the Nile  
 And of a dearer journey dream the while,  
 Where sang the Master, and the nightingales  
 Sing yet his threnody in  
 English lanes.

Ella M Sexton.



Montague Hall





"His saddle-bags seemed full"



# THE PAYMASTER'S ESCORT

By JOHN A. LOCKWOOD

NOTHING had happened at Fort Carlin, Wyoming, for many moons.

They were peace times, and even the Indians were at rest. Under these circumstances anything was welcome that would break the deadly monotony of life, and a choice bit of scandal answered the purpose. The story ran that a certain Indian maiden, Minola by name, young, pretty, and a protégée of some of the ladies of the fort, had been seen to enter the house of one of the most correct and exemplary of the young bachelor lieutenants soon after reveille. She had remained some time, the gossips averred, and had then been seen to emerge again, the lieutenant himself opening the door to let her out.

"I shall never be at home to him again, that's sure!" said the daughter of the commanding officer, Miss Cook, who had opinions of her own.

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" chimed in a chorus of indignant women accustomed to take their cues from "the leading lady."

One girl only ventured to differ from the majority in condemning Lieutenant Smith. This was Miss Maynard, a fair Marylander, who was visiting friends at Fort Carlin, and whose opinion was regarded lightly, as that of a new-comer unversed in military ways. When she professed her belief in a plausible explanation, honorable to the officer, for the early morning visit, the other girls ventured to hint she was prejudiced; that the memory of a drive, a horseback ride, and "a shady nook, a babbling brook," at a picnic, where she had been monopolized by Lieutenant Smith, had warped her judgment.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Smith, seemingly unaware of, or indifferent to, his uncharitable critics, went his way, if not rejoicing, at least composed and unruffled. At about one o'clock in the afternoon of the day when Minola made her early morning call, he was seen to mount his horse and ride off in the direction of the Indian Agency, ten miles distant. Before starting he had been questioned by one of his acquaintances, whose curiosity could not be restrained as to the object of his

ride. The answer was unsatisfactory and the questioner reported the officer's manner as evasive and suspicious. She spread the news that he was probably going to return Minola's call, and as his saddle-bags seemed full and his saddle was packed, no doubt he meant to stay at the agency at least one night.

Once out of the fort, the Lieutenant put spurs to his horse, and his expression became watchful and alert. Five miles from the post was a cañon; the agency lay beyond it. Into this cañon he rode, looking anxiously ahead. He had gone half-way through the pass and saw the open country beyond, when he descried a boulder lying in the middle of the road. It would have effectually barred the way to a wagon, but he crowded his horse around it. As he was doing so he heard a pistol-shot fired at him from above,—then another. He was not hit, and now the obstruction lay beyond him, and he urged his horse into a run. His saddle-bags were heavy, and he knew he could not keep up that gait very long on the rough trail. He drew his six-shooter, and half-turning in his saddle, he fired at a man whom he could see in close pursuit. The man reeled in his saddle and fell to the ground, while the riderless horse galloped off.

More bandits were behind and one, with the practiced aim of the frontiersman, fired and struck the officer's horse in the shoulder. The animal stumbled and fell to the ground, and Lieutenant Smith jumped out from under him and stood, pistol in hand, ready to defend his treasure—for his saddle-bags were laden with gold—with his last drop of blood.

The pursuing bandits were close upon him now, when suddenly the sharp report of a Winchester, fired from the direction of the Indian agency, checked the further progress of the leader, who fell, shot through the heart. The remaining bandits, remembering that "he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day," panic-stricken, turned and fled, supposing that the Lieutenant had re-enforcements close at hand.



H. F. Farnham  
1898

Such indeed proved to be the case, and although the rescuing party was not numerous, its aim was sure and its heart was true. Minola, the Indian girl, had fired the last shot, which had undoubtedly saved the young officer's life. She now hastened toward him, transferred the money-bags to her pony, and together they delivered the gold into the hands of the Indian Agent.

When Lieutenant Smith rode back to Fort Carlin, his late detractors, who had heard of his exploit, were anxious to welcome him back as a hero and atone for their hasty judgment.

Quoth Miss Cook to the Colonel, "Why

did n't you tell me, papa, that Mr. Smith had been warned by Minola that the paymaster's escort would be held up? We girls did n't know why Minola went to see him, and of course could n't guess that he volunteered to carry the gold to the agency on his horse in place of the paymaster in his wagon."

But the Colonel was a soldier and a man of few words and only laughed for an answer.

The latest gossip from Fort Carlin whispers that Lieutenant Smith will soon enter the ranks of benedicts. Unfortunately my informant forgot to say whether Miss Maynard or Minola is to be the bride.

## IN VAIN

WHEN others idly speak your name,  
With heedless jest, in praise or blame,  
I, sitting with my work, apart,—  
I, who enshrine you in my heart,—  
Must silent be, for fear of shame.

And while my trembling fingers lift  
The shining needle, once so swift,  
Bend low my head, for I must hide  
Eyes, where the shades of passion drift,—  
Lips, where the prints of kisses bide.

While in my heart,—ah, tortured heart!—  
Love battles with relentless death,—  
Relentless anguish! thus to hear  
You named abroad by alien breath,—  
You, of myself the better part!

Must I not rise and cry aloud,—  
In burning words relieve my pain,—  
Turn on the idle, careless crowd  
And bid them from my love refrain?  
In vain my grief—in vain, in vain!

*Rebecca Epping.*





## HACIENDA DE RAMONA

By ELEANOR F. WISEMAN

Who against a sturdy tree  
Leans secure in grateful shade,  
Has no reason then to be  
Of the burning sun afraid.

Lightly run these words of sooth  
In the mellow speech of Spain;  
Deep the meaning of the truth  
Which, half hidden, they contain.

IN THE story of Ramona is described a delightful old Spanish home, such as in real life is seldom seen. My visit to this typical old home of sunny Spain will ever be one of the sweet and sacred memories of my life; with its fortress-like appearance, adobe walls, and red-tiled roof, its vine-embowered verandas, its wealth of fruit-bearing trees, and above all, the air of ease and quiet about all its appointments, it seems to have been transplanted from that land of romance and song to our own Southland, bringing with it the manners and customs that have made the mother country noted for the grace and charm of its women and the chivalry of its men.

This quiet home, on the banks of the

Santa Clara River, with its chain of hills, mountains, interlacing valleys, and smooth-flowing streams, is like a picture of Acadia, peopled as it is with these quiet Spanish folk,—

Whose lives glide on like the rivers that water the woodland,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven.

Noted as Mrs. Jackson has made it, through the charm she has thrown over it in her romance, and the little world she has created within its walls, no less interesting does it seem to us with its real living characters. Here to-day they cherish and preserve this home of the Del Valles, with naught to disturb or blend with its

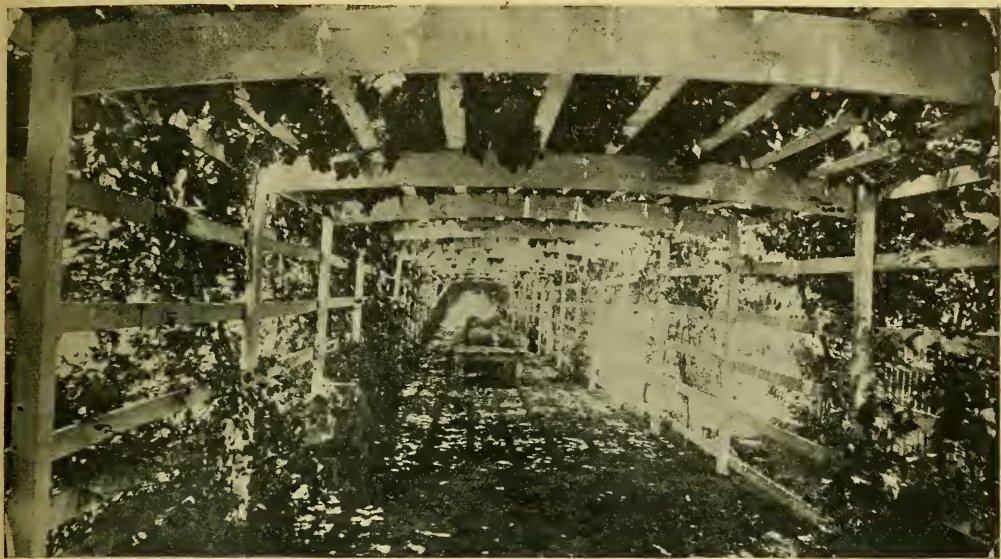


Photo by James L. Smith

### The Arbor

stillness, save the note of the wood-dove—the *majel*—calling to his mate with far-away, mournful sound, so low and musical, until the shrill whistle of the locomotive is heard, and the train comes thundering along, awaking the echoes and reminding us that we are still of this great onward-sweeping modern life.

Many changes have taken place since Mrs. Jackson made her pilgrimage here in a stage-coach. Myself and friend, two bachelor maids doing Southern California, made a Sunday journey from Los Angeles to Camulos, eighteen miles from Newhall, in three hours. We were whirled through a beautiful and diversified stretch of country with many new-made towns and villages, the great valley of the San Fernando, with its beautiful fields and dwelling-places, in and out of the inky blackness of tumbledom, through miles of river-waste and cacti-covered plains, with now and then a glimpse beyond to the tall snow-covered Tehachapis, until our train stopped and the conductor called out "Cam-oo-los," giving it the Spanish pronunciation. We were set down by a lone station, so given over to hosts of swallows, with their murmurings and twitterings, flying over our heads in and out of their little adobe nests with stuccoed walls and ceiling,—and alas! every bench and seat,—

that we could find no place to rest. We turned to a little provision and grocery store, which seemed the only evidence of life, and asked the attendant if he could tell us where we might refresh ourselves before exploring the ranch. He looked at us vaguely, and pointed through an opening in a V-shape of white-paneled fence, to a house whose low, square outline we could dimly see through a vista of green-and-gold orange-trees.

So, down through this inclosure, we went into the inner court, or *patio*, so graphically described by Mrs. Jackson. The perfume of the flowers, the twittering of the birds behind their gilded bars as well as in the trees, the drowsy murmur of the bees collecting their sweets, the dogs sleeping on the porches, the sky over all so deeply blue,—as only our California skies are, without a haze,—and the absolute stillness of the place, seemed in perfect keeping with the day. It was the noon-hour, and as in a dream we saw the Indian men and maid servants going in and out, back and forth, under the trees, from kitchen to dining-room, over the stone steps worn in hollows by their passing to and fro, bearing on their salvers the viands to the table,—not of the Señora Moreno,—but to that real, living Señora Del Valle. Very real, also, was our sense



of its being the noon-hour, and addressing a young Spaniard who stood near by, we asked if there was any place where we could get dinner; but before he could answer, a slender, dark-haired, beautiful young girl appeared. She came slowly forward and paused under a magnolia-tree, while above her head she held, with both hands, a handkerchief of drawn lace-work to shield her from the sun.

"Ramona," we said, beneath our breath.

Speaking the purest English, but with a charming Spanish accent, she answered our question with some hauteur, saying they did not keep a hotel,—that it was only a private ranch-house. So impressed were we with her beauty and dignity, and so confused by a sense of our intrusion, as if we had "rushed in where angels fear to tread," that for a moment we were mute,—then we hastened to apologize, telling her how we had been directed there, and of our supposition that, as the railroad company was running excursion trains to the place, there must be some means of refreshment for travelers. We would have retreated, but taking in the situation, she hastened to put us at ease. In the most gracious manner she bade us to be seated.

"Pray rest a while," she said, "and luncheon will be prepared for you."

So cordially was her invitation given we could not refuse it, but gladly rested in the shade of the cool veranda, thankful to be sheltered from the burning heat.

Soon our señorita appeared to call us to *el comedor*—the dining-room—and seated us at our luncheon. Such a repast as it was, such a delight to my Eastern friend! It was a pleasure to me, but not in the sense of novelty, as to my friend; for being a "native daughter" and my early associations connected somewhat with the Spanish, I was familiar with their preparations of *frijoles* and peppers, marmalades and pumpkin-sweets, as well as with their whole-hearted hospitality, which is proverbial. Our table was spread with the products of the ranch,—vegetables, meats, and milk, figs and pomegranates, and wine eighteen years old. On the massive sideboard, in a sparkling rose bowl, glowed the beautiful Cherokee roses. Our luncheon, or dinner, as it proved to be, was served to us by Miss Del Valle her-

self. A real Spanish dinner such as the family was accustomed to, even had we been attended by a servant, would have been something to remember; but to be served and entertained by the daughter of the house was a sweet surprise to us. It was the flower of courtesy by which she gave the finishing touch to our repast and relieved our minds of the sense of an intrusion. It recalled to us the thought which Tennyson gives to Elaine,—

The gentler born the maiden, the more  
bound to be sweet and serviceable.

We were to her no longer intruders and curiosity-hunters, but the stranger within her gates, to be entertained with all the grace and cordiality which she would have bestowed upon invited guests. To us she was the representative of a trend of thought, a way of life, that could come only with such surroundings,—the sweet influences of nature in her most inspiring form. From her desire to please and our gratitude and admiration, a friendly sympathy sprang up between us. She told us of her home and life, so full of interest and incident, unique in many respects, strongly interwoven with the story which had made her home so famous, and of the travelers from every land who had visited this place, many of them so distinguished, with personality so marked, that they left as delightful impressions as I know they must have carried away with them.

And yet, unfortunately, there were some instances not only of ignorance, but of ill-breeding. During the "boom," when land agents were advertising town lots and running excursions to this place, some of the visitors went beyond the bounds of propriety and consideration of the rights of the good people of Camulos, until at last they were refused admittance. Trophy-hunters gone mad would have carried off the bells that hung by the little chapel, had it been possible. One morning before the family had arisen, a stout, florid-faced tourist, sporting sandy side-whiskers and an air of pomposity, rushed into a private apartment, threw up the curtains and exclaimed, "Where is Ramony? We want to see Ramony!"

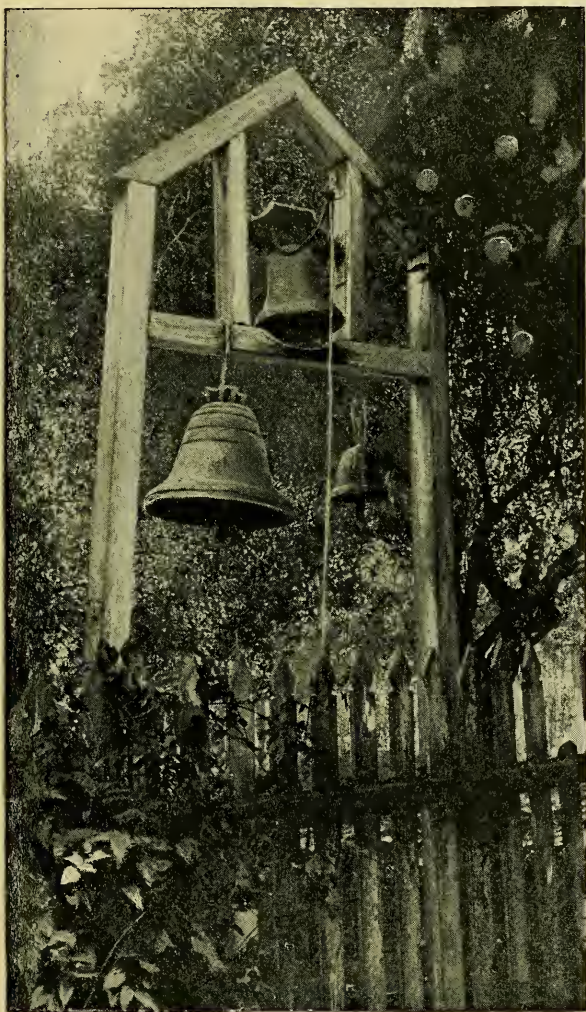
Ludicrous as it seemed, we could not laugh, so great was her indignation, al-



though her amusement as well had been stirred over the pictures,—caricatures, she called them,—of their home. Sometimes it is pictured almost as the grave of Ramona, a tumbled-down ruin, anything and everything but the strong, well-preserved

lived there at the present time,” without a thought that the cultured young lady before him was one of them.

Strange as it may seem, travelers, people of the world, often go there expecting to see Ramona as she appeared in her



The Bells of Camulos

house of not more than fifty years' standing, and with a life and people within its walls anything but degenerate.

Being in an art-store in Los Angeles, she was shown one of these caricatures, called "The Home of Ramona," the dealer assuring her that it was a "facsimile of the original" and that "a pack of greasers

youth and beauty, in the story of long ago, and seeing one of the Del Valle ladies, would insist that one of them must be she. In one way they were not disappointed. They went there expecting to find beauty, and they found it in a rare degree. Miss Del Valle answers in many ways to the description of Ramona in personal beauty.



The Altar

and if I mistake not, in character also. It was quite evident that she was of Spanish blood; her high-arched eyebrows and splendid, velvety eyes indicated her Castilian lineage; her cheeks were tinged with the color of her own native rose,—the Castilian, deepened in tint with the rich red of the oleander. She did not receive it as a compliment that she was taken for Ramona.

"Was not Ramona an Indian?" she said.

Half Indian, really; but to her the part included the whole. Warmly and generously as she praised their Indian servants for their faithfulness, she scouted the idea that there were among them any Alesandros,—though Felipes there might be among her own race, we were led to suspect. Yet representatives of the press

have announced, after a visit to the place, that the descendants of Ramona are to be found there.

Very interesting was the account which the Señorita gave us of Mrs. Jackson's visit to the Hacienda, when she, a little child, ran at her side. She remembered her as a woman of gracious presence, and full of love for the little folks.

Mrs. Jackson's connection with the Indian Commission, her interest in and for the Indians, and her familiarity with many interesting incidents in their lives, all combined to awaken in her a desire to enlist the sympathy of the world for this wronged people, rich in many of the highest attributes of the races, yet poor in their ability to cope with their enlightened brothers, and to hold their own in bargain and trade. Long had she studied their history and ways, and her spirit was moved as by a mighty storm. There came into her fancy the "story with a purpose." For this jewel of her mind she sought a worthy setting, and found it in rare Camulos. To this enchanting spot she was directed by Doña Mariana de Coronel, of Los Angeles, and by the magic of her pen how well has she reproduced these scenes. In the atmosphere of her story is the pure breath of the hills; of the lowly mustard-blossom she has made a thing of beauty, to be forever associated with Southern California. She heard the voice of the *majel*, and as we lay down her book, its cry of deathless love is ringing in our ears. It is not my purpose, however, to comment upon a story which all the world has commended, but to give a simple account of a visit that all may not have the good fortune to make.

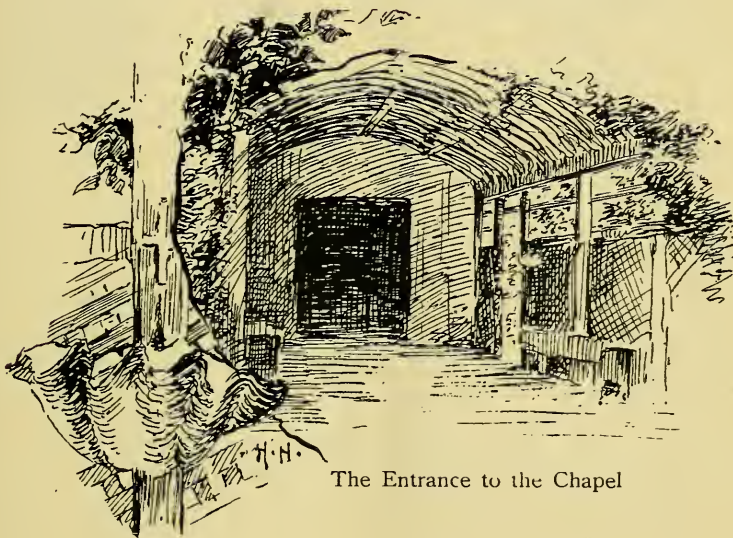
So interested were we in Miss Del Valle's conversation that we lingered long at the table. Noticing that we were fatigued, she said, "Would you like to rest?"

Passing out from the court under the trees, through a hall, and out from the hot air of the garden, heavy with the perfume of many flowers, she conducted us to the room called Father Salvierderra's room,—the one which the good Father is supposed to have occupied on his annual visit to Camulos. Into this guest-room, with its faint sweet smell of lavender, and cool as only these rooms with their four



feet of adobe walls can be, we went to lie down to rest and muse. It was hard to believe ourselves awake, so strange and dreamlike did it seem. The cross on the hill told us that we were in the house of one who feared God. The Mater Dolorosa, the tender Mother of Sorrows, looked down on us from the wall. On another wall hung the portrait of Senator Del Valle, of Los Angeles, a native son whom our State has been glad to honor, and whose ringing eloquence and patrician bearing have made him a familiar figure, both in public and private life. But in our musing we said, "This is the portrait of Felipe; like this it looked down on

was a convenient hollow where the fish would take refuge until the water was smooth again. Here our young hostess rejoined us, and through her eyes we saw added beauties in our surroundings. She talked with us as one who lived much in books and with nature; whose ears were attuned to the harmonies which are heard only in the free life of the country. The city, she said, was like a prison to her. The air was filled with the music of the birds that Sabbath day, and with their songs of praise over our heads; we went into the little chapel, rich with old paintings, crucifixes, and statuary, witnesses of the devout and ardent purposes of Señora



The Entrance to the Chapel

Father Salvierderra, as he sat by the eastern window and waited for the dawn, or stood with bared head to sing the sunrise hymn."

After an hour's siesta we came again out of the dim, cool room into the warm, luxurious air of the garden, and stood by the great fountain basin. We looked into its clear depths and saw the reflection from overhead of the rich, ripe orange fruit and starry bloom; we watched the lazy goldfish swimming slowly about, and now and then an orange dropped into the basin, creating as much consternation as one of our earthquakes would in an Eastern community. In the side of the basin

Del Valle and the Franciscan friars to redeem the wilderness.

Reverently we entered; though not of the Roman Catholic faith, the spirit of worship was with us, and in our hearts welled up holy emotions that our lips dared not speak. How much we would have liked to be there when those famous bells were calling the family to mass, or to other of the services from matin call to vesper chime, to listen to the prayers, the chants, and the rich tones of the organ! How many times has that organ pealed out the joyful wedding march for the different ones of that large family who have gone out into



the world! Yet, alas, it has sometimes mingled love's language with sorrow's sad tone; it has sounded the requiem for old and young; while to adorn their brides, the orange has given out its fragrance, and missed not their glory; the crape myrtle has yielded of its whiteness to enshroud the departed, yet comforted not those who were left. Something like this the young girl said to us, in answer to our enthusiastic praises of her home.

"You have a principality here, all to yourselves," we said, "and so secure, it seems as if death could hardly enter."

But though her cheeks blanched with deep feeling as she sadly replied, yet was there something lofty in her expression of faith and trust. Long could we have lingered in this hallowed spot, where the spirit of worship brings all together, and the same form of worship goes on unchanged from generation to generation. The chapel proper has never been changed, but an arbor-like addition to the front—with a baptismal font, consisting of a large shell, attached to the wall, benches to rest upon, and the sheltering vines overhead—makes an accommodation for the neighboring ranchers, who are far from other places of worship. Proud and grateful are they for the privilege of worshipping under their own vine and fig-tree, a privilege granted by special dispensation of the Pope. It must be the spirit of brotherly love fostered in this place which keeps in perfect unison fathers, mothers, and children, to the number of twenty-five.

On the hillside not far away, the square inclosure of white fence, white slabs, crosses, and monuments, with its tangle of Castilian roses of rosiest dye and sweetest fragrance, marks the homes of the dead; and it is here the grandfather Del Valle rests, in one of those green-roofed haciendas, whose doors do "inward swing,"—sacredly rests, but his memory lives in the pride and gratitude with which he is remembered by those for whom he planned this beautiful home. The widowed grandmother, now well along in years, with her children and grandchildren occupy this house, all living happily together. The children have their *duennas* and are educated here, at least during their early years.

As we passed from one point of interest

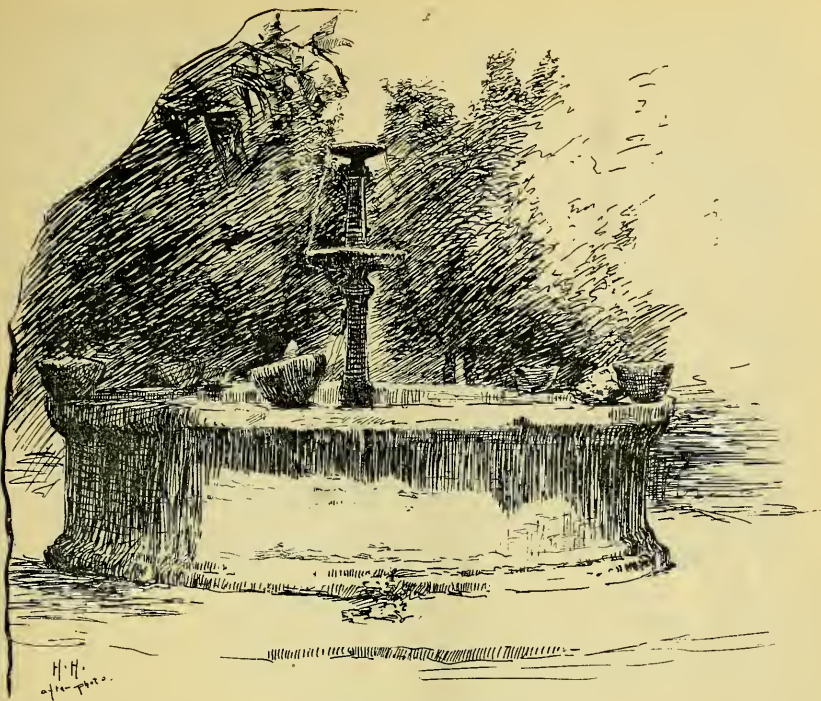
to another, Miss Del Valle showed, unconsciously, her enjoyment of the simple pleasures of this rural home. She took us out by a small gate, through a thicket of pomegranates and honeysuckle, where we stopped under a huge walnut-tree, under which were two long tables with cleats on the sides. Here they shelled the almonds and prepared them for market. One bench was for the family, the other for the servants; for, as it is a very tedious process, the servants are glad of the help of the family, the younger members of which bargain with them—so much work for watermelons and fruit with which to be regaled. Thus the labor-laden hours roll merrily along, with songs and laughter to oil the wheels of time; and when the almond tables are cleared a splendid banquet is spread in open air, where the great, green-rinded, red-hearted melon reigns supreme.

From the almond tables we went to a large storeroom, where our guide took down a ponderous bunch of keys, and then showed us through warerooms where were stored long rows of casks of liquors manufactured from their own fruit, each cask bearing the date of its manufacture,—whiskies, brandies, and wine, rare and old. While we were pondering over the extensive business carried on here,—for they have their own warerooms and transact their business direct with the railroad companies,—Miss Del Valle asked us slyly if we knew how the juice was pressed from the grapes.

I was familiar with the "wine-tread" of our Spanish neighbors, and promptly answered, "With the feet, I suppose."

"Yes," she replied. "I believe it to be the custom of other wine-makers, also."

Leaving the winerooms, we went to a large storeroom for olives, where the old olive-morteros used in the early days of the ranch are to be seen. She also explained to us their method of preparing almonds and raisins for market. Last of all we went into what she called their "Curiosity Shop." Pile upon pile were stored the bales of wool, both of sheep and Angora goats—the latter a recent addition to the resources of Camulos. There were many curious things here; one of special interest being the old family coach, the first that came into Los Angeles, which



Ramona's Fountain

was at that time—in the early fifties—purely a Spanish town. It came in with all its trappings gay, with place for footman and coachman, and great must have been the commotion it created. In this conveyance Señora Del Valle and her young family journeyed through new roads to the home of Camulos. Caressingly the young girl spoke of it.

"Old things," she said, "like old people, should have such good care!"

And we found that the old, in any condition, received from her the homage due to age. A poor old Indian, gray and grizzled, feeble and paralytic, walked slowly along. She told us he was a faithful old servant who had come with them to Camulos; but now he was utterly helpless and taken care of by them.

"Would you speak to him?" she said; "it would please him so much."

So she conveyed to him in Spanish our expressions of sympathy, and our hope that the warm air would do him good. It was such a little thing to do, but how his old face lighted up! As he rested on his cane, he feebly thanked us with his "Muchas gracias; muchas gracias!" and

saying that he was getting very, very old. As I looked into the gentle old face, I wondered if it were association with these kind-hearted people that had made so great a change from what one naturally expects to see in the face of the warlike Apaches.

Strains from the mandolin and guitar—soft Spanish airs—came to us from the house, and we begged our young lady not to let us detain her longer, for there were visitors within. So, alone, we went through the orchards of deciduous fruits, then into the olive orchard with its billows upon billows of grayish green. And in the light afternoon breeze how the leaves swayed and fluttered! At the edge of this orchard grew an immense old prickly-pear cactus, towering into the trees and spreading over a great space of ground. Beyond was an orchard of deeper green and denser foliage, darker shadows and longer distances. Dark and cool the walnut groves, with a peculiar fragrance of leaf that at midsummer makes you think of early spring. From there we went to the almond orchard, coming back by way of the vineyard, where the grapes—red, white,





The Rose Arbor

and purple—glad in the sunshine, told us of the vintage near at hand. Then, along the river's white-pebbled beach, we came again to the southern court, and to the willow and stone where, according to the story, the luckless Margarita washed the altar-cloth. The spring of water bubbling over formed a brook which babbled on its way to the river below.

Going into the orange groves, we traversed the long dark aisles of green flecked with the gold of the oranges, and were feasting our eyes on what we hardly expected to see again. I had seen many of the great model orange groves of Southern California, in bud and bloom and fruitage, and in every aspect, fresh-washed by the rain till every flower was glowing like a star, and steeping the senses in an intoxication of widely diffused fragrance; often I had seen them as planted by the "old-timers," looking now as if in a state of nature; I had visited modern groves laid out with mathematical precision and care, their irrigating lines crossing each other like lines on a checkerboard, each tree occupying its own space and a twin to the other,—but never was anything more perfect than this.

As we returned to the house, we came to the long grape arbor, the pride of Ca-

mulos. Through its center were long tables, and many a banquet has been spread in this place. Over our heads the green canopy was alive with birds, and Miss Del Valle, who had once more rejoined us, told us that at Camulos no bird was ever killed with the consent of the family. Well could we believe it, for they would flutter down to eat of the seeds thrown to them; and she drew down the long vines to show us, nestling there in leaf and tendril, the dainty humming-bird nests, with their linings of softest down, handling them so tenderly, careful not to touch them lest she should frighten the birds away. Even the shy blue-coated kingfisher forgot to be afraid, and darted past us from his perch in the trees to the pools of water scattered along the river's bed.

We went to the end of the arbor overlooking the Santa Clara River, hemmed in on the south by the richly sculptured San Fernando Mountains and on the north by the foothills of the Sierra de San Rafael. We had a grand view of this broad expanse of acres, reaching up from the river to the hilltops with their crown of oaks. Over them came the salt sea-breeze; and had we been energetic enough to traverse its fern-lined cañons and ravines and

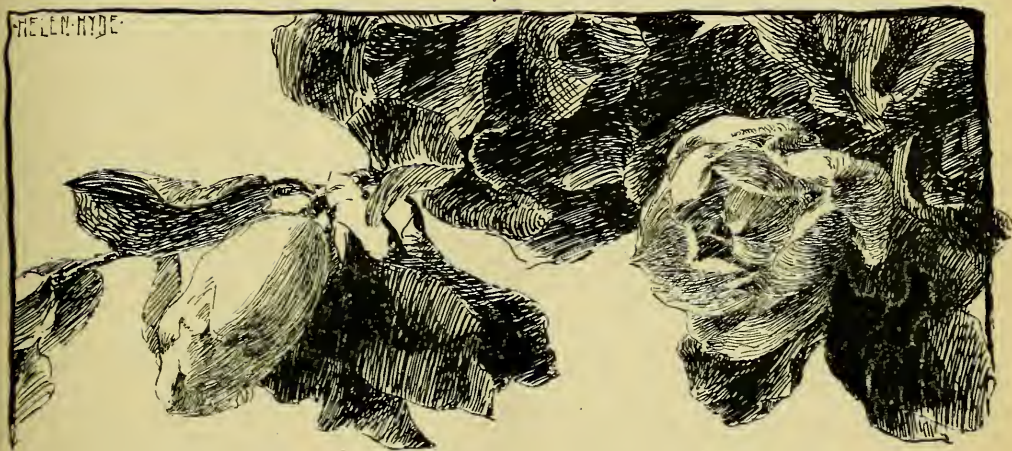


climb its boulders and rugged sides to the top, we would have been rewarded with a glorious view of the sea.

Our train whistled in the distance; through the dusky twilight we took a last view of the home of Ramona. The family had come out in the cool of the evening to escort their visitors to the station. There was the old grandmother, with her lace mantilla over her head, surrounded by the gay young people. The Indian *vaqueros* were riding wildly about on their little yellow mustangs, with horsehair bridles, saddle-girths, and lariats, driving the cows into the corral to be milked. They were the old-fashioned, long-horned Spanish cattle, black and white. Beyond was the corral of sheep-shearing fame, and still beyond were the brown stalks of the wild

mustard, like miniature trees, shorn now of all their springtime glory of golden bloom and fragrance, through which that tender, good "heart-shepherd," Father Salvierderra, was threading his way when he was startled, as at the uprising of a lark, by Ramona's matin song. It was hard to separate the ideal of the story from the real that we had this day become acquainted with.

As we reached the train, our young donna came to bid us *adios* in the graceful Spanish fashion, and with a gift of fruit and flowers to take away with us. Sweet as was the burden we bore, sweeter still through life will be the memory of that beautiful home and of a character in real life as lovely as was the imaginary heroine of the famous story of Ramona.



## INDIAN PINK

**H**OW like thou art to that small Indian flower  
 Whose tiny, ruddy taper maketh cheer  
 For all the wasting desert, hour by hour,  
 With steady flame of courage, soft and clear.

So hath thy joyous spirit burned between  
 My arid earth and sky; Oh, may it be  
 The gods shall overlook that flame serene,  
 And leave my happy beacon unto me!

*Jean Kenyon Mackenzie.*



By MRS. W. D. TILLOTSON

"It is appointed unto man but once to die; but after this the judgment."



IN MANY guises, various forms, and different garbs, the judgment comes to the sons of men. To one it portends the snuffing of the candle. The spark is extinguished, the fire goes out, and darkness holds sway. To another the veil of mystical questionings forever screens it from faith's clear gaze, and the soul of that one cries out, "Into the silent land—ah, who shall lead us thither?"

To the Christian, it comes as a glorious, ever-brightening day, a day without a cloud, a day without an end; for he knows, what strong and mighty hand will lead him thither into the silent land. The Buddhist's highest hope is that when he has come again and again to renew earth's struggles, and when sin after sin has been met and vanquished, it will be his joyful fate to be absorbed into and become a part of the great Buddha himself.

In every Buddhist household an altar is built for each departed friend; and on

what is known as the "Festival of Bon" and called by foreigners the "Festival of Lanterns," it is believed that the spirits of the dead return to earth. Consequently dishes of food are placed before the altars in the homes and around the graves.

Lanterns gleam before every house, and glow with a weird, sepulchral light from every tombstone in the cemetery. The nimble fingers of the artisan have been busy for some time preparing the diminutive wooden sampans (boats), some only three or four inches in length, or weaving tiny boats from rice straw, which on these nights will be freighted with dainty morsels of food, lighted with a dim candle, and sailed out upon the water with a prayer that the "ebbing tide will bear them away on its bosom, o'er the ocean wild and wide."

When the Buddhist has finished one course upon earth and it is said of him, "He is dead," his body is placed in a square fancy-roofed coffin and borne on the shoulders of coolies to its final resting-place. If poverty has been his lot, the funeral ceremonies tell it to the world



more vividly and more strikingly than did he in the daily goings and comings of his simple life, and for him are now only a few weeping friends, indifferent attentions from his priests, and a tiny mound in a neglected and obscure corner in the silent hillside city of the dead. But if he be wealthy, money will be spent with lavish hand, and friend will vie with friend to

paper, while the leaves are of a gold or silver-colored metal. These are built up to a height equal to that of the natural flowers, and follow directly behind them. Now come pyramids of evergreens similarly planted in boxes.

Approaching the coffin, we notice on its top a wreath of white paper lotus-flowers, while from baskets carried by the women



The Funeral Procession

make his funeral procession and its attendant ceremonies elaborate and attractive.

First in the procession are coolies, bearing on their shoulders flowers planted in wooden pots and arranged in pyramids, eight or ten feet in height. It is no uncommon sight to see a hundred of these at the funeral of a wealthy man. As the lotus is Japan's sacred flower, it occupies a conspicuous place in the procession. The flowers are made of white or pink

crowding near peep the same sacred flowers. Near the corpse are queer bamboo splint cages containing birds, which are liberated over the grave to carry on their wings in their upward flight the spirit of the dead to the transitory repose that awaits it.

Priests with shaven heads and dressed in flowing robes of costly brocade or embroidery escort the body to the temple, all the way chanting a low monotonous song. Friends and mourners draw near, and



after them the little two-wheeled jinrikashas line one after the other in a seemingly endless procession.

If the distance to the temple be great, one can imagine that the carrying of the pyramids of flowers will soon become wearisome, and every few minutes the procession is brought to a complete standstill, while the flowers are set down and the coolies rest. For this reason the progress

The banquet over, the fragments are gathered up and given to the poor, who crowd around the temple at this time in much the same spirit as the vulture seeks its prey.

While the feasting is in progress, the priests take charge of the body, observing a ceremony not unlike that of the Catholic Church. Under the tapers' flaring light from out the incense-laden air is heard



The Festival of Lanterns

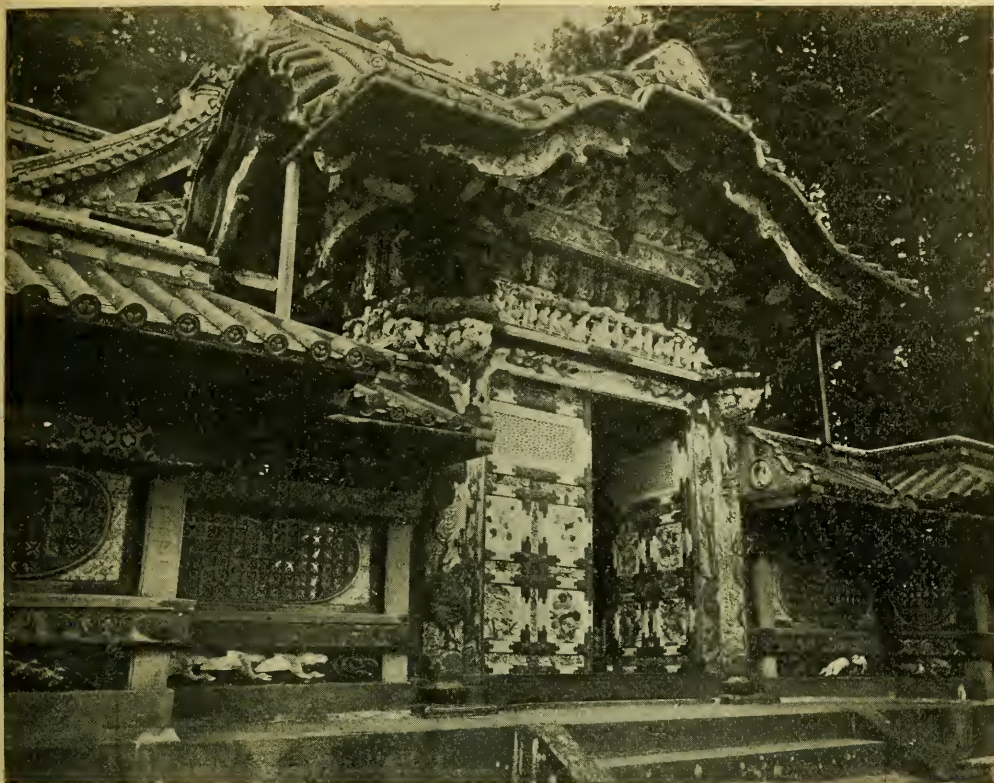
of the procession is necessarily slow, and if it be a long one, occupies several hours in passing through the streets.

When the temple is reached, the flowery burdens are all set down, and the coolies eat and drink and rest while the friends partake of the funeral banquet within the hallowed walls of the gay and gorgeous temple. *Sake* is freely imbibed, and the funeral bread eaten. This is a white glutinous mass, wrapped in thin white paper, and in appearance is similar to the blocks of pop-corn for sale at confectioners.

the chanting tones of the praying priests as they seek from the gods the boon of a restful repose for the spirit of him who lies in death's cold embrace, unheeding the voice of priest or friend, and unmindful of the pomp and splendor of his burial.

The floral offerings are left at the temple under a guard, while the body is taken to the crematory, as according to a law passed in 1874, no burials are allowed unless by special permit, without first being cremated.

Cremation followed the introduction of



Temple Entrance

Buddhism into Japan about A. D. 700, and there are now in the City of Tokio, seven crematories. They charge, first class, \$7.00; second class, \$2.50; third class, \$1.50. After this law has been complied with, the friends reassemble at the temple and proceed to the cemetery, where the ashes are buried.

Food is placed in a convenient spot, so that the spirit need not start on its journey hungry, the flowers are set around the grave, the birds regain their liberty, friend clasps hand with friend, and all is done. There is only one more grave on the hill "Lonely and spectral, and somber and still."





## THE SONG OF THE VIOLIN

[To Madame Camilla Urso]

**I** STRUCK my roots in the laughing Earth,  
 She whispered to me her secret lore;  
 My branches danced to the birds' sweet mirth  
 In the gladsome days of heretofore;  
 The sunbeams shuddered along my veins,  
 The winds caressed me with tender strains,  
 While Satyrs chaunted their joys and pains  
 To the leaping Fauns of yore.

But my thoughts still slept  
 And my voice lay dumb,—  
 Earth's knowledge I kept  
 For the years to come,—  
 I waited the human Soul, whose key  
 Should loosen the chords of melody.



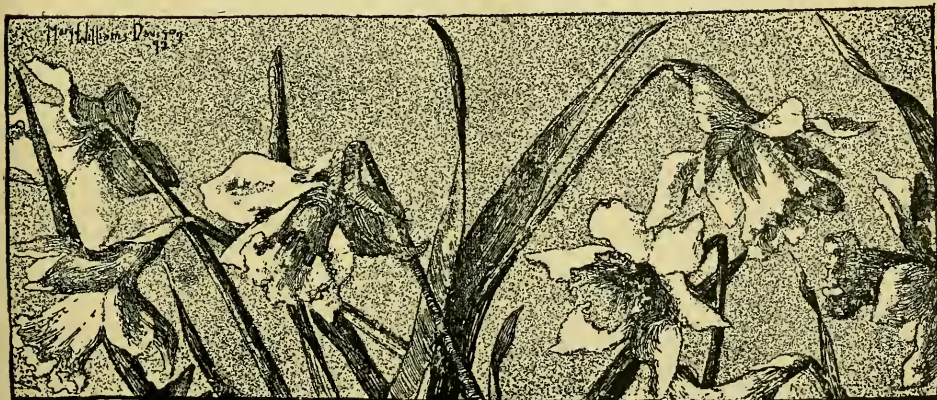
A master came with a hand of skill,  
 Who carved my heart from the woodland maze;  
 My form he fashioned to his strong will,  
 And hid a soul in my curving ways,  
 Then bid me thrill to each laughing tone,  
 Vibrate and throb with each sob or moan,  
 Sigh with the passion which leaves men prone  
 In the world's fierce noonday blaze.

But the soul slept on  
 In a tender dream;  
 Man's life swept on  
 As a raging stream.  
 I waited the human Soul, whose key  
 Should loosen the chords of melody.

Then one came by, with a mystic power,  
 And drew forth my soul to kiss her smile,  
 My heart-strings leapt in that magic hour  
 And answered her touch of gentle guile.  
 Each secret my long-locked soul had heard,  
 Each passionate plaint that near me stirred,  
 Each joy that gladdened, each woe incurred,  
 Her art had power to wile.

If I plained and wailed,  
 If I laughed and sang,  
 Men's pulses failed  
 As my heart-strings rang  
 'Neath the breath of the human Soul, whose key  
 Had loosened the chords of melody.

*A. R. Rose-Soley.*



# MISS HETTY'S CARPET

By FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD

IT MAY be a light question, this buying of a carpet, for people who flit and come with the seasons, or who indulge in fresh furnishings with every change of fashion. When you come to such a carpet as this, the carpet of a lifetime, it is a very different matter. Its texture was the subject of months of deliberation. There was a time when Miss Hetty contemplated a simple matting of the plainest and cheapest sort; but her friends, notably Miss Susan O'Rafferty, a young lady with a broad knowledge of the world and much decision of character, resolutely opposed her.

"An' where wud your mattin' be, wance Robbie Ferguson stumped across it with his crutch, or Jimmy Donovan tuk wan av his slides upon it?" demanded Susan derisively. "Ingrain or three-ply might be standin' some chance, or that new India weave that Mrs. Lorrance do be puttin' down in her sewin'-room last week. For my parrt, I'm free to confiss I'm for a good Body Brussels with fast colors that 'll not be fadin' in the sun. There's a weave that'd last ye a lifetime. The dearest's the chapest in the ind an' don't you forgit it!"

It was with much trepidation and doubt, and only after many a sharp contest with that silent mentor within, that Miss Hetty came to the Body Brussels. The mention of Robbie was not the best calculated to stimulate her wavering resolution. Robbie's pale face and wistful eyes had come between her and every piece of silver she had dropped into the little Japanese box since the old carpet yawned with holes that no further darning or patching could disguise, and no redistribution of the furniture cover.

It was an honest old carpet—"Pure wool, every thread of it," Miss Hetty assured her friends, when its day of doom could no longer be deferred. Old carpets have their associations, and there were memories attached to this great square of ragged three-ply. One of the side breadths vaunted a brilliant spot of purple, recording the bottle of ink that Jimmy Donovan

had upset while Miss Hetty patiently taught him how to form the pothooks over which his teacher had labored with him in vain. About the hearth were ragged edges, kicked out by the restless feet of the young people who gathered about the fire on winter evenings to listen to Miss Hetty's stories. Under one window was a place where the little feet of Effie Ferguson, Robbie's baby sister, had worn a threadbare spot, in the days when Miss Hetty had taken the little one to herself after the foolish young mother had deserted husband and children. There was a little grave at Lone Mountain that Miss Hetty and Robbie sometimes visited on pleasant days, but she could never bear to look long at that worn place by the window.

Yet the prevailing atmosphere of the room was one of cheer. It was a very "sizable" room, as Miss Hetty often remarked. When one attempts to eat and live and work and sleep and entertain one's friends within four walls, those walls may well fall back a little, to give breathing-space between. There were not too many breathing-spaces in Hampton Court.

Hampton Court is not, as its name might mislead some one into imagining, an aristocratic and pretentious place of residence. In its day it probably had its ambitions and its airs, but its day is long past. Miss Hetty's room was in the large, dingy old house that stood at the head of the court; a comfortable home in its time, until the city stole around it and amputated its grounds, to slice them into building-lots. Grim walls now pressed it on every side save one, where a narrow strip of earth, faithfully tended by Miss Hetty, was gay with blossoming plants and nourished the staid old English ivy that mounted to the roof and hid the sooty figures along the stuccoed cornice. On sunshiny days, when her windows were raised and the muslin curtains parted, the sweet odors of an old-fashioned garden stole into the room, cheering and brightening the day unaccountably.

The furnishings were very simple and



homely. Behind a bamboo screen, discreetly shut off from public observation, was a tiny cooking apartment with gasoline stove and compact storeroom, which might have served as a text for a small sermon upon economy in domestic arrangements, in some assemblage of progressive women, although its mistress was neither progressive nor given to attending assemblages of women. A sewing-machine, a few Windsor chairs, large and small, a solid reading-table that stood in the center of the room, a bookcase and an old claw-foot desk of polished rosewood that had belonged to the little woman's grandfather, were the most conspicuous articles of furniture.

Miss Hetty's sleeping arrangements were a mystery to all but her most intimate friends. The truth is that her folding bed shut up decorously into a bookcase by day. This ingenious invention had its virtues and its vices, albeit this latter term may seem a harsh word to apply to an inanimate structure of wood, which had had nothing at all to say in the plan of its creation. It made it necessary to rise at a very early hour, in order to get the bedding properly aired and folded away before any chance visitor should arrive. It had a hideous fashion of violently attempting to rush into hiding upon any unwary movement of its occupant, suggestive of a sudden and horrible snuffing out of the vital spark.

"But then," as Miss Hetty blithely remarked, "it was so handy to have the shelves of books within easy reach just above one's head, in case one should be sick."

Miss Hetty, it is true, had her ailments, as who has not? But as she had not once in twenty-five years seen a day when she was not able to "keep round," and as she belonged to the type of chipper, nerry little women who are popularly supposed, when their career of earthly usefulness is ended, to dry up and blow away, the utility of the folding bed, from this point of view, is to be questioned. Yet this pair of bookshelves, which saved the folding bed from utter hypocrisy, had their blessed uses, and could ill have been spared by the inhabitants of Hampton Court.

It has already been intimated that Miss Hetty did not belong to the privileged of

the earth, who calmly draw upon their bank accounts when a new carpet or any other luxury is in question. That she had riches laid up somewhere, no one acquainted with her patient, self-denying life could question, but they were not to be commanded at will by a check torn from a bank-book. To indulge in any unwonted expense not only meant that she must work harder for her small wage as a seamstress and enjoy less comfort, but that she must, for a time, forego the dearest privilege of her humble existence—the power of lifting other's burdens. She would not have minded so much if it had not been for Robbie.

Robbie Ferguson and his father lived second floor back. In San Francisco the second floor back may mean suites of sunny rooms looking out across the valley to the peaceful Mission hills, with perhaps a view of the Bay, sparkling in sunlight or shimmering in moonlight, beyond a forest of shipping. It may mean a succession of elegant apartments commanding a superb vista of the broad and beautiful channel, the rugged heights of the Marin shore, or a dazzling glimpse of the great sea shining beyond the Golden Gate. In Robbie Ferguson's case it meant only a little cheerless apartment in the rear of the house, shadowed by tall buildings that fronted on another street, and lighted by a single narrow window that inhaled the unpleasant odors ascending from other people's kitchens.

There had been a time, it was whispered throughout the house, when the Fergusons had been first floor front; but that was before the bank failed in which thrifty David Ferguson had deposited all his savings, before the foolish, weak young mother had gone astray, before the baby died, before Robbie, wayward and left to his own devices, had fallen off a heavy truck when enjoying a stolen ride, before the father, crushed by the weight of misfortune upon misfortune, had begun to drown memory in drink. With dogged Scotch persistence, David Ferguson went to work every Monday morning, labored heavily, stupidly, but faithfully, all the week, and with a persistency as dogged, on every Saturday night, having first punctiliously met his landlady's exactions, deliberately devoted that night and the next



day to squandering the remainder of his earnings.

Miss Hetty held fast to two convictions which she had never confided to any of her fellow-lodgers, and which none of them would have been likely to treat with any measure of respect. The one was that good surgical aid might bring Robbie's leg—the little, helpless, twisted limb—back into proper shape; the other was that David Ferguson might be reformed. To his neighbors Ferguson was as hopelessly degraded and besotten in character as his lad was maimed in body. Only this cheerful little optimist believed that if the father could see his boy sound and well again, with the promise of a happy, useful manhood, he might forget his disappointment and humiliation, and find his way back to his own self-respect and the esteem of his fellows.

Miss Hetty had never dared declare to herself that she would presume to step into this little human tragedy to enact the part of a Lady Bountiful who should bring healing to the child and reclaim the father; but she had studied up the records of similar surgical cases, she had ascertained the exact fee that a celebrated surgeon would probably ask, and when one day she counted up her carpet money and found that she had at last accumulated the needed sum, she was almost harsh to Robbie, who limped down the stairs and into her room for a book that she had promised him.

It was only natural that everybody in the house should take an interest in the new carpet, and that when the day for its purchase approached, Miss Hetty should be overwhelmed with well-meant advice. While her room could scarcely be considered the common gathering place of the house, as to throw open any apartment upon so liberal a plan would have been to introduce some undesirable elements, it had nevertheless, as time went by, become the center of the tangled web of life that the years wove in the crowded old tenement. Mrs. Smedley, the landlady, an austere dame of usually unbending mien, condescended to say that she hoped Miss Hetty would select a smart, stylish pattern. Mrs. Donovan, whose husband was head foreman in a foundry, and who had herself bought a new carpet six months

before, even went so far as to offer her services, as an expert by reason of this experience, in selecting the pattern; but Miss Hetty, who in passing the Donovan door had been dazzled by a glimpse of a gorgeous compound of gold and scarlet and purple and green, politely declined to tax Mrs. Donovan's time. The little Jewess who lived in the basement, with the kindly courage bred of poverty, told Miss Hetty, in confidence, of a second-hand store on Fourth Street where she might buy a tapestry but slightly worn and so bright and beautiful no one could ever tell it from Body Brussels, at less than one-half the cost of new.

Susan O'Rafferty, whose worldly education was advanced so far beyond the others that she had begun to realize there were a few things she did not know, did not attempt to force upon her friend the doubtful benefits of her own judgment in this momentous case, but she offered a piece of counsel that fairly stopped the small woman's breath:—

"If ye'll take me advice," she said, "it's the minister I'd be askin' to make a chice for me."

It was not necessary for Miss O'Rafferty, who herself belonged to the church militant, to explain to whom she referred in this instance. Miss Hetty belonged to a religious denomination entirely outside the beaten paths of orthodoxy or heterodoxy, a sect which perhaps loves and reveres The Book as few religious societies have ever done, but which expounds its teachings on a plane of high intellectual interpretation, materially differing from the ordinary reading of the Scriptures. I am not saying that it was not presumptuous in the highest degree for Miss Hetty, who it must be manifest was a person of small mental caliber, to enroll herself among this band of high philosophers. The presumption was even more reprehensible because it so happened that this especial congregation, even among those of its own creed, was regarded as extremely aristocratic and exclusive, being mainly composed of wealthy and high-bred people, who had had a chance for a healthy intellectual growth and could command the necessary leisure for philosophical thought. The fact remains that Miss Hetty when her simple Sabbath-morning duties were

over, and the bulk of the population of Hampton Court, returned from early mass, were betaking themselves to various congenial pleasures, dressed herself in her shabby best and demurely stole across the city, a veritable little religious snob, to drop unnoticed into one of the rear pews occupied by this very aristocratic congregation.

Upon one occasion, Susan O'Rafferty, possessed of more curiosity than zeal concerning Miss Hetty's religious proclivities, had asked the privilege of accompanying her, and although Miss O'Rafferty was never inclined to repeat the experience, it had been observable that she treated Miss Hetty with increased respect from that day. The beautiful interior of the church, its fastidious appointments, the rich attire of the congregation, the solemn ritual, the quiet elegance of the clergyman's vestments, his dignified bearing, and the gentle purity of his countenance, had impressed Miss Susan more than the doctrines he expounded.

"An' why wud n't you be askin' Mr. Richmond to pick out a pretty pattern for you?" she persevered. "Sure he's that foine in his tastes that whin Mis' Lorrance where I do be clanin' on a Friday this siven year, she be considerin' the buyin' av a picture to hang over the mantel in her drawin'-room, and Mr. Lorrance he thinks betther av the wan, an' the Missus she's taken wid the other, Mr. Lorrance do say, an' it's me own ears as heard it the while I was wipin' Jack Lorrance's dirty finger-marks aff the bookcase door with a bit of pneumonia in the water, an' Mr. Lorrance he says: 'Why don't ye be after askin' Mr. Richmond his opinion? It's the foineest taste he has av anybody in all San Francisco, an' whativer he says I'll abide by it,' says he. An' wid that they settles their differences, an' Mr. Richmond he picks out the paintin', and it's hangin' there this day."

"Oh, I could n't; I could n't!" replied Miss Hetty, shocked at the suggestion.

"Maybe it's only the rich people's priest he is," sniffed Susan.

Miss Hetty's cheeks flamed with indignation, and as quickly paled with resolve. The character of her beloved pastor was assailed. There was but one defense that

would have the least weight with Susan, and that was to prove by actual test, his readiness to serve rich and poor alike.

All people are egotists at heart, and the greater egotists are they who, recognizing their frailty, most sedulously conceal it. Miss Hetty, not being self-concentered, had learned neither her infirmity nor yet the high art of dissimulation. The more she thought about it, the more firmly was she convinced that her carpet was of quite as much consequence as other people's pictures.

Happily her pastor did not undertake to undeceive her. He courteously listened to her embarrassed request.

"A carpet—and for you, Miss Hetty?" he said. "I'll go with the greatest pleasure."

He pushed aside the papers on the desk before which he was sitting. "They can wait better than you," he remarked in answer to her protest.

As they walked together along the crowded streets, his face wore an expression of cheerful interest, as if the purchase were one of vital moment to him. To own the truth, he carried in his mind a very bright and shining picture of that pleasant room on the South Side, the one little oasis in a quarter where vice and poverty fought together for the possession of human souls. Only once did the small woman venture a timid apology:—

"I did n't dare decide for myself. It would be such a dreadful thing to make a mistake."

"Indeed, the choosing of a carpet is a very serious thing," returned the clergyman with gravity. "There is so much to consider. You may select something that is very pretty in itself, and when you get it down on your floor you find that it is at war with all your belongings. And the worst of it is that you cannot turn it to the wall, as you might a picture, or disguise it with a piece of drapery, as you can an offending article of furniture. It is an obstinate, appalling reality, and you are obliged to live with it and face it all the time."

His companion gave him such a bright, confiding little smile of appreciation, that the minister went on.

"It would n't in the least surprise me if much of the crime in this world could be



traced, directly or indirectly, to the influence of carpets. The effect of a pleasant, congenial home upon growing generations is indisputable, and no one inanimate item is such an important factor in the home as the carpet. A glare of inharmonious colors is confusing to the brain. I have a suspicion that the notable increase in crime during the past decade is in some degree attributable to the solemn horrors, with black grounds, that people laid in their best rooms when the craze for artistic adornment came in with a flourish of swords and a blare of trumpets. I'll tell you a secret, Miss Hetty. I don't believe that in quiet harmony and a certain something that savors of home comfort, we have ever surpassed the rag carpets of our grandmothers when a discriminating eye directed the arrangement of colors."

But they were at the doors of a great carpet warehouse, where it would never do to let such heresy be heard; and while Miss Hetty was silently speculating as to whether Mr. Donovan or Jimmy would take to suicide or to arson, the urbane salesman ushered them upstairs into a long apartment lined with shelves banked with huge rolls, which the man proceeded to take down and display.

This was a trying moment for Miss Hetty. She was vaguely aware that dull colors and low tones were considered in keeping with the prevailing artistic sentiment of the day. She confidently expected that Mr. Richmond would commend a modest pattern in dull neutral tones, and she was schooling herself to bear it. To her own untutored eye there was still a sense of cheer in the bright reds and greens and browns of the ragged old three-ply. When the floor was covered with an assortment of olives and grays and browns, and the salesman paused, as if to ask their approval, she could not resist casting an appealing look in the direction of the minister. To her relief, he was already returning a smiling negative to the shopman.

More rolls were lifted from the shelves and spread out until the floor became a confusion of color and pattern, bright colors and dull struggling for supremacy. Mr. Richmond at length stopped the man.

"Let us have these two taken apart

from the rest and laid over by the window where we can compare them," he directed.

Two rolls were separated from the rest and spread out where the light from the tall windows fell full upon them. Miss Hetty could not repress a little cry of delight.

"Which shall it be?" asked the clergyman.

One was a symphony in crimson, shading from the most vivid wine color to deepest maroon. The other was a pleasant harmony in golden browns, with a touch of dull peacock blue, shading to soft drab. The rich hues of the crimson carpet suggested the warm glow of winter evenings, when the children should gather in her room for a quiet half-hour; yet where was the rich furniture to come from, that should be in keeping with all this splendor?

"I don't know. They are both beautiful," she said gently.

"I think I should choose the brown," said Mr. Richmond meditatively. "It is n't as brilliant as the other, but you could no more tire of it than you could tire of looking at the seashore on a calm, sunny day, when the sun turns the sands to gold, and the rocks throw cool shadows on them, and the blue of the sky is reflected in every little tide-pool that the sea has left behind."

"I want it cut and matched, please. I will sew it and lay it myself," said Miss Hetty with quiet decision. "Here is the size of the room." She gave the man some figures. "How much will it take?" she asked anxiously.

"Let me see. This pattern is n't going to waste much in cutting." The man unrolled another length and twisted the strips around, bringing them side by side. Then he pulled out a note-book and made a rapid calculation.

His customer knew the result before he announced it. She had observed him closely as he matched the pattern, noted the small waste, and modified certain estimates of her own in consequence. These calculations she had repeated again and again, assisted by Susan O'Rafferty, and the two women had agreed that one must expect, in such a large room, to allow a great deal for waste in matching. This



meant a saving of several yards, a difference of two or three dollars in the purchase price.

Going out, she stopped near the elevator, where large and small squares were hanging and piled up, their soft, rich tones blended in indistinguishable designs, looking singularly faded and shopworn.

"What do you call these?" she asked doubtfully.

"These are Oriental prayer-rugs," explained the shopman. "Some of them are very old. This lot we have just received by the last China steamer."

Miss Hetty felt opulent. Should she buy this shabby old rug with its dim Oriental mystery of coloring, and redeem it to Christian uses and at the same time save her carpet, by putting it down before the fireplace, where her boys and girls always clustered?

"What is the price?" she asked.

The salesman named a sum so scandalous that Miss Hetty gasped. More than double the price of her new carpet. In her surprise and resentment, for once in her life, she was almost ill-bred.

"Such a price for that old, worn-out heathen thing!" she indignantly exclaimed.

The salesman stole an amused glance at the clergyman, which the latter returned grave and unsmiling.

Although it was early in the week when the carpet was bought, it was late on Saturday afternoon before the last breadth was sewed, with the help of Susan, and the two women began to struggle with the laying of the huge square. After repeated efforts, even Susan was discouraged.

"It is n't the weight av it so much as the disposition av it, that do be foriver in the way," was Susan's final summing up of their difficulties, as she sat down on the floor, panting heavily. "Thim papers undernayth is laid foine and rigular as shingles on a roof, but whiniver I attmpts to put this corner where it belangs, and that wan in the turn by the chimbley, they do all be pullin' this way and that way, till the floor luks loike Presidio beach at high tide."

"It's not fit work for women," said a man's deep voice, and they looked up to see David Ferguson standing in the door sur-

veying them, his dinner-pail in his hand. "I'll lend you a hand, Miss Hetty, if you'll just wait a bit till I run up to my room and wash off a little."

It was surprising how quickly the help of a man's stout hand adjusted the heavy material into its proper place and smoothed out all the wrinkles. Before sundown the last tack was driven and every piece of furniture in its proper place, and Ferguson, escaping from Susan's effusive gratitude, had departed with a frank jest and laugh so like his old boyish self that it seemed for a moment as if the years had fled backward, and he was again the cheery young fellow Miss Hetty, in her own younger days, had seen on the threshold of a worthy manhood.

All that week Hampton Court had been on the tiptoe of expectation, waiting for the coming of Saturday night, when Miss Hetty's room would again be thrown open. All that week the interest of the house had centered upon the new carpet, and many sympathetic inquiries had been made regarding it. Night closed in chill and drear, with a harsh wind blowing. On such a night it is very vexatious for a fire to refuse to burn. Miss Hetty, kneeling before the grate, stirred the smoldering coals and tried to coax them into a blaze. She could not rise when a timid rap on the door proclaimed the arrival of a somewhat unseasonable young guest.

A pleasant sight met the visitor's eyes. The soft hues of the new carpet seemed to blend into an agreeable harmony every feature of the room. The old rosewood desk, with its deep coloring, stood in rich contrast against it. The oaken bookcase carried its secret with new dignity and a better conscience. The faded frescoes on the ceiling, the heavy moldings that sprung into pretentious arches above doors and windows, forgot their scars and threw off their air of forlorn decay. The books and magazines, the bright lights and inviting chairs, spoke of home comfort. Before the fire, where Miss Hetty had thought of laying the prayer-rug, there was a strip of carpeting that had been spared from the recess where the gasoline stove stood, and the slight figure kneeling upon it, looking up with a glad smile of triumph as the flickering flame burst into a jolly blaze, might be pinched and care-

worn and faded, but it held a brave, true woman's soul.

Miss Hetty only saw David Ferguson, clean-shaven and neatly dressed, standing in the door with Robbie in his arms.

"May I come in, Miss Hetty?" he asked humbly; then as she rose to greet him with the quiet cordiality that had made welcome many a homeless man and woman and waif of the streets, he reached out his hand with something in it, saying hurriedly:—

"Let me bank with you every Saturday night, Miss Hetty. The Devil has no use for a man with empty pockets. Take care of it for Robbie."

It seemed to Miss Hetty that this was the happiest evening she had ever spent in her life; but the day of her humiliation was to come on the morrow. Sunday morning she rose and dressed herself and set off for church, the most abject in spirit of any mortal who presented herself before the throne of grace that day. The full enormity of her offense against the usages of society, the privileges of her church relationship, and the spiritual exaltation of her beloved pastor, came upon her and crushed her as she listened to his words of high inspiration in the pulpit. Oh, better far to have been content with a bare floor, than to have thus profaned her spiritual relations, and to have taken advantage of his kindly heart to degrade this lofty mind to serve her frivolous needs!

She lost her place in the ritual and felt her cheeks flame as she recalled the prayer-rug. Susan O'Rafferty, to whom she had, with some reservations, confided the incident, had assured her, with a toss of the head inspired by the consciousness of her own vast store of superior knowledge, that Mrs. Lorrance had one for a piano-cover that was so old and rare

it had a hole worn clear through it by those kneeling and salaaming haythens, and that it had cost that lady a hundred and seventy-five dollars. This piece of information had no tendency to soothe Miss Hetty's sense of humiliation.

After the services were over, it was the pleasant custom in this little church for the congregation to linger, to exchange friendly salutations with one another, and to receive a clasp of the hand or a word of kindly greeting from the man whom all loved and venerated.

Miss Hetty had hitherto shared in these Sunday greetings. To-day she waited in the edge of her pew, shrinking from the moment when an indifferent glance, a restrained speech or conventional courtesy, should tell her how she had fallen in her pastor's esteem.

Mr. Richmond advanced down the aisle, speaking kindly to those nearest him, but all the while looking off over their heads, as if for some one he was seeking. Suddenly his eye kindled; he passed a bank director with a perfunctory word; he overlooked the hand of the wealthiest woman in his congregation. With a hasty apology he evaded a dozen people who were waiting to intercept him, and making his way to where Miss Hetty stood, reached out his hand and bent over her for a confidential inquiry.

"How is the carpet?" he eagerly asked. "Is it all that you anticipated?"

Why did the plain, wistful little face grow tranquil, and her eyes take on the look of one who is permitted a glimpse of the solemn mysteries of life? Miss Hetty had unwittingly laid bare a sublime truth. To a great heart, every innocent desire of its fellows, however trivial, is a subject of tender solicitude, and its fulfillment a cause for rejoicing.





# THE LAST BATTLE OF THE CIVIL WAR

## AN HISTORICAL QUESTION

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

MANY a time have the questions been asked, and always answered incorrectly, if answered at all, "When did the Civil War end?" "Where was the last battle fought?" and similar ones on kindred lines. There are those who promiscuously associate the fall of Richmond, which occurred on the morning of April 3, 1865, its garrison having abandoned the fiery capital of the Southern Confederacy the night before; the surrender of General Lee's Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox six days later, April 9th; General Canby's brilliant battles of Spanish Fort and Blakely on the same day, and the occupation of Mobile by General Granger on the 14th of April, five days later; the final surrender of General Joe Johnston to General Sherman on April 26th (the capitulation on the 13th, near Durham Station, North Carolina, having been rejected by President Lincoln, at the request of Secretary Stanton), and many others, ranging from those events above mentioned down to a number of less noted surrenders in Texas and Arkansas in May and June.

The occupation of Richmond by Federal forces and the surrenders of Lee and Johnston and the flight and capture of the President of the Southern Confederacy marked the downfall of the rebel government and the cessation of authorized strife. But General Stoneman executed some of the best work of his career in North Carolina and General Kilpatrick was fighting General Wade Hampton in the same State after the impressive episodes mentioned. As late as April 23d the Sixth Corps and General Sheridan's Cavalry were in motion in North Carolina to prevent the escape of General Joe Johnston, and there were also expeditions in portions of East Tennessee and Western Virginia on their arms. The surrender of General Dick Taylor did not take place until the 4th of May, which was carried out in Citronelle, Alabama, ten thousand battle-scarred veterans laying down their arms.

Five days later, May 9th, Commander Farrand gave up a fleet of twelve vessels in the Tombigbee River, and on the 10th General Jones surrendered his Florida forces, eight thousand strong, to General Wilson at Tallahassee. It was also on the 10th that Mr. Davis was captured at Washington, Georgia.

In the meantime, at Shreveport, Louisiana, General Kirby Smith had announced Lee's surrender and declared that he would carry on the war to the bitter end; General Magruder carried out a like programme at Houston, Texas; and General Hardeman at Independence, General Parsons at Jacksonport, and General Jeff Thompson at St. Francis, Arkansas,—all determined to resist forever, and their troops, twenty thousand in all, unanimously declared that they would never lay down their arms, never consent to reconstruction, but, with the aid of recruits, proposed to add thirty thousand men to the armies of Kirby Smith and Magruder. But as the annals of all wars cannot possibly be reversed, these armies were surrendered on the 26th of May to General Canby by General Smith, through his chief of staff, General Buckner, and the last soldiers that bore arms against the Government were paroled on June 5, 1865, at Jacksonport, on the White River, and the gallant General Jeff Thompson, who was the first person of importance to run up a rebel flag in Missouri, was the last rebel to lay down his arms and accept parole from the United States Government.

The closing combats of the Civil War east of the Mississippi were General Wilson's battles at Columbus and West Point, Georgia, on the 16th of April, and his capture of Macon on the 21st, five days later, with twelve thousand soldiers and sixty pieces of artillery. But the final battle of all was fought on the 12th and 13th of May, 1865, at the mouth of the Rio Grande.

Colonel Branson had been sent out from



Brazos Island with a mixed command of about three hundred men from the Second Texas Cavalry (dismounted), First Missouri (colored), and the Thirty-fourth Indiana, to capture some cattle for the use of his garrison. While out he was attacked by a force of about six hundred Texas cavalry, with artillery, under Generals Slaughter and Ford. During the fight a warship arrived off the harbor with the news of the surrender of Kirby Smith, the last of the Confederate forces in the field, and consequently the end of the war. General Barrett, the commander of the garrison, ordered Colonel Branson at once to cease firing and return, which was immediately impossible on account of the pressure of a superior force, though the Federals retired, fighting, toward the island. General Barrett, perceiving how things were, went to Branson's rescue on the 13th with a small re-enforcement, and the fight back to the island occupied all that day. Near sunset, as General Barrett was crossing the ferry with the main body, the attack was renewed upon the rear guard, in command of Captain Coffin. In a short half-hour the enemy were repulsed—and thus ended the final battle of the Rebellion—and the Civil War was over, sure.

Yet, judicially, the war did not end with this closing event nor with the parole of Jeff Thompson, whose was the last glittering hostile blade to be metaphorically transformed into a pruning-hook. Indeed, more than a year passed after the final Confederate disbandment before the "cruel war was over," so that, legally, the Rebellion was a five years' war (and more) instead of a four years' conflict, although actual hostilities commenced at Sumter on April 12, 1861, and terminated at the mouth of the Rio Grande on May 12 and 13, 1865,—four years and one month, to be precise.

To be sure, after the downfall of the Richmond government and the surrenders of Johnston and Lee, the Southern States acted independently of each other, and a process of military occupation and political reconstruction was undertaken in each of them. In a war between two nations a treaty of peace often furnishes the historical date for the conclusion of hostilities;

but there was no treaty-making power at the South. By degrees Congressional legislation began to refer to the war as a thing of the past, in such phrases as "the late insurrection"; yet, as has been previously stated, more than a year passed after the last Confederate troops disbanded before the formal official announcement that this insurrection was over. At length such a proclamation was made by President Johnson, and thereafter the judicial tribunals fixed upon that announcement as the true legal date of the end of the war. Thus the Adjutant-General's office, in a letter to General Carleton, of February 24, 1883, uses this expression:—

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the War of the Rebellion closed on August 20, 1866, the date on which the President issued his proclamation declaring the insurrection at an end.

And since then Secretary Lincoln, referring to the same subject, reminded the Senate Committee on Military Affairs that "the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of the *Protector* (12 Wall. 700), held that the war ended in all the United States, except Texas, on April 2, 1866, and in Texas on August 20, 1866."

Regarding the first gun fired and by whom there has been less perplexity in locating points and personages. The first hostile shot was not at Fort Sumter, however, but at a supply steamer in Charleston harbor. The steamship *Star of the West*, Captain McGowan, had left New York on the night of January 5, 1861, with two hundred and fifty artillerymen and marines, and vast quantities of stores and ammunition, and at half-past seven in the morning of January 9th, was signaled at the entrance of Charleston harbor. As she made her way toward Fort Sumter a shot was fired across her bow from a battery on Morris's Island, when she displayed the United States flag, and was repeatedly fired into from Morris's Island and Fort Moultrie. Her course was then altered, and she again put to sea. Guns were run out at Fort Sumter, but none were fired. At eleven o'clock Major Anderson sent a flag with a communication to Governor

Pickens to inquire if this act had the sanction of the State government, and was informed that it had, all of which was reported by Major Anderson to Washington. The attack on Sumter was made three months later, early in the morning of April 12th, and the first missile discharged at the fortification was a shell from a ten-inch mortar in Fort Johnson, by Lieutenant Wade Hampton Gibbes, of Columbia, who had graduated from West Point in the class of 1860. The first shell was thrown in the air at half-past four, obedient to the orders of General Beauregard, the commander. This was for a signal, and in five seconds afterward two shells from the battery of ten-inch mortars were thrown at Sumter, one of which fell inside the fort. To Captain George F. James, who commanded the battery, has this honor been generally given, and by many to Hon. Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, who, at the age of seventy-four, had gone to Charleston for the purpose of firing the first gun at his Government's flag and

defenses. And the silly old Secessionist was permitted to have the first shot, but it was from a six-pounder of as great age and respectability as the venerable Virginian himself, and did no harm that was recorded. To Captain James belongs the technical or official credit, because he commanded the battery. But Gibbes fired the first shot at the fort, and a corporal named Welch fired the shell into the air. James and Welch were afterward killed, and Gibbes was severely wounded at Petersburg, surrendered with Lee at Appomattox, and was Postmaster of Columbia, South Carolina, under President Cleveland. A tremendous storm of shot and shell was kept up from Forts Moultrie and Johnson, Sullivan's Island, and from the batteries on Morris's Island, and at five minutes past 1 P. M. on the 13th the United States flag was lowered. Sumter had fallen,—the first gun had been fired against the Union, the first battle had been fought, and had been won by the Confederates.

## THROUGH THE DARK

LAST night they laid me in my winding-sheet,  
 Set burning tapers at my feet and head,  
 Decked me with blossoms wan and sickly-sweet,  
 And told each other softly, "She is dead."

Ay, dumb and dead! Enshrouded, cold, and stark,  
 I lay where waned the tawny tapers dim,—  
 Pulseless and pale; yet through the dreadful dark  
 I lived in thoughts of him.

The morning came. One who had loved me bent  
 Above my face with tears and bated breath;  
 Laid on my quiet heart a rose that *he* had sent,—  
 And I—was glad of death!

*Leigh Gordon Giltner.*

# THE WHITE SILENCE

## ANOTHER STORY OF MALEMUTE KID

By JACK LONDON

"CARMEN won't last more than a couple of days." Mason spat out a chunk of ice and surveyed the poor animal ruefully, then put her foot in his mouth and proceeded to bite out the ice which clustered cruelly between the toes.

"I never saw a dog with a highfalutin name that ever was worth a rap," he said, as he concluded his task and shoved her aside. "They just fade away and die under the responsibility. Did ye ever see one go wrong with a sensible name like Cassiar, Siwash, or Husky? No, sir! Take a look at Shookum here, he's——"

Snap! The lean brute flashed up, the white teeth just missing Mason's throat.

"Ye will, will ye?" A shrewd clout behind the ear with the butt of the dog-whip stretched the animal in the snow, quivering softly, a yellow slaver dripping from its fangs.

"As I was saying, just look at Shookum, here—he 's got the spirit. Bet ye he eats Carmen before the week's out."

"I'll bank another proposition against that," replied Malemute Kid, reversing the frozen bread placed before the fire to thaw. "We'll eat Shookum before the trip is over. What d'ye say, Ruth?"

The Indian woman settled the coffee with a piece of ice, glanced from Malemute Kid to her husband, then at the dogs, but vouchsafed no reply. It was such a palpable truism that none was necessary. Two hundred miles of unbroken trail in prospect, with a scant six days' grub for themselves and none for the dogs, could admit no other alternative. The two men and the woman grouped about the fire and began their meager meal. The dogs lay in their harnesses, for it was a mid-day halt, and watched each mouthful enviously.

"No more lunches after to-day," said Malemute Kid. "And we've got to keep a close eye on the dogs,—they're getting vicious. They'd just as soon pull a fellow down as not, if they get a chance."

"And I was president of an Epworth

once, and taught in the Sunday-school." Having irrelevantly delivered himself of this, Mason fell into a dreamy contemplation of his steaming moccasins, but was aroused by Ruth filling his cup. "Thank God, we've got slathers of tea! I've seen it growing, down in Tennessee. What would n't I give for a hot corn pone just now! Never mind, Ruth; you won't starve much longer, nor wear moccasins either."

The woman threw off her gloom at this, and in her eyes welled up a great love for her white lord,—the first white man she had ever seen,—the first man whom she had known to treat a woman as something better than a mere animal or beast of burden.

"Yes, Ruth," continued her husband, having recourse to the macaronic jargon in which it was alone possible for them to understand each other, and which it is impossible to reproduce; "wait till we clean up and pull for the Outside. We'll take the White Man's canoe and go to the Salt Water. Yes, bad water, rough water,—great mountains dance up and down all the time. And so big, so far, so far away,—you travel ten sleep, twenty sleep, forty sleep," (he graphically enumerated the days on his fingers,) "all the time water, bad water. Then you come to great village, plenty people, just the same mosquitoes next summer. Wigwams oh, so high,—ten, twenty pines. Hi-yu skookum!"

He paused impotently, cast an appealing glance at Malemute Kid, then laboriously placed the twenty pines, end on end, by sign language. Malemute Kid smiled with cheery cynicism; but Ruth's eyes were wide with wonder, and with pleasure; for she half believed he was joking, and such condescensions pleased her poor woman's heart.

"And then you step into a—a box, and pouf! up you go." He tossed his empty cup in the air by way of illustration, and as he deftly caught it, cried: "And biff! down you come. Oh, great medicine-men!



You go Fort Yukon, I go Arctic City,—twenty-five sleep,—big string, all the time.—I catch him string,—I say, 'Hello Ruth! How are ye?'—and you say, 'Is that my good husband?'—and I say 'Yes,'—and you say, 'No can bake good bread, no more soda,'—then I say, 'Look in cache, under flour; good-by.' You look and catch plenty soda. All the time you Fort Yukon, me Arctic City. Hi-yi medicine-man!"

Ruth smiled so ingenuously at the fairy story, that both men burst into laughter. A row among the dogs cut short the wonders of the Outside, and by the time the snarling combatants were separated, she had lashed the sleds and all was ready for the trail.

"Mush! Baldy! Hi! Mush on!" Mason worked his whip smartly, and as the dogs whined low in the traces, broke out the sled with the gee-pole. Ruth followed with the second team, leaving Malemute Kid, who had helped her start, to bring up the rear. Strong man, noble brute that he was, capable of felling an ox at a blow, he could not bear to beat the poor animals, but humored them as a dog-driver rarely does,—nay, almost wept with them in their misery.

"Come, mush on there, you poor sore-footed brutes," he murmured, after several ineffectual attempts to start the load. But his patience was at last rewarded, and though whimpering with pain, they hastened to join their fellows.

No more conversation; the toil of the trail will not permit such extravagance. And of all deadening labors, that of the Northland trail is the worst. Happy is the man who can weather a day's travel at the price of silence, and that on a beaten track.

And of all heart-breaking labors, that of breaking trail is the worst. At every step the great webbed shoe sinks till the snow is level with the knee. Then up, straight up, the deviation of a fraction of an inch being a certain precursor of disaster, the snow-shoe must be lifted till the surface is cleared; then forward, down, and the other foot is raised perpendicularly for the matter of half a yard. He who tries this for the first time, if haply

he avoids bringing his shoes in dangerous propinquity and measures not his length on the treacherous footing, will give up exhausted at the end of a hundred yards; he who can keep out of the way of the dogs for a whole day may well crawl into his sleeping-bag with a clear conscience, and a pride which passeth all understanding; and he who travels twenty sleeps on the Long Trail is a man whom the gods may envy.

The afternoon wore on, and with the awe, born of the White Silence, the voiceless travelers bent to their work. Nature has many tricks wherewith she convinces man of his finity,—the ceaseless flow of the tides, the fury of the storm, the shock of the earthquake, the long roll of heaven's artillery,—but the most tremendous, the most stupefying of all, is the passive phase of the White Silence. All movement ceases, the sky clears, the heavens are as brass; the slightest whisper seems sacrilege, and man becomes timid, affrighted at the sound of his own voice. Sole speck of life journeying across the ghostly wastes of a dead world, he trembles at his audacity, realizes that his is a maggot's life, nothing more. Strange thoughts arise unsummoned, and the mystery of all things strives for utterance. And the fear of death, of God, of the universe, comes over him,—the hope of the Resurrection and the Life, the yearning for immortality, the vain striving of the imprisoned essence,—it is then, if ever, man walks alone with God.

So wore the day away. The river took a great bend, and Mason headed his team for the cut-off across the narrow neck of land. But the dogs balked at the high bank. Again and again, though Ruth and Malemute Kid were shoving on the sled, they slipped back. Then came the concerted effort. The miserable creatures, weak from hunger, exerted their last strength. Up—up—the sled poised on the top of the bank; but the leader swung the string of dogs behind him to the right, fouling Mason's snow-shoes. The result was grievous. Mason was whipped off his feet; one of the dogs fell in the traces; and the sled toppled back, dragging everything to the bottom again.

Slash! the whip fell among the dogs

cruelly, especially upon the one which had fallen.

"Don't, Mason," entreated Malemute Kid; "the poor devil's on its last legs. Wait and we'll put my team on."

Mason deliberately withheld the whip till the last word had fallen, then out flashed the long lash, completely curling about the offending creature's body. Carmen,—for it was Carmen,—cowered in the snow, cried piteously, then rolled over on her side.

It was a tragic moment, a pitiful incident of the trail,—a dying dog, two comrades in anger. Ruth glanced solicitously from man to man. But Malemute Kid restrained himself, though there was a world of reproach in his eyes, and bending over the dog, cut the traces. No word was spoken. The teams were double-spanned and the difficulty overcome; the sleds were under way again, the dying dog dragging herself along in the rear. As long as an animal can travel, it is not shot, and this last chance is accorded it,—the crawling into camp, if it can, in the hope of a moose being killed.

Already penitent for his angry action, but too stubborn to make amends, Mason toiled on at the head of the cavalcade, little dreaming that danger hovered in the air. The timber clustered thick in the sheltered bottom, and through this they threaded their way. Fifty feet or more from the trail towered a lofty pine. For generations it had stood there, and for generations destiny had had this one end in view,—perhaps the same had been decreed of Mason.

He stooped to fasten the loosened thong of his moccasin. The sleds came to a halt and the dogs lay down in the snow without a whimper. The stillness was weird; not a breath rustled the frost-encrusted forest; the cold and silence of outer space had chilled the heart and smote the trembling lips of nature. A sigh pulsed through the air,—they did not seem to actually hear it, but rather felt it, like the premonition of movement in a motionless void. Then the great tree, burdened with its weight of years and snow, played its last part in the tragedy of life. He heard the warning crash and attempted to spring up, but almost erect, caught the blow squarely on the shoulder.

The sudden danger, the quick death,—how often had Malemute Kid faced it! The pine needles were still quivering as he gave his commands and sprang into action. Nor did the Indian girl faint or raise her voice in idle wailing, as would many of her white sisters. At his order, she threw her weight on the end of a quickly extemporized handspike, easing the pressure and listening to her husband's groans, while Malemute Kid attacked the tree with his ax. The steel rang merrily as it bit into the frozen trunk, each stroke being accompanied by a forced, audible respiration, the "Huh!" "Huh!" of the woodsman.

At last the Kid laid the pitiable thing that was once a man in the snow. But worse than his comrade's pain, was the dumb anguish in the woman's face, the blended look of hopeful, hopeless query. Little was said; those of the Northland are early taught the futility of words and the inestimable value of deeds. With the temperature at sixty-five below zero, a man cannot lie many minutes in the snow and live. So the sled-lashings were cut, and the sufferer, rolled in furs, laid on a couch of boughs. Before him roared a fire, built of the very wood which wrought the mishap. Behind and partially over him was stretched the primitive fly,—a piece of canvas, which caught the radiating heat and threw it back and down upon him,—a trick which men may know who study physics at the fount.

And men who have shared their bed with death know when the call is sounded. Mason was terribly crushed. The most cursory examination revealed it. His right arm, leg, and back, were broken; his limbs were paralyzed from the hips; and the likelihood of internal injuries was large. An occasional moan was his only sign of life.

No hope; nothing to be done. The pitiless night crept slowly by,—Ruth's portion, the despairing stoicism of her race, and Malemute Kid adding new lines to his face of bronze. In fact, Mason suffered least of all, for he spent his time in Eastern Tennessee, in the Great Smoky Mountains, living over the scenes of his childhood. And most pathetic was the melody of his long-forgotten Southern vernacular, as he raved of swimming-holes and coon-



hunts and watermelon raids. It was as Greek to Ruth, but the Kid understood and felt,—felt as only one can feel who has been shut out for years from all that civilization means.

Morning brought consciousness to the stricken man, and Malemute Kid bent closer to catch his whispers.

"You remember when we foregathered on the Tanana, four years come next ice-run? I did n't care so much for her then. It was more like she was pretty, and there was a smack of excitement about it, I think. But d'ye know, I've come to think a heap of her. She's been a good wife to me, always at my shoulder in the pinch. And when it comes to trading, you know there is n't her equal. D'ye recollect the time she shot the Moosehorn Rapids to pull you and me off that rock, the bullets whipping the water like hailstones?—and the time of the famine at Nuklukyeto?—or when she raced the ice-run to bring the news? Yes, she's been a good wife to me, better 'n that other one. Did n't know I'd been there? Never told you, eh? Well, I tried it once, down in the States. That's why I'm here. Been raised together, too. I came away to give her a chance for divorce. She got it.

"But that's got nothing to do with Ruth. I had thought of cleaning up and pulling for the Outside next year,—her and I,—but it's too late. Don't send her back to her people, Kid. It's beastly hard for a woman to go back. Think of it!—nearly four years on our bacon and beans and flour and dried fruit, and then to go back to her fish and cariboo. It's not good for her to have tried our ways, to come to know they're better 'n her people's, and then return to them. Take care of her, Kid,—why don't you,—but no, you always fought shy of them,—and you never told me why you came to this country. Be kind to her, and send her back to the States as soon as you can. But fix it so as she can come back,—liable to get homesick, you know.

"And the youngster—it's drawn us closer, Kid. I only hope it is a boy. Think of it!—flesh of my flesh, Kid. He must n't stop in this country. And if it's a girl, why she can't. Sell my furs; they'll fetch at least five thousand, and

I've got as much more with the company. And handle my interests with yours. I think that bench claim will show up. See that he gets a good schooling; and Kid, above all, don't let him come back. This country was not made for white men.

"I'm a gone man, Kid. Three or four sleeps at the best. You've got to go on. You must go on! Remember, it's my wife, it's my boy,—O God! I hope it's a boy! You can't stay by me,—and I charge you, a dying man, that you pull on."

"Give me three days," pleaded Malemute Kid. "You may change for the better; something may turn up."

"No."

"Just three days."

"You must pull on."

"Two days."

"It's my wife and my boy, Kid. You would not ask it."

"One day."

"No, no! I charge—"

"Only one day. We can shave it through on the grub, and I might knock over a moose."

"No,—all right; one day, but not a minute more. And Kid, don't—don't leave me to face it alone. Do as you would ask of me. Just a shot, one pull on the trigger. You understand. Think of it! Think of it! Flesh of my flesh, and I'll never live to see him!

"Send Ruth here. I want to say good-by and tell her that she must think of the boy and not wait till I'm dead. She might refuse to go with you if I did n't. Good-by, old man; good-by.

"Kid! I say—a—sink a hole above the pup, next to the slide. I panned out forty cents on my shovel there.

"And Kid," he stooped lower to catch the last faint words, the dying man's surrender of his pride. "I'm sorry—for—you know—Carmen."

Leaving the girl crying softly over her man, Malemute Kid slipped into his parka and snow-shoes, tucked his rifle under his arm, and crept away into the forest. He was no tyro in the stern sorrows of the Northland, but never had he faced so stiff a problem as this. In the abstract, it was a plain, mathematical proposition,—three possible lives as against one doomed one. But now he hesitated. For five years,



shoulder to shoulder, on the rivers and trails, in the camps and mines, facing death by field and flood and famine, had they knitted the bonds of their comradeship. So close was the tie, that he had often been conscious of a vague jealousy of Ruth, from the first time she had come between. And now the severance must be hastened by his own hand.

Though he prayed for a moose, just one moose, all game seemed to have deserted the land, and nightfall found the exhausted man crawling into camp, light-handed, heavy-hearted. An uproar from the dogs and shrill cries from Ruth hastened him.

Bursting into the camp, he saw the girl in the midst of the snarling pack, laying about her with an ax. The dogs had broken the iron rule of their masters and were rushing the grub. He joined the issue with his rifle reversed, and the hoary game of natural selection was played with all the ruthlessness of its primeval environment. Rifle and ax went up and down, hit or missed with monotonous regularity; lithe bodies flashed, with wild eyes and dripping fangs; and man and beast fought for supremacy to the bitterest conclusion. Then the beaten brutes crept to the edge of the firelight, licking their wounds, voicing their misery to the stars.

The whole stock of dried salmon had been devoured, and perhaps five pounds of flour remained to tide them over two hundred miles of wilderness. Ruth returned to her husband, while Malemute Kid cut up the warm body of one of the dogs, the skull of which had been crushed by the ax. Every portion was carefully put away, save the hide and offal, cast to his fellows of the moment before.

Morning brought fresh trouble. The animals were turning on each other. Carmen, who still clung to her slender thread of life, was downed by the pack. The lash fell among them unheeded. They cringed and cried under the blows, but refused to scatter till the last wretched bit had disappeared,—bones, hide, hair, everything.

Malemute Kid went about his work, listening to Mason, who was back in Tennessee, delivering tangled discourses and wild exhortations to his brethren of other days.

Taking advantage of neighboring pines,

he worked rapidly, and Ruth watched him make a cache similar to those sometimes used by hunters to preserve their meat from the wolverines and dogs. One after the other, he bent the tops of two small pines toward each other and nearly to the ground, making them fast with thongs of moose-hide. Then he beat the dogs into submission and harnessed them to two of the sleds, loading the same with everything but the furs which enveloped Mason. These he wrapped and lashed tightly about him, fastening either end of the robes to the bent pines. A single stroke of his hunting-knife would release them and send the body high in the air.

Ruth had received her husband's last wishes and made no struggle. Poor girl! she had learned the lesson of obedience well. From a child, she had bowed and seen all women bow to the lords of creation, and it did not seem in the nature of things for woman to resist. The Kid permitted her one outburst of grief, as she kissed her husband,—her own people had no such custom,—then led her to the foremost sled and helped her into her snowshoes. Blindly, instinctively, she took the gee-pole and whip, and "mushed" the dogs out on the trail. Then he returned to Mason, who had fallen into a coma; and long after she was out of sight, he crouched by the fire, waiting, hoping, praying for his comrade to die.

It is not pleasant to be alone with painful thoughts in the White Silence. The silence of gloom is merciful, shrouding one as with protection and breathing a thousand intangible sympathies; but the bright White Silence, clear and cold, under steely skies, is pitiless.

An hour passed,—two hours,—but the man would not die. At high noon, the sun, without raising its rim above the southern horizon, threw a suggestion of fire athwart the heavens, then quickly drew it back. Malemute Kid roused and dragged himself to his comrade's side. He cast one glance about him. The White Silence seemed to sneer, and a great fear came upon him. There was a sharp report; Mason swung into his aerial sepulcher; and Malemute Kid, sole speck of life, lashed the dogs into a wild gallop as he fled across the snow.

# EVOLUTION OF SHIPPING AND SHIPBUILDING IN CALIFORNIA—IV<sup>1</sup>

## THE WORK OF CAPTAIN PATRICK HENRY TIERNAN

By E. M. NORTH

THE early part of Captain Patrick Henry Tiernan's life was spent in Clayton, Jefferson County, New York. As a boy, he was very fond of out-of-door life, and the lake shore possessed great attraction for him. It was his close proximity to the St. Lawrence River, where the shadows of the Thousand Islands, with their lovely inlets and wooded slopes, that warmed the dormant enthusiasm of the lad into an ambition strong enough to color all his future, and that turned his mind and attention toward the business which in after life he so successfully followed.

The northern part of New York had always been known as a very patriotic section of the country, and young Tiernan had often heard of the "Embargo Act" of 1807, in which the departure of any merchant vessel from American ports had been forbidden. He had heard how war was declared on June 18, 1812, and that in order to fight the invading British war-vessels that could easily pass from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence, through to Lake Ontario, and harass the lake shore of New York, Congress ordered a fleet of vessels to be built at Sackett's Harbor in an incredibly short time. One of these vessels was never finished, and stood for many years, upon the stocks, housed over, the admiration and incentive of every boy in the neighborhood. Mr. Tiernan was never tired of looking at this reminder of old-time patriotism, and he knew by heart the history of that noble shipbuilder, Henry Eckford, who, born in Scotland in 1775, was trained in his business on American soil. He began business for himself in New York, in 1796, and among other vessels he built, was the *Robert Fulton*, in which in 1822 he made the first successful trip in a craft of that kind, to New Orleans and Havana. In Septem-

ber, 1812, Captain Chauncey sent Henry Eckford and forty ship carpenters to Sackett's Harbor, and very soon a respectable little American fleet was afloat on the lake. Mr. Tiernan was never happier than when some old Revolutionary pensioner would tell how these vessels were constructed out of the virgin forest. The trees were cut down, whipsawn into logs, frames, knees, and timbers, stanch and true, for the building of these "ships of State," and his boyish soul was fired with patriotic ardor, when he was told that the old *Mohawk*, that did such fearful damage to the enemy with her forty-four guns, was built from out the forest in thirty-four days, and other vessels in but little longer time. Hearing of and seeing the results of these noble achievements of the early part of our country's history only served to stimulate his determination to learn the business of shipbuilding, so he served a regular apprenticeship in Captain John Oades' shipyard, and while there worked on many vessels afterward well known in the maritime world. After working as journeyman for a year or two in the same yard, he left Clayton for Chicago. At that time Chicago was not the great railroad center that she now is, nor was it an easy place to reach; but with his tools and his trade, a stout heart, willing hands, and a steady brain, he boarded one of the lake boats, steamed up Lake Ontario, through the Welland Canal, into Lake Erie, out the St. Croix River into Lake Huron, thence through the Straits of Mackinac, into Lake Michigan, and finally landed at Chicago with considerable respect for lake traveling, and "Chicago intercommunication."

He came through on a propeller called the *Genessee Chief*, built by George Steers, of New York. She was a low-pressure boat, and made good time on her long trip from Ogdensburg to Chicago.

<sup>1</sup> See OVERLAND, Vol. XXV, pages 5, 122, 285.



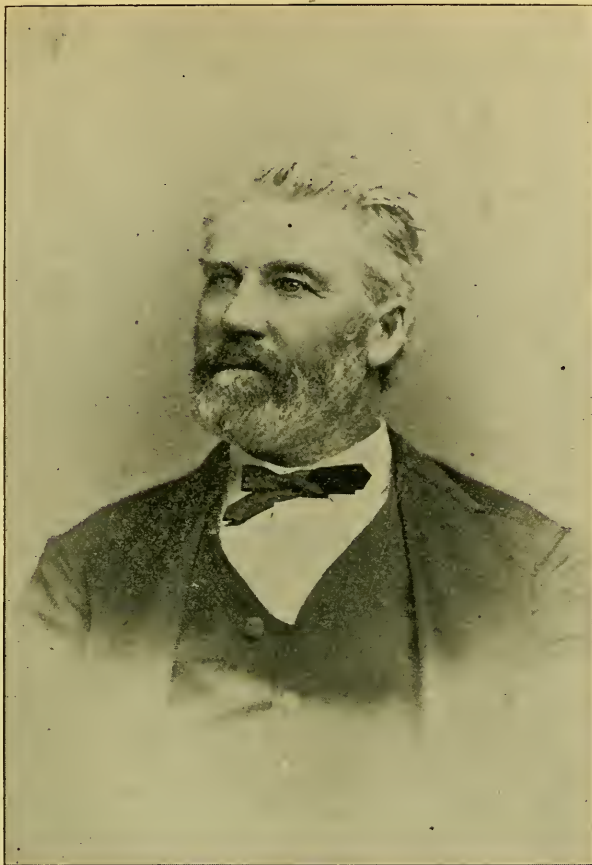
Tiring of the Windy City, Mr. Tiernan left there and went to St. Louis, where he worked on a ship intended for the then "new" Californian trade. Captain Lupton, of New York, was the builder. The yard was situated on the bank of the river, and on an incline. The vessel neared completion, when it began to rain, and it poured as though the heavens had opened, so that the carpenters actually had to put on rock ballast and anchor her to land, to prevent her from floating off the stocks into the Mississippi River before she was planked. But at last she was finished, launched and sent off on her long journey, but never came nearer California than Acapulco, where she was condemned, and afterward used as a coal-hulk. Mr. Tiernan now returned to Chicago, where he built a steamer for Lake Winnebago. She was a high-pressure boat called the *Peytonia*, and was intended for the Fox River trade between Oshkosh and Fond du Lac. He then built, in 1850, at Fort Howard, Wisconsin, a side-wheel steamer 100 feet long, 110 feet over all; beam, 18 feet—over all, 30 feet; hold, 4 feet. She was called the *Pioneer*, and was the first steamer built at Fort Howard. She, too, was intended for the Fox River trade, and her owner was Captain U. H. Peak, a member of the Wisconsin Legislature. Mr. Tiernan then went to Neewa, on Lake Winnebago, and there he built a side-wheel, high-pressure boat, called the *Jenny Lind*. She was 124 feet over all, 20 feet beam, and 4 feet depth of hold. The machinery for this boat was built in Chicago, and hauled ten miles by ox-teams through the woods, then put on a lighter, and lowered through the rapids of the Fox River, from the site of the now flourishing city of Appleton (then boasting but one house, which was postoffice, hotel, and blacksmith shop, all in one) to the town of Neewa, where the boat was built. This was Mr. Tiernan's first venture, in which he owned a quarter. After the boat was afloat, Captain Tiernan took command of her, brought her up Fox River (which had just then been opened to navigation by the United States Government), through the "Locks," down the Wisconsin into the Mississippi, and laid her up for a time at Galena. Here he fitted her up for a ferry-boat to run between Galena and

Dubuque. One of the trips of the *Jenny Lind* was a memorable one, and full of excitement. Captain Tiernan took her up the St. Peter's River, under a charter with a French firm, whose headquarters was at St. Paul's, the head of navigation, and who were agents for the Hudson's Bay Company. He was sent up for a load of furs, about 140 tons, and they were delivered by a band of Indians, who were led by a couple of white men. The valuable furs were packed inside old skins, for protection, each package weighing about one hundred pounds, and they had been brought hundreds of miles through the trackless forests on wooden wagons, with wooden wheels, in which not a piece of iron had been used. When they came to a river which they would have to cross, the Indians would harness ponies and cows to the wagons, and splash or swim their way across, the fine furs getting no damage, because of their having been packed so carefully. The stopping-place was at the head of navigation, at a place called Blue Earth, and it being the dry summer season, there was not much water in the river. One time the boat struck the bottom and grounded. They tried to pull her off, but it was no go; so they looked around for a convenient tree on the bank astern. Stretching a hawser from this tree to another on the opposite side (or failing the tree, a stake driven into the bank), they hauled the hawser taut; several trees with heavy branches were cut down, the butts set, pointing down the river, upon the hawser, while the branches pointed up stream, and gradually imbedded themselves in the sand. In a little while the "rip-rap" was finished. Another turn on the hawser, and the water was raised enough to float the boat, when away trees, branches, sand and boat would rush down stream. This experience was repeated twice, and in addition, they had to "tie-up" to the river's bank, every time they needed fuel, in order to cut wood.

She was the first steamboat to run on the Fox River, and they had to stop every little while on the trip to cut down trees, break down bridges, and to almost dig a channel.

On this trip they had four French *voyageurs* with their families on board. These people had never seen a steamboat, and





Captain P. H. Tiernan

they thought it almost an invention of the Evil One. After steaming day after day, it was found out that they did not know the name of the place they were going to, and all the Captain could get out of them was, "Next bend,—next bend."

Finally, after several days' traveling, a landmark known only to themselves was sighted, and the passengers were landed in what was apparently a trackless wilderness, but which to them was home, and they seemed perfectly assured of their position. On the return trip, the *Jenny Lind* came down to St. Paul on the Mississippi, expecting to get towing to do, but in this they were disappointed. So, as both business and water was in a low condition, the boat was again laid up at Galena. Later she was sold to a Rock Island company, where she was used to tow rafts on

Lake Pepin, where the famous "Lovers' Leap," so well known in Indian legend, is to be seen. Captain Tiernan now returned to Green Bay, where his people lived, to bid them good-by, as he had finally made up his mind to go to California. So in October, 1852, he went on to New York, stayed there about three weeks, looking up the new points in his business, and then left for California on the steamer *Star of the West*, belonging to Commodore Vanderbilt, the very same vessel that was afterward placed at the country's service during the Civil War, and that went down off Fort Sumter. James King, now living near Haywards on a ranch, was chief engineer of her on her trip to San Juan. His son is now chief on the tug *Millen Griffith*. From San Juan del Sud, Captain Tiernan came up the coast on the

well-known steamer of that day, the *S. S. Lewis*. She was fitted up with what was called "geared machinery," and was familiarly called the "Old Grist-Mill." The *Lewis* arrived off the harbor, January 1, 1853, in the evening. It was thick and foggy—so much so, that the pilot not wishing to take the risk of crossing the bar under such circumstances, dropped anchor outside the Heads.

On the morning of the 2d, the fog having lifted a little, the anchor was weighed, but she drifted off toward the shore. The pilot feared he would have to beach her, and about five in the afternoon they found she was making water so fast that it soon put out the fires. In the mean time a boat had been sent ashore with a messenger to confer with the owners, and they, after making the necessary arrangements, sent out the powerful tug *Goliah* to the relief of the *Lewis*. Her welcome whistle cheered every heart, but she stood off and on, and would not take the tow until the question as to salvage had been settled. Captain Wright, familiarly known as "Bully Wright," the owner of the *Goliah*, was a keen business man, who did not propose to lose a good stroke of business by being in a hurry. Finally, all propositions acceded to, he clapped on the hawser about sundown, took the *Lewis* in tow, and soon anchored her near what was then known as the "Lagoon," or "Washerwoman's Bay." The *Goliah* took the passengers off, and landed them in the city that evening. Mr. Bryant, late Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Superintendent was chief engineer. The *Goliah* was built in New York, somewhere about 1846, and came out to California in the early '50s. She was owned by Captain Wright, and was a side-wheel boat, used as a towboat on the bay. The *Goliah* was afterward docked at Mare Island, under Mr. Lockwood's supervision, and forty feet added to her original length, so as to turn her into a passenger boat to run outside, and also to increase her carrying capacity. She was used for a year or two on the coast, when she passed into the hands of Captain Brown, of New York, and James Donohue, of this city. She was put in the passenger trade between San Francisco and Sacramento, when she was bought off by the California Steam Navigation Company, and not be-

ing a serviceable boat for the river, she was hauled out on the ways at Steamboat Point, opposite "Old Weldon the watchman's house," April 6, 1863, and under Captain Tiernan's able supervision, thirty feet was taken out of her, shoved on one side, her bow and stern set together one foot apart, to allow all the refuse and chips to be thrown out, and in a few weeks she was again fit for service, now being eleven feet longer than her original length. Again the old giant was placed in the towboat service, and many a story could be told of her many years of heavy work and narrow escapes from wreck. She is still in service on the Sound in the interests of Captain Talbot. Captain Tiernan now started to make a reputation for himself on this Western Coast. About 1856 he built for Captains Lubbock and Brooks, the side-wheel steamer *Paul Pry*, to run on the Bay. Her keel was laid at the foot of Third Street, and she was launched with steam up. As she entered the water, the Captain rang the bells to back her. Jingle went the bells to stop, to go ahead straight for Pacific Street wharf. Boat and engines worked to a charm, and she was ready for business. Who of our old-timers can not remember the wooden figurehead of "Paul Pry," with his umbrella under his arm, his stovepipe hat, and his striped breeches, as set up near the pilot-house, and the long red pennant, with its bright legend, "Paul Pry"? Her length was 157 feet over all; beam, 29 feet; hold, 9 feet.

The stern-wheel steamer *Peytonia* was built at the foot of Third Street, in 1857. She was afterward hauled out, and changed into a side-wheeler. Then the steamer *Petaluma* was built at the same place, to run on the Bay and river, for Charles Minturn. She was 158 feet over all, 30 feet beam, and 9 feet depth of hold. Then the *Sophie McLean* was built at Steamboat Point, in 1858, to run on the Bay. She too was launched with steam up; and as her keel struck the water, she steamed away up the Bay, five or six miles, then turned back to the city, landed her guests at Broadway wharf, and next day went down to San Jose's shipping point, Alviso, with passengers and freight. Ah! those were lively days for Alviso. She was run as an opposition boat against the Cali-

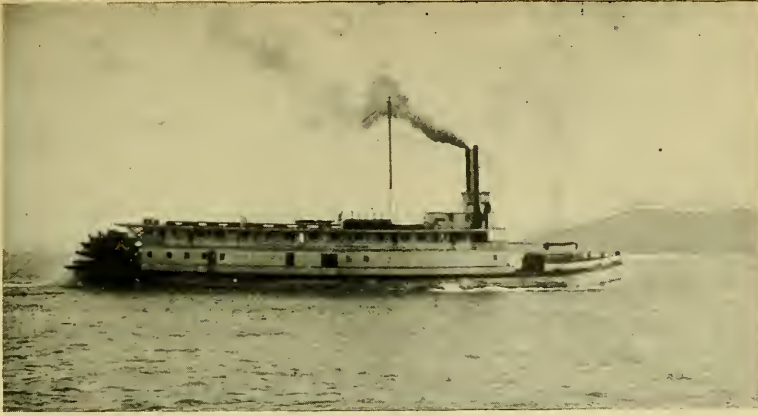


Photo by Taber

The *Sonoma*—Sacramento River Boat

fornia Navigation Company. Captain Foster, now chief of the *Solano*, formerly chief engineer for the Central Pacific ferry line, was chief engineer at that time of the *McLean*. She was 148 feet over all, 29 feet beam, and 9 feet deep.

The stern-wheel steamer *Visalia* was built at the junction of Fourth and Townsend Streets, near "Beard's old house." Her length was 130 feet; beam, 24 feet; and 3 feet 8 inches hold. The stern-wheel steamer *Milton S. Latham*, partly owned by Captain Tiernan, was built as an opposition boat, and her keel was laid at intersection of Fourth and Townsend Streets. She was 149 feet long, 28 feet beam, and 8 feet depth of hold. In 1860 the stern-wheeler *Swallow* was built for the upper Sacramento traffic, just where the carsheds of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company are opposite Fourth and Townsend, for Captain R. J. Vandewater. She was 145 feet long, 29 feet beam, and 3 feet 6 inches deep.

In 1861, along came the side-wheel steamer *Sacramento*, to run on that river. She was owned by Peter Donahue, and was 169 feet long on water-line, 180 feet over all, 34 feet beam, and 10 feet depth of hold. Ferry transportation across the bay increasing, Captain Tiernan contracted with James Larue to build the side-wheel steamer *Oakland* (not the one at present running on the Bay, as she was formerly the *Chrysopolis*, a famous Sacramento River steamer built by Captain John G. North). The *Oakland* was built in the in-

terest of the Alameda people, as an opposition to the steamers run by Charles Min-turn to Oakland and Alameda. They used to run up San Antonio Creek, lay up over night at what is now East Oakland, then called "San Antone" or Brooklyn, and be ready to take the passengers across in the early morning. The *Oakland* was launched with steam up, went to Pacific Street wharf, and commenced running on her route the same week. This steamer was afterward refitted at Oakland Point by Andrew J. Stevens, for the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and was the first steamer to carry cars across the bay. She was built at the foot of Fourth Street, at the crossing of Townsend, and her length over all was 170 feet, 32 feet beam, 8 feet depth of hold.

The steamer *San Antonio* was built about this time, at the town of San Antonio, under contract with Captain Larue, by Captain Lockwood. The machinery that was placed in her had been in use on the old steamer *Confidence*, when she came from New York, in the early '50s. She was owned by the Cunningham and Van Pelt interest. A part of the same machinery is in use on the *El Capitan* to-day, and was in the old *Confidence* when she came through the Straits of Magellan, in 1852 or '53.

Captain Tiernan now built the stern-wheel steamer *Banner*, at the foot of Third Street, in 1862, for Captain W. Pierce. She was 135 feet long, 24 feet beam, and 3 feet 8 inches deep, and intended for the





Courtesy California, Northwestern Railway Co.

The *Ukiah*

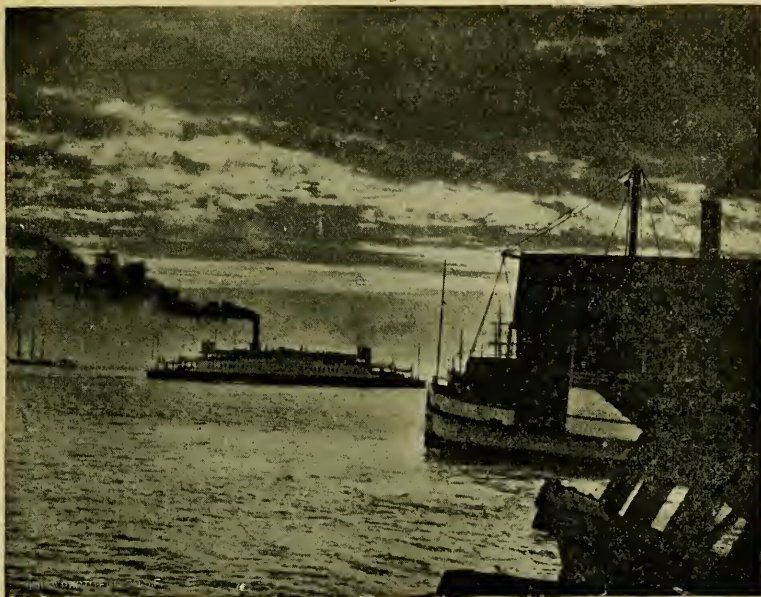


Photo by W. J. Piatt

### 'The Piedmont

up-river trade, as an opposition boat. Then the *Esmeralda* for Captain Washington Pitts. She was built in thirty days, and was 100 feet long, 24 feet beam, 3 feet 6 inches deep. The stern-wheeler *Lark* was built at the foot of Fourth Street, in 1863, for Captain R. J. Vandewater. Her dimensions were 150 feet long, 28 feet beam, and 3 feet 6 inches deep, and the stern-wheel steamer *Governor Dana* was also built at the same place. The *Julia* was now placed on the stocks for the California Navigation Company, in 1864, and intended for the Stockton trade. She was 160 feet long, 170 feet over all, 30 feet beam, and 9 feet depth of hold. The *Julia's* engines were built in St. Louis, and were known as "poppet-valve engines." They were shipped out to Captain Weeks, and the California Navigation Company bought them. The barges *U. S. Grant*, *Ruby*, *Jacinto*, and five others, were built in 1864, for the California Navigation Company's river trade.

Finding the city pushing out toward the South side, and the old landmarks disappearing, houses getting too close to the old shipyard at Steamboat Point, Captain Tiernan, as Captain North and Captain Owen had done, went over on the Potrero. He located nearer the city than the others

of the trio, on what was known as Bradshaw's Point,—about where the Arctic Oil Works are now situated. Here the stern-wheeler *Flora* was built, in 1865, for the California Navigation Company. She was 138 feet long, 28 feet beam, 3 feet 6 inches deep. Then the double-ender *Alameda*, a ferry-boat for Mr. A. A. Cohen, was built in 1865. Her length on keel, 192 feet; over all, 212 feet; 34 feet beam, and 13 feet depth of hold. The engines put in the *Alameda* came from Detroit, and were owned by John Wright. They were old beam engines, and had been used on a Detroit river-boat, called the *Dart*, I think. A. A. Cohen utilized them for the *Alameda*. Then the side-wheel steamer *Amador* was built for the California Navigation Company, to run to Stockton. She was 218 feet over all, 38 feet beam, and 11 feet depth of hold. In 1867, the scowschooners *Elko* and *Truckee* were built at the Potrero for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, to carry freight for the railroad before the freight steamers were built. Another steamer for A. A. Cohen, also for the ferry business, was built at the same place, in 1868. She was a side-wheel boat, 195 feet long, 215 feet over all, 34 feet beam, and 15 feet deep. She was called the *El Capitan*, and is still running



in good condition on the bay. The stern-wheeler *Pilot*, built for Fassett, McCauley & Androus, in 1868, was 102 feet long, 22 feet beam, and 4 feet 6 inches deep. Then the stern-wheel steamer *Red Bluff* was built for California Navigation Company, in 1868, and her dimensions 150 feet long, 30 feet beam, and 3 feet 8 inches depth of hold. In 1867 the propeller *McPherson* was built for the United States Government, for Captain R. J. Vandewater. Then the scow-schooner *Mabel and Edith* was built at the Potrero for A. A. Cohen in 1868, and she was run for many years by Captain Geo. F. Whitcomb on the Bay in the freight-carrying trade. The stern-wheeler *Gila* was set up, taken apart, and shipped to Colorado River, to order of B. F. Hartshorne, now of New York. She was 140 feet long, 29 feet beam, and 3½ feet deep. Also the stern-wheeler *Mojave*, sent down under the same conditions. The barge *Gilacitos* was set up and shipped for Colorado Navigation Company. The stern-wheeler *Sonoma* was built on the Potrero for Steffen Brothers, in 1874,—130 feet long, 27 feet beam, and 4 feet deep. She is now owned by the California Transportation Company, and runs in the fruit-trade. The stern-wheeler *Constine* was built in 1874; and the barge *Governor Hayes* was built at Oakland Point, in 1876, for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and is 225 feet long, 43 feet beam, 6 feet 6 inches deep. In 1880, Captain Tiernan built the barge *Garfield* at Oakland Point for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company,—226 feet long, 43 feet 6 inches beam, and 6 feet 6 inches deep. Then he built a dredger for the railroad company; also a patent cleaner for the hull of a vessel to be used without hauling the vessel out on the ways.

The *Newbern* belonged to the Government, but became useless to the country; so Captains Hartshorne and Wilcox bought her for the Colorado River and Gulf trade. Captain Tiernan took the contract to repair her and fit her for passenger traffic. Her freight capacity was enlarged, a new deck was put in, and several state-rooms were added. It was expected that two months would complete the job, but as time went on, there didn't seem to be any less men employed.

Mr. Hartshorne came down one day and said, "Tiernan, when will you get rid of those caulkers?"

"They will be through Saturday night, sure. You will not find one aboard Monday morning."

Monday morning arrived, and the Captain reported that the ice-house was leaking, and must be repaired. A caulker was sent in to do the work, and about eleven A. M. down came Captains Hartshorne and Wilcox.

Hartshorne looked around, and with a smiling face, addressed Captain Tiernan with, "So you did get rid of those caulkers?"

"Oh, yes," was the answer, when suddenly the muffled thud of the caulker's mallet was heard, and Hartshorne turned to Tiernan with fire in his eye and a question on his lips.

"Oh, that's only the ghost of the caulker, and the echoes of the knocks you've been hearing all the week," was the answer.

The *Newbern* went ashore down the coast, some time ago, and her bones lie bleaching on the sands of the Golden Shore.

In 1867, the schooner *H. L. Tiernan's* keel was laid. She was 96 feet on the keel, 104 feet over all; 28 feet beam, and 9 feet deep. She had a fine record as a deep-sea vessel; but like many another good ship, she lies wrecked on the coral banks of one of the South Sea islands.

In 1869, the *Dover* was built for up-river trade. She was a stern-wheel boat, owned by the California Navigation Company, and was 140 feet long, 32 feet beam. In 1870, the *Mare Island* was built to run as a ferry-boat between Vallejo and the Mare Island Navy-Yard. She was owned by John Maguire, and is 120 feet long, 28 feet beam, and 8 feet deep. She ran for some years in the Berkeley Soap Company's service, and on the opening of the Klondike rush was towed up the coast for service on the Yukon.

At North Beach, for Peter Donahue, in connection with Captain Charles White, contractor, and Captain Wm. Gates, superintendent, Captain Tiernan modeled and designed the side-wheel, double-ender *Tiburon*, in 1884. She is 220 feet long, 240 feet over all; 34½ feet beam, and 13½ feet



hold. Her engines were low-pressure, and were built at the Union Iron Works, owned by Peter Donahue, and were the first engines exhibited at the first Mechanics' Fair, which was held on the block now occupied by the Lick House on corner of Sutter and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco. These engines had a queer history. They were built by Mr. Donahue, sold to Ben Holladay, resold to the California Navigation Company, when Holladay failed, bought back again by Peter Donahue, and stored for many years on Brannan Street, before they were at last

engines were built by the Fulton Iron Works. They are low-pressure beam engines.

In 1875, Tiernan hauled out, at Oakland Point, for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, the side-wheel steamer *Chrysopolis*, (originally built by Captain John G. North, for the Sacramento River,) and turned her into a double-ender ferry-boat. Her length, as changed, is 261 feet 7 inches, on keel—282 feet 7 inches on deck; breadth of beam, 40 feet 10 inches; depth of side amidships, 17 feet 6 inches; depth at ends, 15 feet 3 inches. She is now

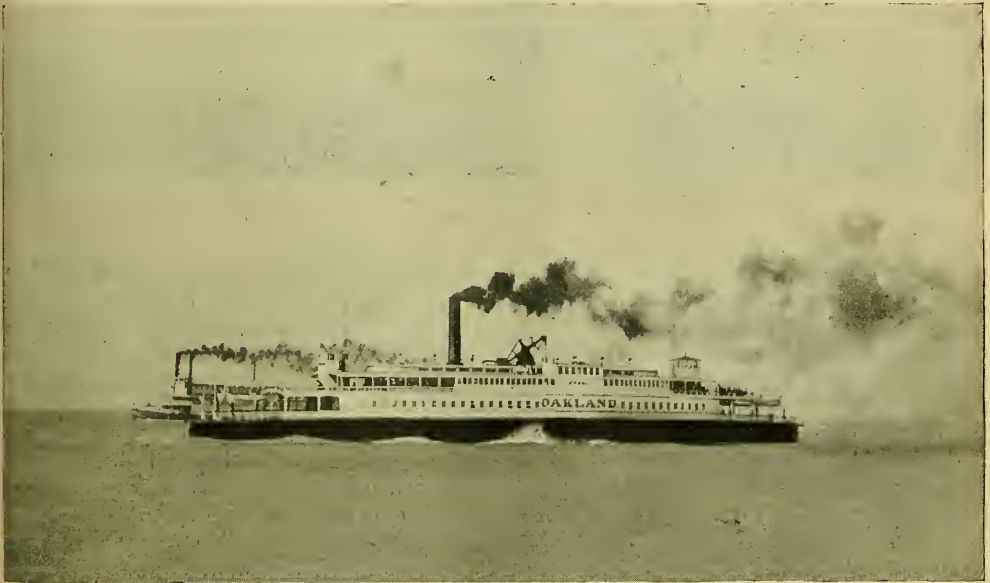


Photo by Nozaki

The Oakland

put in service, and they are acknowledged to be doing fine work to date. In 1890, the side-wheel steamer *Ukiah* was built for Mervyn Donahue. John Dickey was the contractor and Captain Tiernan modeled, drafted to full size, and superintended the building of the boat. The *Ukiah* is a passenger ferry-boat, also a car-boat, having two tracks on deck. Her length on keel is 271 feet; length on deck, 291 feet; breadth of beam, 42 feet,—over all, 78 feet 8 inches; depth of hold, 15 feet 6 inches; draft, light, 6 feet; tonnage, gross, 2,564.42—net, 2,018.77; length of cabin, 177 feet; speed per hour, 18 miles. Her

called the *Oakland*, and makes her regular trips across the Bay, fog or no fog, as good as when first launched.

During the same year, a side-wheel, double-ender steamer and car-boat was built at Oakland Point for the railroad company and called the *Transit*. Her length is 337 feet 10 inches on deck; beam, 40 feet 4 inches; depth of sides, 17 feet 5 inches; depth of ends, 15 feet 3 inches. Her fastenings are trunnels, composition bolts, and spikes. It was a great mistake in the early days of steamboat building to use copper-washed or composition spikes, on account of the action of the sea-

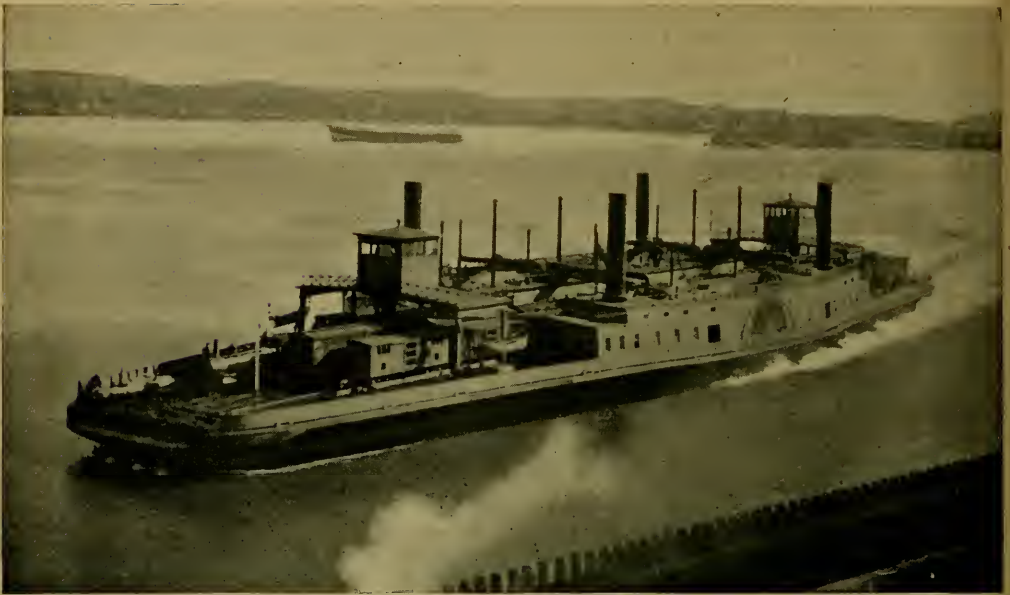


Photo by Taber

### The *Solano*

water on the copper sheathing. The copper nails holding the sheathing in place came in contact with the composition fastenings and formed a sort of battery, which in three years' time would almost entirely destroy the fastening. One could pick out the nails with one's fingers, the spikes having the appearance of pieces of wire. In 1883, the side-wheel double-ender passenger-boat called the *Piedmont* was built at Oakland Point for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. She measured 252 feet on keel; on deck, 273 feet. She is running regularly to Oakland pier. In 1870, the double-ender *Thoroughfare* was built; she also is a side-wheeler, and her keel was laid at the foot of Second Street, also for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. She is 247 feet 6 inches long; 266 feet over all, 38 feet breadth of beam, midships, 14 feet 6 inches; same at ends. The *Thoroughfare* was the first regular car-boat built for transferring cars over to San Francisco. Sixteen cars is her capacity.

In 1879, he built, at Oakland Point, for the railroad company, the great side-wheel, double-ender ferry and car boat *Solano*. This boat was the dream of the late Senator Stanford, who decided in favor of a steamboat for carrying cars

across the straits, instead of a bridge, which was preferred by his business associates. His confreres thought a 450-foot boat could never be handled in the swift current of the Straits of Carquinez, but time has proved that Mr. Stanford's idea was a good one. The *Solano* is, indeed, a wonderful vessel. She has four rudders at each end. She carries two vertical beam engines of sixty-inch diameter and twelve feet stroke. The wheel-shafts are placed sixteen feet apart, eight feet each side of center of length of boat, not being in direct line of each other across the boat. Engines are placed in center of boat, leaving about four feet between cranks for walking around. Old steamboat engineers will ask why that change was made. It was done in order to add twelve cars to her carrying capacity. The first plan was to have engines on the sides of the boat; in that case each engine would take up twelve feet of space, making twenty-four feet, and that would only leave room for three tracks, or thirty-six cars. Captain Tiernan's way of locating the engines on the car-boat, leaves room for four tracks, adding twelve cars, making forty-eight cars for a full load. There is no steamboat in the world built like her. Her wheels are placed on each side, in just the

same position as two sailors in a yawl-boat on seats three feet apart, one pulling a starboard oar, the other pulling a port oar. Captain Tiernan believes that there has been nothing since Robert Fulton got out his patent from Washington to protect his genius in steamboat-building, just like the *Solano*. Her dimensions are as follows, length on keel, 406 feet; length on water-line, 415 feet; length on deck, 424 feet; breadth of beam, 64 feet; breadth over all, 116 feet; depth of side midships, 18 feet 5 inches; depth at ends, 15 feet 10 inches; light draft, 5 feet; loaded, 6 feet 5 inches; tonnage, gross, 3,549.31.

The *Piedmont* was the last boat Captain Tiernan built, and he began to think it

was time to take a rest and give the native sons of the Golden West a chance. Competition being so strong, there was little chance for making any money in steamboat building and pay one's debts; so he concluded to retire into private life.

When he was finishing up the *Ukiah*, he was bantered by Senator Stanford as to what he would do, after living such a busy life,—if he should retire.

"Start a chicken ranch," was the characteristic response.

Captain Tiernan is in excellent health at the present writing, and is still living in the Potrero, amid the scenes of many of his triumphs.

## MANZANITA BLOOM

DANCING in the wintry air,  
Nodding in the sun,  
From the northern mountains fair,  
Fitting scent doth come  
For Titania's perfumed dell,  
Green-lit, fern-hid, sweet,  
And what thy blooms in beauty tell,  
The birds in song repeat.

Ah, airy bells; ah, fairy bells,  
Rose-tint, or snowy white,  
Peeping from your glossy bough  
In shy and sweet delight.  
From sunny lair in balmy air,  
We know you from afar,  
And e'en the keen December rain  
Your beauty dare not mar.

The East is white with ice and snow,—  
We, with these fragile blooms,  
And for the bitter winds that blow  
Are wafted their perfumes,  
Till on the brink of highland cliff,  
Or at the mountains' feet,  
Their fragrance tells, in dainty whiff,  
That spring is coming, sweet!

Lulu McNab.





Starting for the Philippines — The *Indiana*, June 27, 1898

## CAMPAIGNING IN THE PHILIPPINES

WITH COMPANY I OF THE FIRST CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS

By PANDIA RALLI

**I**T IS neither with the aim, or even with the hope, of adding anything of value to the literature that has already poured in from all quarters, from every sort and condition of men, upon the different periodicals and magazines of this country, that I undertake this narrative. Nor is it with the intention of criticising those above me. Least of all—less even than the stay-at-home—is the private in a position to judge of what are the intentions of his superiors, or even what are the occurrences taking place around him. Besides, on the very face of it, criticism

from the ranks would be but a production of worthless presumption. Still, I have my hopes that this short account will be not without its interest to those who, with relations or friends during the late war, would solicit a plain and unvarnished account of the life and probable environments around them during their campaign in the Philippine Islands.

From our departure, on the 25th of May, on the *City of Peking*, when amidst a thunder of enthusiasm and tears rarely witnessed before at the embarkment of troops, and better to be felt than de-

scribed, we sailed away together with our fellow troopships, the *Australia* and the *Sydney*, from warm-hearted San Francisco, to our docking at the Hawaiian Islands on the first of June,—there to fall in with our escort, the *Charleston*,—nothing of more than personal interest befell us.

Although the seas were calm, there was the usual amount of seasickness, and the abject suffering of the inexperienced

The hurry, too, in which the expedition had been got together was not without its attendant evils. Much of the provisions that were to have been for use during the voyage were in some inaccessible recess of the hold, necessitating the appearance at meals of salt pork with a regularity that was not altogether appreciated by the many who did not possess a co-ordinate appetite for fat salt bacon.

One galley for the officers and one for



Deck of a Troopship — The *Zealandia*

sailor,—or, rather, soldier,—the usual placid superiority of those who “never felt better in all their lives,” the usual amount of petty squabbling, which goes on in every steamer where many men of different grades and ideas are thrown together, and the usual amount of card-playing, smoking, bad language, and book-reading, to while away the tedium of a long sea-voyage.

the men were not sufficient to meet with the demand upon them; and every square inch on deck found a body recumbent on it during the enervating heat of the day, with not the space for a fly to crawl between.

Still, in spite of all these petty discomforts, the United States Government, in transporting such large bodies of men without any casualties, and with but very



few sad exceptions, with no loss of life, nearly seven thousand miles across a tropical sea, has probably made a record of power and independence of spirit that the wondering world will find hard to beat.

A great deal of the credit, however, lies with the brighter intelligence and superior handiness of the Yankee Volunteer himself. Europe has so drilled her soldiers that the only medium of thought they have left them is through their officers; but the American is able to rig up his own shower-bath, keep himself clean, sling his own hammock, made out of some odds and ends of canvas,—found goodness knows where,—and make his life more bearable by a thousand little ingenious contrivances without a word of direction from anybody.

The first indication that we were approaching land was given by the shoals of frightened flying-fish that would spring—or shall I say fly?—out of the water on the disturbance of our steamer's prow. For a little while they would scud along the surface of the placid Pacific, as though they were so many gigantic, glistening, sheeny-winged insects, and then plunge exhausted into its depths. Then came here and there a solitary sea-bird, keeping its own company, and last of all, a mist-like film on the edge of the horizon and a cry of "Land ahead!" as everybody rushed to the ship's side with straining eye.

Soon the cloudy mass detached itself with more distinct relief, showing itself to be a long line of low-lying reefs. Through them as the purple rays of the fast-setting sun shot out its dying rays, we steered our course into Honolulu, escorted by a curious crowd of native craft of all sizes, shapes, and conditions.

In quiet Honolulu the arrival of our boys in blue was an episode, and with true American energy they thronged the wharf, white and colored jostling one another in their enthusiasm to show us what way their welcome lay and for whose arms they would bode success.

That night, of course, we had not the privilege to land. But still we were agreeably entertained by the sweet, low-pitched voices of the Kanakas, accompanied by the plaintive "ping-ping" of their mandolins. Everybody has a voice in Honolulu, from the brawny, thick-set native that

shovels coal on the dock for a living to the slight-built, somewhat effeminate clerk, with just a shade of tawn to his countenance, and who wears immaculate white clothes, fingers a massive gold chain, and drinks strong liquors like a white man.

Hawaii is *par excellence* the land of song and flowers,—a land of sweet old-world customs. With the Greeks of old, before he pays his due to Bacchus the Kanaka must crown himself with a flower-wreath, and then he gets drunk in a dignified manner.

Everybody finds time to be polite and furnishes ungrudgingly any information that he thinks may be of interest.

Sleepy, happy-go-lucky Honolulu is the exact antithesis of our striving, bombastic, healthy Western towns, which owe their very vices to their own nervous energy.

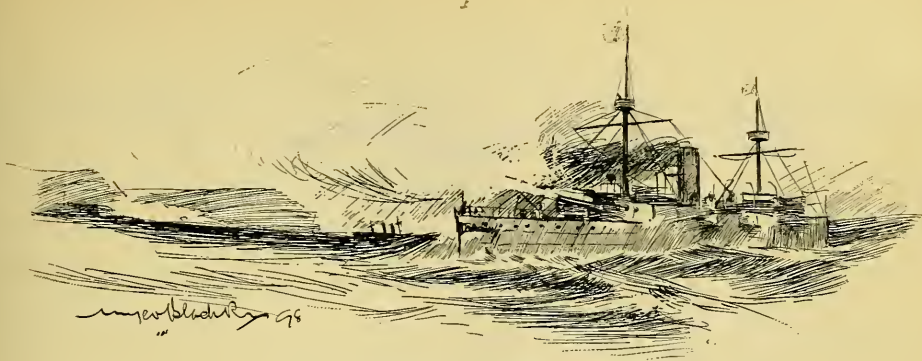
But let us return to our sheep before we lose ourselves and our subject in the green fields and byways of moralizing. Next morning, after a parade through the town, we were given our long-yearned-for freedom.

Honolulu is entirely different in appearance to San Francisco. There are no blocks of buildings pointing ever skyward, with spacious thoroughfares, and the never-ceasing grind of traffic. Honolulu, with its thirty thousand inhabitants, struggles onward from the luxuriant country residence of the well-to-do, nestling in the midst of trim, well-kept grounds, toward the business quarters. There the stores need show no shame when compared to those of any other city. Most of the manufactured goods retailed by them are of San Francisco origin, and the week's sea-voyage does not seem materially to have added to their price. Then, on through the Chinese and Japanese precinct, with the same narrow streets, squalid dwellings, evil odors, and picturesque dirt, that the unalterable Orientals carry with them wherever they go.

Now comes a glimpse of the blue Pacific, and we are on the wharf, whose dilapidated condition hardly does justice to the commercial importance of the town.

After a parade through the streets the troops were given the liberty of the Governmental Building by the Chamber of Deputies, and many of our men had the





The *Charleston* Firing at Guam

honor of an introduction to President Dole. A good many mothers in San Francisco must have been surprised to receive letters from their sons on paper bearing the heading of the Hawaiian Government.

In the afternoon the requisite time to take in the town at our own leisure was granted us. To show the friendly spirit of hospitality in which our advent was regarded by the Hawaiians, a money grant had previously been raised, and everything was made free to us, a privilege which I do not believe in any case was abused.

Perhaps the most popular amusement was a ride on the cable-car through the National Park and a dip in the sea at the

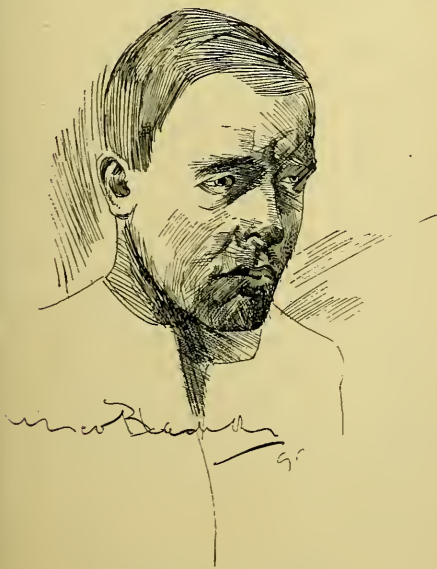
Wakiki Baths. A sea-bath in tropical climates like Honolulu is rather to be classed as a necessity than a luxury. Everybody takes his daily dip in the ocean, from the pompous professional man to the lowly coolie, as a safeguard against the fiery heat of the noonday sun. The natives rank amongst the world's most expert swimmers. But some of our boys by no means made a poor showing by their side, and at high diving fairly outstripped them.

All the bicycle stores had put their machines at our disposal, and the roads were studded with soldiers astride of the whirling wheel.

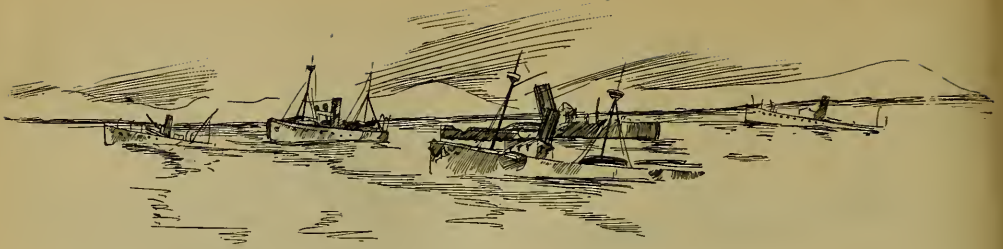
One blind old man, who, like Scott's minstrel, may have seen better days, entertained his audience by imitating the *Charleston's* whistle and various different animal calls and cries.

Then, as Pepys would say, once more to our ship for the night. As the darkness crowded out the brief twilight again were we the center of a crowd of canoes. This time the business-like methods of the natives declared itself; for they stolidly refused to sing except song for song. When they retired they were humming out in broken English variations of "On the Banks of the Wabash" and "Santa Claus."

But, in racing parlance, the star event of the occasion was a banquet given us on the following day by our hospitable entertainers beneath the shady trees of the beautiful Government Park. Everything in the edible line that runs, flies, or swims, had a representative on those Gargantuan tables. Holding the place of honor



A Prisoner from Guam



The Sunken Spanish Fleet

amongst them were platters of barbecued sucking-pig, which is the Hawaiian national dish. Our fair attendants were the same ladies who had the responsibility of being the prime movers in its being transformed into definite shape; after, to express it in good old "journalese," the dainties had been done ample justice to, they entertained us with the pleasure of their company. Each soldier was presented on leaving with a silk badge, bearing an appropriate inscription under the crossed American and Hawaiian flags. By the bye, the fruit would have made an epicure's mouth water. There were mangoes with rich custard taste, their yellow flesh bursting out beneath their harsh green skins; fragrant bananas, with a delicate flavor wholly unknown to their dried-up kin in San Francisco, and juicy pineapples that it was impossible to "ware hands off," in spite of their evil reputation as conducive to dysentery.

There is no color line drawn in Honolulu. The higher class of the native population, who are well-educated and capable of filling any liberal profession with credit, mix on the same terms of equality with their white brethren.

Whilst in Honolulu many of us paid their army barracks a visit. A great many of the officers have served in our army or in the National Guard, having drifted back into their old profession. The pay is liberal and the duties are light and mostly of the ornamental description. The band is entirely composed of native musicians, and would be a credit to any nation. On several occasions they have traveled to outside countries.

But, alas! all good times have an ending to them, and next day we gazed our last on the hospitable shores of Honolulu,

and heaving our anchor, set sail once more ever southward.

For a time a steam launch kept up to us, and a solitary shark. Finally the steamer fell behind amidst a liberal waving of handkerchiefs and hearty cheers, and Mr. Shark, finding that nothing was coming to his maw, with a disappointed shake of his wicked old head struck off in another direction.

We had not long settled down to the routine of the daily life on board ship when our campaign uniform was issued to us. The uniforms were of a russet-brown color and of strong, serviceable canvas; but, unhappily, they had been so hurriedly put together by the contracting parties that apparently no attention had been paid to their approximate sizes. So liberal were they in the matter of length and girth, that one coat could shelter two soldiers with ease and room to spare. As the leggins that were shortly given out were on the same lavish scale, it took the first shower of rain for our traps to shrink and show that they formed any part of us.

One never-failing source to while away the tedium of a long sea-voyage was the formation of numerous mock secret societies, with all the paraphernalia of test-words, grips, hand-shakes, etc., of their more seriously inclined brethren, under the fanciful names of the "Scouts," "Robbers' Roost," etc. One of them, the "Ratters," of Company E, had a fine thoroughbred fox-terrier as their emblem. He honored them with his presence at the Presidio, and on several occasions has been under fire with them at Manila.

Judge Dinkeydink also held a numerous court, and punished severely with a flat board all sorts of imaginary delinquencies. *Al fresco* concerts were given by the va-



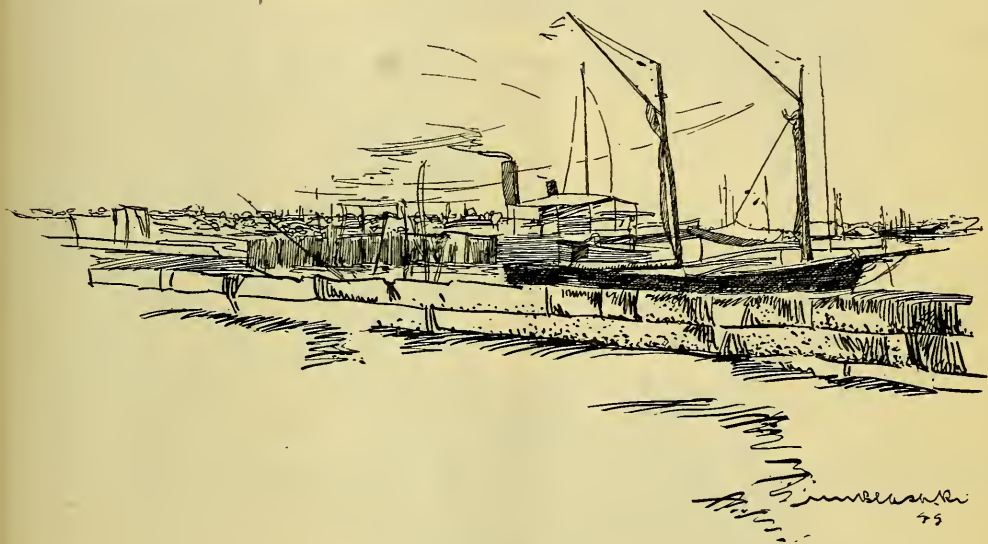
rious companies, at which songs of every description were rendered, from the humble negro melody to the more ambitious sentimental ballad, with an occasional sprinkling of songs not altogether of the Sunday-school order.

Now that our legs became once more part and parcel of ourselves, we were daily drilled in the manual of arms, and went through the setting-up exercises as far as the cramped deck-space allotted to each company would allow.

Once a week knapsacks and haversacks were the order of the day, and the ordeal of a heavy marching inspection had to be

Events mostly shaped themselves according to the tranquillity of the sea and the dexterity of the baker.

All hands were of course aware that our ultimate destination was the Philippine Islands; but beyond that we were in dense ignorance. Presently a rumor was wafted around that our course was changed, and that something would be doing in a day or two. This rumor took many shapes, and though many times attacked by poignant ridicule, refused to give up the ghost. We were to hoist Old Glory over the Caroline Islands, and there await the arrival of the other expeditions to make a concerted de-



Landing at Cavité

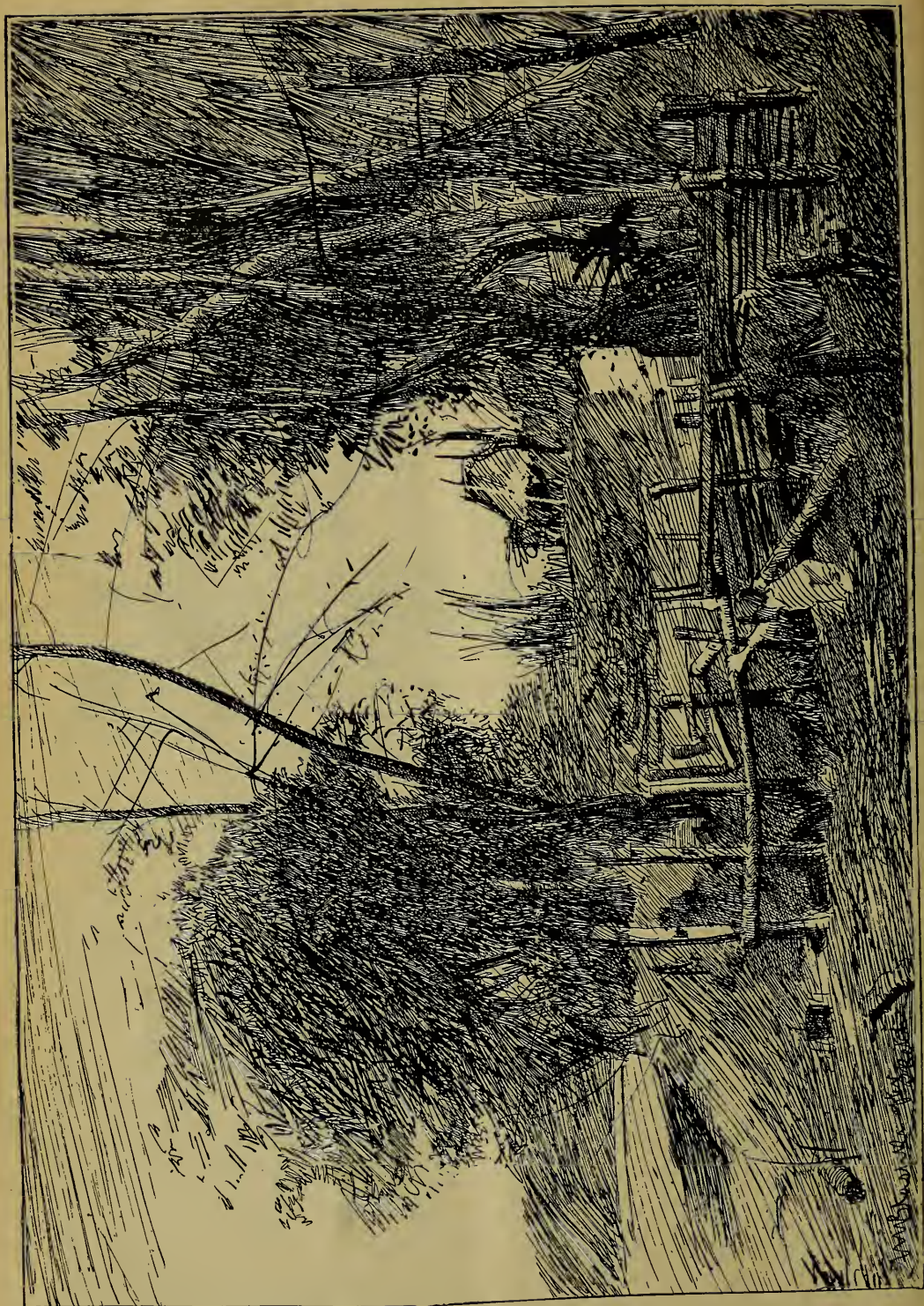
gone through. Deep and low were the curses uttered by many an unfortunate private stewing in his own perspiration, as he stood at attention awaiting the Colonel's arrival. An occasional turbulent sea would produce sad havoc in the alignment of the ranks. The rear ranks would find themselves flung towards on the front, and then the front rank would return the compliment by a rear movement on the toes of those behind.

One endless and never-varying topic of conversation was the burning question of how many biscuits there would be for breakfast. There being only one stove at the baker's disposition for the whole regiment, it was a grave uncertainty whether there would be one or two.

scent on Manila; or the *Charleston* was to shell some mysterious island belonging to Spain, replete with Spanish soldiers and coal. Something was in the air, and everybody was agog with excitement and anticipation.

That the *Charleston* was spoiling for a fight was soon made evident, for a signal came to us from her to heave to during target practice. Circling around us, she discharged gun after gun. First the flash was visible, and then was heard the booming report. We could see the water dashed up on all sides as the shells ricocheted along its surface. Next day witnessed the same performance, only instead of the big guns the smaller fry and the quick-firing had their innings. After this little





Insurgent Trenches at Manila, Retortified by Americans



entertainment the *Charleston* steamed right up to the *City of Peking* and sent a boat over to us. Presently out it came in some mysterious manner or other that our destination was the Ladrone Islands, and that, willy-nilly, the *Charleston* would coal there and incidentally replace the red-and-yellow flag of Spain by the Stars and Stripes. Great was the conjecturing as to the how, why, and wherefore, of the Ladrone Islands; few, if any, were versed sufficiently in geography to speak of them with any degree of precision.

At length, early one morning, somewhere about the 20th of June, came the cry of "Land ahead!" and a large peninsula of naked, overswinging rock soon became visible to the naked eye.

We slowed down considerably, with the *Charleston* ahead, keeping a bright lookout for dangers from the apathetic Spaniards, fortunately non-existent. Then we came to an abrupt halt, whilst the *Charleston* shot ahead on her deadly mission.

It was a white, misty, drizzly, uncomfortable morning when she sneaked her way through the narrow gorge by which she was confronted. It was not long before came two sharp reports, and her lead-colored hulk was draped in a cloud of smoke. This was to sound the bay for any submarine mines that might be reposing at the bottom, all ready to strike, like some rattlesnake coiled with half-shut eyes, but none the less venomous on that account.

Then the *Charleston* crawled perilously near to the shore. Seven shots from her three-pounders at the little fort of Santa Cruz, which protected all there was of Guam (the capital island of the Ladrone group), and Spain had handed another slice of her territory to Uncle Sam. Soon all three troopships were snugly at anchor about four hundred yards off the sandy stretch of Guam Island, and a landing party of marines was disembarked to take formal possession of the Ladrones. This was a task of the utmost delicacy and acutest danger. A most serious opposition was to be encountered. To grasp the islands it was necessary to attach the person of the Governor-General, and the worthy Governor was not in town. In fact, he was at his country residence, six

miles out, protected by a body-guard of fifty-odd war-worn veterans. Before our troops set out on this dangerous enterprise, the garrison of the Santa Cruz scored them with reproaches. According to them, this rude awakening was the first information received of war between the United States and Spain. They at first believed that the *Charleston* was honoring them with a salute, had they not been made unpleasantly aware of the contrary by the cloud of cement, dust, and mortar, that flew upward from the dismantled old fort as soon as struck by the shells. Their arms were taken away from them and they were marched on board the battle-ship as prisoners of war.

Meanwhile the marines had possessed themselves of the person of the Governor-General. Indeed, the poor gentleman was hardly in a position to resist our brigade with any definite hope of success. His fifty gallant trustees had made themselves scarce on sighting our advance-guard and very probably are still under way.

Thus on the 20th of June did we bold men and true from the State of California take possession of the Ladrone Islands! And as Old Glory cut the breeze and the last gun of the salute rolled away in distant thunder, rose from every throat a hearty cheer for a bloodless victory that in heralding yet again the impuissance of poor, decrepid old Spain did not lack the ingredients for a comic opera.

The Ladrone Islands, or Pirate Islands, so christened from the hordes of buccaneers that made use of them as their headquarters in the good old days, do not belie their name. It is true that the noble sea-rover has now no longer any existence outside of the dime novels. But the old order, in giving way to the new, dieth not,—it does but change its form. It takes two Jews to beat a Greek and three Greeks to cheat an Armenian, but with a little coaching as to the modern requirements a Malay could, I believe, successfully cope with half a dozen Armenians, and their best at that.

Round our ships surged the usual cluster of dugouts, crowded down with fruits of all descriptions. Very little money was disposable amongst us, as the Government had not yet paid us for our

two months' services; but there still remained here and there a random beer check. These were carefully polished and lowered down to the natives in buckets. These checks were handed from one to the other, and after a careful scrutiny the bucket was half-filled with green bananas or an unripe pineapple put in and then hoisted up again. The beer check being innocuous and the green bananas being conducive to dysentery and other fatalities, it can hardly be said that the soldier got the best of the deal.

The natives seemed to be entirely ignorant of the approximate value of American money, and believing the size was "the thing," would part with more for the humble nickel than the dime. Something like this ran their price-list, and no doubt they realized five times the amount of profit that they did through the regular channels of trade: Three bananas, 1 cent; five limes, 1 cent; two native oranges, 1 cent; one pineapple, 1 cent; two mangoes, 1 cent; one chicken, 25 cents; one monkey (alive), \$2. The monkeys were a source of endless amusement. They had a habit of every now and again breaking out into liberty. Then there would be a chase all over the rigging by the catlike sailors. For a time Mr. Jacko would defy his would-be captors and gibber defiance at them from the crosstrees as he would scratch his sides and wag his head. Then would come a time when worn out by his own exertions he would of his own accord make surrender.

The natives are somewhat patriarchal in their habits. They dispense with all superfluous clothing, and knives and forks for table use are unknown. Fingers come cheaper, and are just as handy. They are adepts at weaving baskets and bottles that will hold water without leaking, and twist their rude earthenware into all manners of shapes. As a race their study must be most interesting, and much might be written about their characteristics, which in a resumé of this nature would be out of place.

Four days were sufficient for the *Charleston* to complete coaling, and once more we "picked up our heels" and away we went.

The climate had undergone a consider-

able change—with the Ladrone Islands we had entered the rain-belt. A small black cloud, the "size of a man's hand," would presage the squall soon to sweep upon us. Then would come a capful of wind and a general stampede of all hands, with their blankets, below, before the rain could soak them through and through. In a trice the rain-drops would be savagely beating upon the decks with a sound as if light artillery had been turned loose upon them. Just as suddenly the sun would burst forth and the storm would have passed over us.

Our first taste of the humors of a rough sea was within twenty-four hours of our destination. That night it was impossible to catch a wink of sleep. At one moment the *Peking* seemed to rest on the pinnacle of a mountain, the next to be crashed down to its base. Confusion reigned. The bunks had disgorged all their contents, and there was a glorious medley of moist pillows, clammy mattresses, and damp blankets, fraternizing with canteens, platters, and tin cups, swimming all over the berth-deck. For very palpable reasons the usual company concert was omitted.

In the morning the storm gradually worked itself out, and we were able to rest our much shaken-up and aching bones. Some little excitement was afforded by the *Charleston* signaling to us to fall behind, as a strange sail was in sight. It was no planned attack of the Spanish, but the *Baltimore*, which Dewey had sent out to await our arrival, and which had been hanging about for several days.

Loud were the cheers that greeted the battle-ship as she closed in on to us, and great was the dipping of flags, the booming of cannon, and the tooting of whistles. Then she took up her position alongside, and together we sailed for harbor.

Sheltered in a long, narrow creek were three big German men-of-war, with the sun on their glistening white paint. One of them, as soon as we were sighted, swooped down, and after having taken an inventory to the best of her ability of everything on board, treated us to a salute. So close did she come up behind us that the proverbial biscuit could have been tossed from one deck to the other. Evidently the Germans were closely



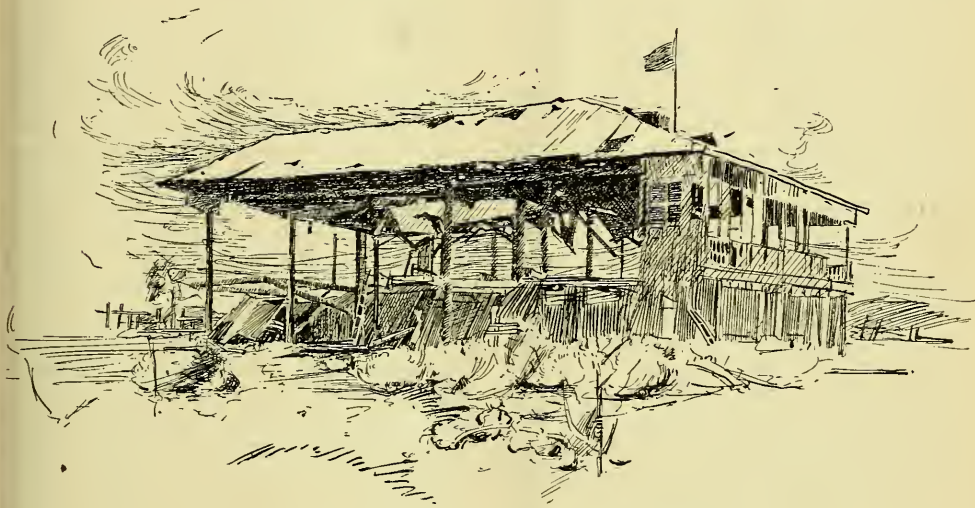
watching events and wished to be well posted. Then came a booming from all the different foreigners and a cheer from our own ships as we steamed into the harbor of Cavité and cast anchor in the midst of them for the night.

Great was the enthusiasm that reigned on board amongst us travel-worn soldiers at the prospect of putting foot once more on *terra firma*. It looked more like business when, before they landed us in barges, fifty rounds of cartridges were distributed to each man. Then we were marched to barracks and left in peace to look around for the rest of the day.

Cavité has the making of an excellent

much to those of our marines. The living-rooms were large, commodious, and well ventilated. In fact, like the Irishman's coat, that was mainly built up of button-holes, the window-space occupied is a very important factor in tropical dwellings. One story was all they aspired to, and with a floor of red tiles, delightfully cool and easy to keep clean, and a framework of iron, backed up with concrete, an enormous degree of solidity is presented.

Unfortunately, we were four companies in a room, which necessitated packing us in like so many sardines in a box. The front-rank man would be obliged to sleep with his toes almost in the mouths of the



A Native House after a Spanish Bombardment

traffic center and commercial point of distribution; but up to now, of course, it has been unable to escape the Spanish dead-rot which affects everything within its grasp. There is a fine machine-shop and a huge crane, over which proudly floats the American flag. Also a railroad, which, needless to say, is out of working order. The barrack buildings occupy plenty of room and are well shaded. Indeed, our enemy's soldiers and sailors, all reports to the contrary, seem to have been comfortably lodged and cared for.

The barracks made over to us were formerly occupied by the "Infanteria del Marina." From the name I should think their duties must correspond very

rear-rankers. However, we were hardened by now to such matters, which are of trifling importance during war-time.

When we entered our quarters, with the exception of piles of broken-up cases, unburnt private letters, and two or three gun-racks, the four bare walls contained nothing. Directly the inmates had rushed out to avoid Dewey's fire, the Filipinos had rushed in and plundered everything they could lay hands upon. The Filipinos, who *au fond* are only veneered savages, as looters make a shining success. Indeed, I think that one reason of their eternal opposition to Spanish rule was the hope of one day being able to sack Manila.

"Manila mucho rico," they would say. "Filipino mucho pobre." It is a whine, which serves as their war-cry, and which they never tire of croaking.

The Philippine language has nothing in common with Spanish, but both are generally spoken by the natives. With us a few words of Spanish, intertwined with forceful English, was the medium of conversation, eked out with an abundant use of signs.

All the Filipinos go about with a full rig of knives and swords, hand-hammered out of files. Every one, if you will hearken to him, is a soldier, and has killed half a dozen at least of the hated "Castillos." One thing is certain, soldier or not, he is sure to be a champion truth-twister. It is safer to discount three quarters of what you hear, and then a glimmering of the reality may be arrived at. Very quick at picking anything up, they are an agile, bare-looted, wiry race, stunted in stature, but capable of carrying a house across their shoulders at a dog-trot. Not at all infatuated with work, they are at times forced into huge exertions, on account of the primitive tools and implements in use. Very suave are they in manner, and with great adaptability to take advantage of circumstances to their own profit, but treacherous and untrustworthy.

As for their fighting qualities, my opinion is that they have been grossly exaggerated. I have said before that the native statements are not reliable. They do not possess the reckless, ignorant bravery of the Indians, and their little knowledge of the tactics of modern warfare they apply with all sorts of absurd notions. If half the Spanish had been made away with after each encounter that they laid claim to, Spaniards would have become as extinct as the dodo. They were entirely ignorant as to what the sights on their rifles were used for before we arrived. Their barrels were dirty, with half an inch of rust, and the bayonets, for the same reason, were immovable on the muzzle.

Apparently, in action they fired from the hip, never bringing the piece up to the shoulder; but when in the trenches would raise their guns high above their heads with both hands and fire from that absurd position. As long as they heard the

popping of their rifles they were happy, no matter in what direction the bullet was speeding.

I do not wish by this to convey the idea that their help was not beneficial to us. On the contrary, they saved us many an arduous day with pick and shovel, many a weary outpost duty, and no doubt many a mother's tear. All I wish to say is, that as the "men behind the gun" they lacked individual deadliness. Should they at any future time cause us any uneasiness, it will be from their numbers, and not from the possession of any fighting qualities.

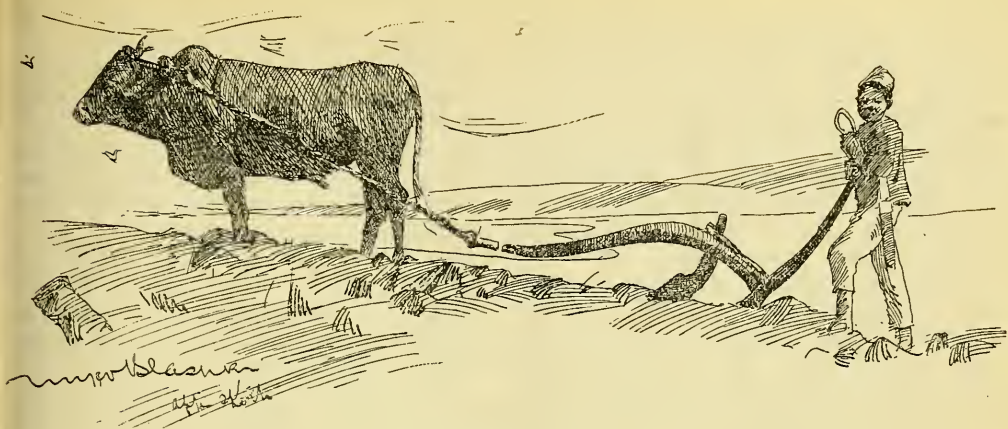
Fatigue-work at Cavité was no "snap." Most of the time when we were not drilling—and we drilled twice a day—we were hauling up ammunition and commissary stores from the wharves to the headquarters. Everything had to be handled in the most literal sense of the word, as there was no other means of transport. The jeer at a soldier as enlisting for a lazy man's life, whatever may be said about its veracity during the piping times of peace, has no truth in it whatever during a campaign.

Our water supply depended on the rainfall, which was received in the large sheet-iron tanks that are studded all over the Philippine Islands for that purpose. As we averaged only about one shower a day, there was a sufficiency for drinking purposes only. So when the welcome rain fell, there was a general stampede to the little back-yard to enjoy the luxury of a shower-bath.

From there lay before us the panorama of the havoc wrought by Dewey when he first inserted his key into the Philippine lock. Straight ahead was the twisted mass of old iron that was all the remains of what once had been a lordly ironclad. All the side rails were twisted out of shape, large holes gaped in her side, the smokestacks had a pronounced list, and the armor that protected her two big guns, not yet stripped from the deck, was embellished with a pronounced dimple.

Groves of masts were visible in every direction, as also hulks rent with holes through which a man could crawl, too much damaged to make it worth our Government's time and money to have them





Philippine Plowing

raised. One of the cruisers had caught fire whilst making a futile effort to escape. Her paintless, scorched sides still bore the flame-marks. Another lay immovably fixed on the sandy bar on which she had run aground, and was being slowly worked to pieces by the sea. The natives are afraid to approach these wrecks by night, as they say that the spirits of the dead soldiers still haunt them. That, however, has not prevented them during the day from stripping them of everything removable.

Anybody with revolvers or razors, which of course amongst us were conspicuous by their absence, could have netted a comfortable fortune in no time. The natives were offering ten to fifteen dollars (Mexican) for a cast-iron revolver which could have been bought at a San Francisco pawnbroker's for about one dollar of our money. Watches, too, were in great demand, and the louder the tick the greater their value.

When we were off duty the little narrow-streeted town offered but small attraction, and the novelty of sauntering around and swallowing native sweetmeats and "vino" (a villainous compound of rank alcohol and aniseed, four or five glasses of which will make a man almost crazy) soon palled on the ordinary mortal. There was an old church, however, which well repaid a visit. Not because of what it had in it, but rather on account of what it had not in it! The insurgents had despoiled it in a very thorough and systematic manner. The old organ-pipes were dented up double and the strings and chords pulled out as if torn at by some giant hand. The altar was de-

spoiled of everything except a couple of battered brass vases. The shreds of the black cloth that covered it trailed on the ground, bearing the imprints of dusty feet. A few paper flowers were scattered here and there over the floor. It was as though a beautiful face, by some wizard touch, had been transformed into a fleshless skull. Such sights as this cast into relief the possible horrors of war, of which, though we had heard much, we had as yet actually seen nothing.

Something else, however, brought it before us still more palpably, and that was the hospital for the wounded Spanish prisoners. The Filipinos, who are quick at acquiring everything that comes to their notice, seem to be expert at bandaging and dressing wounds. But that could not prevent the drawn look of agony on the pale, cadaverous face of the patient and the nervous twitching of his lips when a gaping wound in the foot from a spent ball is washed out with carbolic acid and then dusted with sulphur-powder, or when the bandages are removed from a shattered limb whose unknit bones protruded to view. It acted as a reminder that war is no respecter of persons; that the bullet is just as likely to deal death to the captain as to the private; that, should you fall, next year in San Francisco your left-hand man will probably be telling his family of the narrow escape he had, and how the man next to him got shot. Should the unlucky number, however, be his lot, then it will be your family and friends that will know of the hob-nob you had with Death.

Not a pleasant topic to dwell upon; but what has not the bitter mingled with the sweet?

The Spanish prisoners outside the hospital cooked their own food, which I believe had rice as its staple. The prisoners, however, who were under our immediate supervision had issued almost the same rations as our own. It must also be remembered, should these prisoners lodge any complaint on the score that the "luxuries of the season" were lacking, that we ourselves were not overfed, and that there had been a sad shrinkage of our "fatties" ever since we had marched away from the Presidio.

The souvenir-mongers had a glorious time of it. The Spaniards before vacating their stronghold had dumped all their unused ammunition into the sea. Case after case of Mauser cartridges we dragged ashore and despoiled of their contents. The German-silver cases, with their long, slender bullets, present quite an elegant appearance for a keepsake when properly polished. There was now and again a service button unearthed, or some other emblem, in the shape of crossed anchors or such like, which was carefully stowed away, probably with the intention of bestowing it on Alice or Mabel "when Johnnie comes marching home again."

Agriculture seems to be conducted in a most primitive manner to the go-ahead Yankee. The horses on the islands are undersized things, not much the superior in breeding of an Indian cayuse. The heavy work is accomplished by the water-buffalo. They are mild-eyed, heavy-headed-looking animals, with formidable horns, and would make wicked antagonists should their temper be aroused. They have an ungainly, shambling gait. The native harness for them is simplicity itself,—a yoke and a ring run through the nostrils with a cord attached to it. Although their masters would ride them to and from their work, it took quite a bit of coaxing to make them pass by a soldier. At such an unfamiliar sight they would halt, snuff the air in a perturbed manner, snort vigorously, and if unrestrained break away.

Philippine scenery is uninteresting, not to say depressing. Its most conspicuous

features are a muggy, muddy river, meandering around some marshy rice-fields, with a backing of impenetrable bamboo-jungle, overhung by a cloudy sky. Put a few canoes on the river and sprinkle a liberal supply of native palm-topped huts where convenient, and a good idea of the local landscape may be formed.

As for the zoology of the islands, of course I was in no position to note it. Lions, tigers, elephants, and such like "cattle," have an objection as a rule against trying to rush the military lines.

But for variety and beauty the butterflies of this country are hard to beat. Some of them, big black fellows with their under-wings a network of crimson, must be fully six inches from tip to tip. Then there are some that have a delicate lace-tracery of black and yellow, or black and green, or violet. Besides these are the little blue butterflies that, with the English sparrow, seem to be domesticated all the world over. All the livelong night the agile firefly would dance its tiny burning lamp to the accompaniment of the harsh-croaking frog.

When at Cavité our company had the distinction of being picked upon as General Anderson's guard of honor. Admiral Dewey and Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader, paid him a visit over at headquarters. Everybody is familiar, at least on paper, with the firm, determined features and heavy, drooping iron-gray mustache of our popular hero. Aguinaldo, typical of the better class of native, is built on a light, almost effeminate mold, with bright, intelligent, restless eyes. With them came an interpreter; so I suppose he cannot be very well versed in "English as she is spoke." As he was leaving quarters after the interview, Dewey let fall a graceful compliment, by inquiring if we were not regulars.

On the 7th we had target practice. The targets were placed on the decks of a half-submerged cruiser, and the shooting was watched with keen interest by the natives, who turned out in force. After it was over they informed us "Filipino, boom! boom!" (staccato). "Español, boom! boom! boom!" (crescendo). "Americano, br-br-br!" (alluding to our volley-firing).



The last day at Cavit  was whiled away with a game of baseball between the Fourteenth Regulars and the Third Battalion. The fierceness of the heat was a drawback to the keenness of the game, but with true American grit it was struggled through to the finish. But this was not for what

we had enlisted, and everybody was chafing to go to the front. Not that we were particularly bloodthirsty in our inclinations, but everybody longed to show the world the worth of the American Volunteer, and let California know that she had no reason to be ashamed of her sons.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

A PRETTY comedy of Love to-night,  
And all the house is gay with flowers and light;  
There is a hint of passion in the plot,  
Of love that 's lightly won and soon forgot,—  
An old, old play.

But, ah, my lady, though you sit and smile,  
I see your eyes steal, darkening the while,  
To where a brown head bends above a gold,  
With all the grace it bent o'er yours of old,  
When at the play.

The scene goes on, with music and the dance,  
But still she marks, with sidelong, furtive glance,  
How tenderly he bends him down to say  
Some earnest words in just the sweet old way,—  
It is the play.

Her heart-beats stir the filmy fall of lace;  
She lifts her fan athwart her paling face,  
And turns to answer merry jest with jest,—  
With all the while a strange weight on her breast,—  
A bitter play.

The curtain falls, the comedy is done,  
The music fades, the lights die one by one;  
My lady sees with what protecting care  
Two strong hands wrap a slight form from the air,—  
After the play.

Within her weary eyes a dull fire burns,  
Yet smiles she still as to her friend she turns,  
And why her lips are white he cannot guess,  
Nor why her small hands tremble so,—unless  
Too long the play.

*Lue Vernon.*

# THE DESTINY OF DUTY

By ARTHUR J. PILLSBURY

THERE has recently been much random firing into the subject of imperialism as applied to our national policy, the aim being generally poor and the target not clearly discerned. Shallow persons have assumed to outline a policy of conquest and colonization for this country to follow, and timorous persons have stood with chattering chins before the awful face of a fancied imperialism.

The treaty with Spain has been signed, its ratification by Senate and Cortes is hardly a matter of doubt, and the Stars and Stripes are now floating over Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippines. A national policy with reference to territorial expansion must be entered upon. There will be no dodging the issue, and it is high time that American citizens gave to the new problem the best thought of which they are capable. Let us, therefore, confront the probable unfoldings of the future without panic and with that confidence in American destiny which is born of American courage and has ever been sustained by an American conscience.

The reader of history soon learns that the story is one of a succession of causes and consequences; that the conditions of each to-day determined the conditions of each to-morrow; and that no man or political party thought out or in any effectual way predestinated coming events.

No man can mark out his own career and follow it regardless of the claims which others have upon him, nor can any nation. The man who essays to do it will die remorseful, leaving his truer errand unfulfilled. So will a nation. If the highest view of life a human being can take is to live and strive for others, trusting to the Ruler of the universe to open ways of utility before him as he advances, so it is with any number of persons, whether they aggregate a community, a state, or a nation. Duty, the path wherein is found the largest measure of beneficence, is the true destiny of men and of nations.

Let us, therefore, briefly review recent events in the light of a dutiful destiny,

that we may forecast the newer territorial policy of this nation.

As to Cuba: The sixteenth century rioted and reveled under the benignant but horrified eyes of the humane and motherly nineteenth bearing in her womb the twentieth century of the Christian era, soon to be delivered, and its character possibly determined by prenatal suggestion. In the language of our great, calm President, (great and calm because of an abiding faith in God and in the fidelity to duty of the people of this republic,) the condition was "intolerable," and had to come to an end.

The duty at hand was to put an end to a condition no longer tolerable, and the nation's duty became the national policy. It avowed this policy with honesty, and had no other; for there was at hand no other duty to determine another policy.

As to Porto Rico: New duties beget new policies. War once entered upon, duty demanded that no seed be left in the womb of events for the conception of another ill-timed monster to lay waste a fair principality and outrage the finer feelings of a twentieth-century civilization. Therefore every vestige of sixteenth-century civilization had to be swept off this continent. We did not want Porto Rico because of lust of empire. It is not larger than a Californian county. We wanted it so that peace with Spain, once re-established, need not have its continuance endangered. This bit of imperialism was determined by the duty of common prudence, by a humane consideration for the happiness of Spain, as well as for the happiness of Porto Rico, of Cuba, which lies within a contagious adjacency, and of the United States, which cannot look on unheedful of what takes place under the lee of its shores.

As to the Philippines: We had a growing commerce with the lowly millions of Asia and a naval squadron to protect it. The war with Spain broke out. Our squadron had on the farther side of the Pacific no harbor in which to rest a keel. The alternative was presented of crushing



Spanish power in the Orient, or sailing for home waters, leaving our Oriental commerce to be crushed by Spain.

Again was national policy conceived in the womb of duty. The admirable Dewey sailed to Manila, destroyed, at one blow, the naval power of Spain in Asiatic waters and planted the flag of liberty where sixteenth-century despotism had endured three centuries beyond its time.

It is matter of history that the power of Spain, being broken in Asia by the splendid victory of Dewey, prompted the Filipinos to raise once again the standard of revolt. What was that to us? That which the revolt in Cuba was to us—nothing less. What Cuba suffered the Philippines have suffered. Aside from the fact of juxtaposition, there has been no justification for interference on behalf of Cuba that was not equally strong for interference on behalf of the Philippines, and the incident of juxtaposition was equalized by the incident of American commercial self-preservation in Asiatic waters.

So far in the progress of this historical event the United States stands with clean hands. Its policy has been determined by the highest considerations of national duty. To have refused the acquisitions of territory that have resulted from the war with Spain, would have been to turn a deaf ear to the cries of the lowly and heavily-laden and stand a stony obstruction in the way of the advancement of the world. There has thus far been no element of greedy imperialism in the policy of our country, and the monster of which so many excellent people stand in dread is only a seeming, and not a reality.

Shall there now be a halting in our national policy? There can be no halting until events cease to be causes of other events, and that condition can not come to pass until time shall be no more. Heretofore our nation has bravely followed where duty resolutely led the way, and wheresoever duty hereafter points the way must our national footsteps tend or we ourselves as a people, stand before the world convicted of cowardice or contemptible weakness.

Our country can no more escape the rivalries of nations than our people can escape the rivalries of life; and for people, or peoples, to seek to avoid such rivalries,

is to go counter to the primal laws of being, to court destruction amid ignominy.

Either the civilization, commerce, and industrialism of English-speaking peoples, or the civilization, commerce, and industrialism of Russia will come to dominate Asia, and dominating Asia, will dominate the world. A choice betwixt the Saxon and the Muscovite must be made.

And which were better for the millions of the far East, a civilization based on liberty and equality, or one based upon imperial despotism? A civilization that by and by puts men upon their own feet and bids them stand erect in the dignity of conscious manhood, or one that regards an independent bearing as a dangerous impertinence, and feels safe only when manhood is shackled to the land, as malefactors were, in old time, to dungeon walls?

Hitherto America has been the asylum for the oppressed of all nations. Hereafter, under the providence of God, and guided by the unerring promptings of an ever-present duty, the mission of this country will be to plant the tree of liberty (industrial and civic) wherever it will grow, and if need be, nurture and guard it with all the power of army and navy.

Cuba must be reconstructed. Ignorant and superstitious, ground to the earth by three hundred years of repression and oppression, the people of Cuba must be instructed in self-government, in industry, in the value of order and the inviolability of law. To leave them wholly to themselves would be to leave them to self-destruction through internecine warfare.

Our people, through immigration and commerce, will transplant to Cuban soil American impulses, peoples, industries, schools, a freer religious life, and a more self-reliant and capable industrialism. And when Americanized, as Cuba will become in a score or so of years, if not sooner, she will of her own accord knock at our door for admission to our sisterhood of States, and when she knocks she will enter in. Our duty to the Cubans will wisely determine the destiny of the Cubans.

If the Cubans are not fitted to be left wholly to themselves now that the authority of Spain has been crushed, neither are the Filipinos. If the people of Cuba need to have stretched forth helpfully toward them the guiding as well as protecting

hand of a strong and humane government, that order and law and enterprise may be established, the needs of the Filipinos are not dissimilar or less urgent. If duty demands of us a protecting policy in relation to the one, so it does in relation to the other, and in neither instance can our Government avoid the responsibility without beating a retreat as inglorious as contemptible.

The nearness of Cuba demands her elevation, Americanization, and final annexation. The farness of the Philippines does not absolve our Government from conferring upon them also their elevation, modernization, and protection, until they have learned to stand alone. As to what more that may profitably be left to time to determine. Their annexation so as to make them an integral part of the American Union, is not to be thought of. The term annexation is carelessly used by careless writers and thinkers, greatly hindering the formation of a public sentiment at once sound and clear. If, as has been already asserted in the Senate, the Constitution does not permit the holding of dependencies, if it pinches under the arms, why, this nation is not going to be prevented reaching its full stature by a piece of parchment more or less. That Constitution will stand stretching.

Now, the destiny of duty does not imply that works of benefaction are to be wholly gratuitous, that annexed or dependent possessions are to be permanently unprofitable to the nation that uplifts them, but such destiny does imply that these possessions are not to be exploited for the benefit of our commerce and politics. Tariff schedules imposed upon such dependencies must be for such dependencies, and not against them, as our own tariffs must be for us, and not for these dependencies. The righteous adjustment of trade relations with our insular posses-

sions will be a matter of no great difficulty.

It requires no prophetic vision to foresee the speedy coming of an era of phenomenal commercial development in Pacific waters. Commerce is not ignoble. It is one of the most powerful civilizing agencies at work upon the earth. The profoundest theater of world movements in the coming century is to be Asia; and why should the United States forego any advantage to be gained in having dependencies along the Pacific highway from Occident to Orient? Hawaii is not an outpost of a selfish and grasping imperialism. Rather is it a shining beacon set up by kindly hands in mid-ocean to bid far-away peoples be of good cheer; for a new day is coming to them, and the night will not forever last.

Let not the faint-hearted fear that President McKinley, his administration, and the Republican party, will cause this nation to enter upon a conscienceless and aggressive crusade of conquest for the sake of conquest, nor yet that a missionary spirit will cause our fleets and armies to be sent far afield for gratuitous good to do. The measure of American conquests and colonizations will be the measure of American duty to the higher claims of humanity, duties which will arise out of events not of our shaping, but owing their causation to a Power greater than that of nations and which makes for the redemption of the world.

Whoso follows where duty leads, man or millions of men, has God for his guide and can not go far wrong. No destiny determined by duty was ever less than glorious, and no destiny not so determined was ever more than ignoble. Whatever duty, under the providence of God, is laid upon the shoulders of the American people will be assumed with thanksgiving and discharged with fidelity.





# FATE'S REVENGE

By GRANVILLE P. HURST

THERE were but few guests at Bennett's summer hotel in the Sierra when Miss Syringa Fletcher arrived from the far East, whence she had come to recover health and spirits amid new scenes. For a time, the novelty of her surroundings and the companionship of Mrs. Bennett, her favorite aunt, brought Syringa a degree of relief from the sorrow that had corroded her life for a year past, but soon her headache returned, aggravated by that "hell o' a' diseases," homesickness, in a malignant form. Her sense of loneliness became insupportable. Each serene and beautiful June day passed "like a shadow o'er the heart." The blue sky, calm and cloudless, seemed pitilessly cold, and joyous, sunshiny nature was sadly out of tune with all her moods.

At the end of three weeks she resolved to endure it no longer. Despite the entreaties of her relatives, she began to make preparations for her return home; and the time fixed for her departure was scarcely a week distant, when there arrived two guests whose coming was to change her programme in important particulars.

One of the two, Frank Walton, was well known to the Bennetts, and had spent more than one vacation with them. His coming was expected, and Mrs. Bennett had described him to Syringa (no doubt with the hope of inducing her to stay) as a model of charming manners and engaging qualities. The other was introduced as Mr. Gaylord.

The day following their arrival, Syringa had opportunity to make careful mental note of the two and to form a distinct impression of each. Mr. Walton was all, in manners, speech, and bearing, that Syringa's aunt had pictured him. His easy *bonhommie*, kindly humor, and ever ready supply of anecdote, concise, pointed, illustrative, charmed all, not excepting Syringa.

But fascinating as were the speech and manners of Walton, Miss Fletcher was no more pleased with him than impressed with his companion, Mr. Gaylord. Tall, erect, square-shouldered, with smoothly

shaven face, features almost massive, clear blue eyes, wavy brown hair, firm mouth, teeth perfect in their alignment and beautifully white, he was one to command attention and challenge admiration. He talked but little, but that little was in excellent English, and evinced clear and direct modes of thought. Syringa learned that he was Mr. Walton's cousin but recently arrived from that vaguely defined territory then known in California as "the States"; that he was wealthy and had been educated for the medical profession, but had not yet begun practice. For the rest, it must be confessed that he interested her in no slight degree, and at the close of the day she found herself less anxious for a speedy return to her New England home.

At times, indeed, her sorrow came surging back upon her, and she reproached herself for having been for a moment so nearly happy. But there was no escaping the infection of social good humor that prevailed. Her eye grew brighter, her step more elastic; and when her relatives, noting her improved condition, renewed their entreaties, she consented with but little show of reluctance to remain a few weeks longer.

Life in the Sierra, to a lover of nature, is full of varied interests and attractions. In the matter of scenery, monotony has no place. Each hour of each twenty-four works some transformation in light, shade, and the general expression of one's surroundings. Even "the eternal hills" seem to take on new form from morn to eve, as shadows reverse, points of illumination change, and the miracle of coloring deepens or fades.

"Bennett's Camp" was located in one of the most charming spots in the Sierra, at an elevation of about six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The moss-draped colossi of the forest crowded close about the building; the pine and fir dropped down their needles on the roof, and an immense cedar touched the eaves with its horizontal boughs. On every side were rare and beautiful alcoves of green,

leaf-lined nooks and perfumed recesses, fit palaces for daintiest woodland nymph or fairy queen. Here and there the tapestry of foliage was drawn aside and disclosed to view the peaks of the higher range in their splendid robes of azure and purple.

Though June was nearly gone, it was yet early spring at the camp. But the sweet serenity of that midsummer spring cannot be adequately described. The fresh, soft breezes, redolent with spicy breath of balsam, fir, and cedar, with the honeyed scent of manzanita bloom, and resonant with the hum of bees, came as pure as a breath from Paradise and filled with the vigor of life for every living creature.

Such the time and place of Syringa's acquaintance with Gaylord; and it is not strange that they, each wearied with sad thoughts and memories, each an ardent lover of nature and of all that makes the poetry of a refined and cultured life, each with similar social and literary tastes and aspirations, should have been drawn together by a strong, mutual interest, or that such interests should have turned Syringa's thoughts into a happier channel.

It requires no subtle analysis of human nature to explain the rapid change in Syringa's feelings, no invention of characteristics or endowments of mind to account for her capacity to be more reasonable in her moods, more moderate in her grief. The heart that so deeply feels a woe has also capacity for joy; and any awakening interest in a mind benumbed with suffering is the beginning of a cure. In her case, the cure progressed so rapidly that at the end of a fortnight she felt a degree of interest in life and its enjoyments that a few brief weeks before she had not deemed possible.

Gaylord, too, was fast losing his air of severe gravity. He talked more and with greater vivacity, and his rare smiles—rare in a double sense—became less infrequent. Of himself he said but little; but Walton's hearty commendation, though giving little biographical detail, was sufficient assurance of his character and reputation. The interest between him and Syringa grew daily, and as time passed they were more and more together.

One day while they two were lounging in sweet idleness in the hammocks, she was carelessly turning the leaves of the "Lusiad," which he had brought to the camp.

"John F. Gaylord," she read from the fly-leaf. "May I ask what the 'F.' is for?"

"Ford," he replied with a flush of embarrassment. "That is my family name. The fact is—I—I adopted the name Gaylord because required to do so by the will of my uncle, that being one of the conditions on which I inherit his property."

Syringa's face clouded. Gaylord noticed it and began further explanation.

"My mother's name was Gaylord, and my uncle had been almost a father to me. He had set his heart—"

"Permit me to say I like Gaylord better," interrupted Syringa. "Have you ever—have you any relatives in—the South?" She spoke in a strange, constrained voice.

"None," he answered. "The Fords for eight generations have lived in Massachusetts, and thence my father came to Minneapolis. The Gaylords are of New York, though the uncle I speak of lived in Minnesota from the sixties till his death last December. The change of name has brought me much embarrassment, though it has brought me something by way of compensation. I have wanted to tell you this for some time, and—"

"Are you two discussing original sin?" asked Walton, approaching.

"No; the original sinner," replied Gaylord.

"Could not the presence of an angel suffice to draw your mind from its accustomed channel?" laughed Walton. "Come in and join us at whist—both of you."

"Tempter!" cried Syringa, "is that the mildest form of mischief you can find for our idle hands? I play whist only for penance, but if I can repent in good company and oblige you at the same time, lead the way. Will you play too; Mr. Gaylord?"

"No, thanks. I prefer more intellectual enjoyments. I think I'll sleep till dinner."

"Sleep is the true measure of your mental activity and enjoyment, my good cousin," retorted Walton. "But don't overtax your faculties. Your brain is a



delicate piece of mechanism and should not be subjected to any severe strain."

As Syringa seated herself at the table she said to herself: "And *he* bore that hateful name! Yet it is a common one, and of all who own it, I have cause to hate but one. I am so glad that he changed it!"

The days passed quickly, all too quickly, as happy days ever do. And yet, how much Gaylord and Syringa lived in that short time!

One evening they walked out to "The Bluff," as they had done many times before, to see the sun set. This was a picturesque spot a short distance west of the hotel, overlooking the Sacramento Valley and affording a fine view of the Coast Range beyond. Behind the distant chain the sun had just disappeared, and half his golden halo burned as a crown upon the intervening purple peak. A thousand streamers of orange-colored light, radiating from the point of exit, extended almost to the zenith. Far on each side of the crowned height glowed aureate splendors, softening into a suspicion of amethyst and green. To right and left along the mighty sweep of ridged mountain wall, the intense coloring gradually paled to a delicate tone of azure, a veil of tinted light through which rugged grandeur appeared only in softened lines of beauty. From behind a high butte southward a long pencil of sunbeams fell along the range midway from its illuminated crest, and seemed to melt its way, a line of golden vapor, through the bank of purple and blue. The long reach of uplifted crag and peak and buttressed hills, pine-fringed, triangled with dark-shadowed cañons, and stretching in grand terraces down to the valley, almost hidden in its Indian summer haze, made up the foreground of a picture that only Nature with heaven and earth for a canvas, can produce.

Syringa was aware that she had changed much in the last few weeks, and a vague thought was in her mind that she had outlived her bitterest sorrow; that the ghost of the Past would forever cease to trouble, and that the future might still be stored with happiness for her. But should she forget? Had she a right to be happy, if she could?

As they stood on a ledge of rock at the very edge of a steep declivity, in the bright but fading light, he told her of his love.

Syringa's heart beat strangely and painfully fast. She trembled, flushing and paling alternately. Then looking straight into his eyes, she said, brokenly:—

"We have known each other so short a time,—we must make no mistake. Let me explain, fully. I loved before I saw you, and thought I could never—care again as I did for him—who is now dead. I confess, you have taught me—different. But let us take time to think. Take time yourself. It might make a difference with you,—let us make no mistake."

"But you do care for me, you admit. Your past love does not concern me. It is for the present and future that I crave your affection." He took her hand and she let him retain it.

"Yes, I—care for you," she murmured, "but I love the memory of the dead. I might wrong you,—you might regret,—"

"No!" he interrupted, "with your love, I cannot regret. Your memory of the past, your scruples, only prove your worth. If we love each other, we can make no mistake. But I will not urge you. If you love me, there can be but one conclusion. I will wait and hope. Let me speak to you to-morrow."

When our lovers met next morning, no doubt or indecision was in Syringa's face, and her manner dispelled any fear Gaylord may have had that the past would come between them. He was content to let the day pass without further questioning; and when, at evening, he proposed that they again view the sunset from the Bluff, her smiling assent gave further assurance to his hope.

Syringa had never looked lovelier than on this occasion. Her dark eyes shone with the light which only happiness and affection can give, and her face was a bright index of love's tender emotions.

When they were seated, he asked: "Are you ready to give me my answer?"

"Yes," she replied, simply, giving him her hand.

"Heaven bless you!" he said with trembling earnestness. "May I be able to make you as happy as you have made me!"

They sat for some minutes in silent happiness, seeing, but little heeding, the gorgeous spectacle in the west. Then Gaylord spoke as if by sudden impulse:—

"My darling, your frankness makes me feel that I should have told you before now of the one thing in my life that you ought to know—to have known. It is nothing that can affect your love or respect for me, and yet I should have told you. To-day I have thought of it many times, and I cannot feel at ease until I can say that I have kept no secret from you."

He paused, and then went on with downcast eyes, but in steady tones. "Less than a year ago, I had the misfortune to take the life of a fellow-man. I was, possibly, in a measure to blame; but I was not guilty of any crime—the jury said I was justified. In bitter regrets I have expiated all the blame that may have attached to me in that unfortunate affair, in which my worst offense was venial, the result of education in false codes of honor. That is all now,—you know the worst of me. Some day I will tell you all, if you care to know; but let us not mar our happiness now by—"

He glanced at her and stopped abruptly, startled and alarmed at the expression on her face. She was looking directly at him, with pale face and dilating eyes. She shuddered nervously, and with a perceptible effort to speak calmly, said:—"No; tell me all now. Where did it happen?"

"At New Orleans," he answered. "We

were both attending a medical college there—"

She quickly withdrew her hand from his. Terror and anguish were depicted on her face. She pressed one hand quickly to her heart, her lips quivered, and she gasped:—

"It was Albert Favour! *You* are the Ford that killed him!"

"Yes, O, my darling! Did you know him? Have I—"

He tried to take her hands. She repulsed him sternly and sprang to her feet. He also arose. A look of livid passion chased the terror from her face, and she cried in hoarse, unnatural tones:—

"He was the man I loved. He is the man I love! O, let me not curse you! Let me not curse you, but you have blighted my life forever!"

She struck aside his extended hands, turned abruptly and walked rapidly toward the camp. Gaylord stood with agonized face, watching her go up the slope. He heard her sob convulsively, and saw her press her hands to her throat. He called her name and started to follow. She turned—and waved him back.

Gaylord left next day without seeing Syringa. When ready to start, he sent to her room a brief note begging to see her for one minute only. It was returned with this answer written thereon:—

I cannot see you. But I will not curse you, and will try not to hate you. You have no right to ask more. S. F.

## LAST NIGHT I DREAMED OF THEE

LAST night I dreamed of thee.  
Sweet, half-remembered words  
Thou saidst, came back to me,  
Thy kiss upon my brow,  
The sunlight of thy smile,  
Thy touch,—once real,—but now—  
A dream.

*Grace Hibbard.*



# THE LESSON OF THE PHILADELPHIA GAS-WORKS

By J. H. STALLARD, M. B. LOND., ETC.

THE facts relating to the lease of the Philadelphia Gas-Works have been fully stated and sufficiently discussed by several distinguished writers, but as yet no one has touched upon the real cause of failure or proposed a remedy.

The great advantage of the municipal ownership and operation of gas-works can not be disputed, and it is a most lamentable circumstance that the third largest city in the United States, after ten years' experience, has relinquished their control. In spite of all possible explanations, such action must be regarded as a confession of inability to administer them successfully, and an acknowledgment of the superiority of private over public management. This unfortunate conclusion cannot be ignored, and certainly ought to lead to a careful contrast of the two systems, in order to find out wherein they differ, and whether there is any hope of putting municipal gas-work management and the conduct of other public utilities on a private corporation basis. If this could be done, we might reasonably expect the same result.

In the first place, it must be noted that the citizens substantially correspond with the stockholders in a private corporation. In both cases the stockholders may be few or many, male or female, old or young, wise or ignorant, rich or poor. All or none may be endowed with social or philanthropic instincts. Like private stockholders, citizens may constitute a strange and constantly changing medley of Protestants, Catholics, Atheists, Socialists, Democrats, Republicans, Populists, etc. Neither "private" nor "citizen" stockholders expect personal association in the conduct of affairs, but are ready to intrust their interests to their representatives. The main difference consists in the need of residence. Whilst the private stockholder may reside in London, Paris, or Japan, the citizen acquires his interest by residence, and at the same time becomes the consumer of his own productions.

In the next place, the success of corporations is not dependent on the character or social standing of the stockholders, but on the form and constitution of the

business government. No large business corporation trusts the management to a single person except when that person owns the controlling interest and would be the greatest sufferer by his own neglect. The very worst proprietary is certain to prefer the election of honest representatives. Whilst the efforts of the most exemplary and most honorable body of stockholders and officials would assuredly fail if the principle of management encouraged the growth of corrupting human weaknesses. Under such conditions the most immaculate officials must eventually become corrupt. From this it follows that corruption in government affords *prima facie* evidence that its form and method must be wrong.

How, then, do private stockholders secure honest and successful management? It is universally acknowledged that there are no two ways. They simply elect a committee of themselves. They elect a corporate body, which they endow with corporate power and corporate responsibility; which determines the policies and the mode of action; which appoints, promotes, and removes all executive officers at its own pleasure, settles their salaries and duties, and the conditions of all employment; which supervises all official acts, regulates all expenditures, orders all repairs, improvements, and extension of the works, and asks of the stockholders more capital as soon as it may be wisely and profitably employed.

This representative board of directors has absolute and undivided control. No one is permitted to obstruct their deliberations or dispute their action. No one can veto their ordinances nor contract their operations. No one can cancel or postpone the payment of their checks. In the election of a corporate business management, individual power and responsibility are both lost. No individual can have special privileges by right. No one has personal power to give an order, make an appointment, remove an official, or spend a cent, without the elected corporate consent. No one has it in his power to promise appointments, contracts, or

emoluments of any kind, to the friends who have assisted to elect him. No one has "spoils" to give away. Moreover, the board of directors is not permitted to alienate any portion of their power to boards, commissioners, or individuals, over whom they have no absolute control. They are responsible for the fitness and conduct of every officer employed, and can not shift any part of the appointing, promoting, or controlling power on the shoulders of commissioners less qualified than themselves to judge of the merits of the candidates or their special fitness for the duties they are expected to perform. And lastly, the sole and most efficient bond of union is the financial interest of the corporation, and the sole test of success is the profitable return.

If these simple conditions satisfy the requirements of a private corporation, why should they not be tried in city government and in the management of public gas-works?

Now, it is remarkable that no successful municipal government can anywhere be found which is not conducted on this simple business plan, and municipal authorities so constituted present innumerable examples of the successful management of gas-works. The town of Birmingham, England, is a case in point. It is a large manufacturing town which, like Philadelphia, is engaged in a variety of industries. There are 95,000 citizens who vote, or nearly one fifth of the population, a proportion equal to that of an American city. The large council elected by the people has complete control; the gas-works are managed by a committee of eight members, who submit all their operations for the approval of the council. Their last report presents a sample of their work. They state that additional and enlarged mains are required in districts in which it was found difficult to maintain the supply as efficiently as necessary for gas-engines and heating purposes. They report that a bench of retorts had to be reconstructed, and that the adoption of eight instead of seven retorts will require a small expenditure on capital account. They report the acceptance of tenders in connection with the works, and that satisfactory terms have been arranged with patentees for the use of inclined retorts.

At the request of the council, they have made arrangements for providing a recreation ground from a portion of land not in present use, and are in communication with the baths and parks committee, who will carry out the scheme. The committee have under consideration a revision of the salaries rendered necessary by more important duties, and in answer to an application from one of the superintendents for an increased salary, they propose to grant him an addition of \$250 a year. Their accounts show a profit amounting to more than a quarter of a million dollars. This profit is dealt with in a purely business way. The committee reports that half of the total output is sold to consumers whose demands remain constant throughout the year, and whose consumption it is most desirable to encourage. They report that some of these large consumers are providing themselves with gas-producing plants, and that the price to this class must be reduced to arrest this loss. They therefore request that a reduction of twenty per cent below the highest price should be made to them. They also recommend that the charge for gas for public lighting be proportionately reduced. They estimate the gross cost of these reductions at \$150,000 yearly, which will, it is hoped, be recovered by increased output. It is an error to suppose that the management is authorized to favor any special class, or to set aside financial considerations for the sake of social or industrial progress. They put in connections and fixtures as a pure matter of business to promote gas consumption. They introduce penny-in-the-slot machines to extend the use of gas amongst classes who are unable to use it on any other terms; they rent out gas-stoves to those only who cannot afford to buy them; and in order to meet the financial conditions, they raise the price to all these small consumers.

Throughout the report of the committee there is no mention of the manager, who is not permitted to share in any part of their responsibility. He is simply the servant who is paid for his technical skill, his advice, and his executive ability. For the due exercise of these he is immediately responsible, and would be discharged for failure. He recommends candidates for



employment, but cannot appoint them. He recommends the purchase of materials, but has no power to order them. He proposes new processes, but cannot introduce them, and new machinery of production without the power to construct it. Thus is the power of the executive kept under corporate control, and the separation between legislative and executive functions made complete. From this example, which is one of hundreds, it becomes evident that the same form of business management which is found in private business corporations will surely succeed in the management of public utilities under municipal control.

If we examine the municipal governments in American cities, we find that all the characteristic features of private corporation management have completely disappeared. Corporate wisdom is no longer regarded as the test of safety. Corporate power is overwhelmed by individual power. Corporate responsibility is despised, and is replaced by that of individuals. And all this in spite of the accepted principle of all good government, which affirms that no individual action can possibly replace the concerted action of the people, who are necessarily most interested in successful government.

A passage from my article on "The Municipal Government of San Francisco" in the *OVERLAND* for March, 1897, applies here:—

*Individual responsibility as opposed to corporate is relied upon as the fundamental principle of American municipal administration.* Subject to a master's control, the value of individual responsibility cannot be exaggerated. It is simple, direct, and easily enforced. There is no escape from it. It is an indispensable feature of all good administration. It is employed and trusted by the directors of all business corporations in departmental work. But in using it business directors take every possible precaution to retain the power of control intact. They carefully examine and determine the qualifications of the candidates for office, and they allot to the appointee only such reasonable work as he may be expected to perform efficiently. They give him full and definite instructions for the regulation of his official conduct, and they expect him to obey them. They also require periodical reports of all transactions, which they revise as they think fit. It is thus recognized that individual responsibility is necessarily limited by individual capacity and experience, and that it is most effective when employed as an intelligent machine.

In fact, corporate responsibility begins where individual responsibility ends, because in a multitude of councilors there is safety.

It is discretionary individual power which is the source of every kind of abuse and destroys responsibility. It is therefore one of the first duties of a business government to define its limits, and the duty can never be left to the judgment of a single man. No nation can be properly governed by a king or emperor, and all great business corporations are conducted by corporate authority. The government of the complicated activities now demanded by the citizens assuredly belong to this category, and must therefore be intrusted to representative corporate control. Quoting again from the same article:—

There are, therefore, four great and insuperable objections to the extension of the principle of individual responsibility in municipal administration: First, the great difficulty of fitting the qualifications of the individual to the responsibilities imposed upon him; second, the difficulty, which becomes an impossibility, when the responsibilities are beyond the capacity of any single officer; third, the impossibility of excluding discretionary power in the majority of cases; and lastly, the fact that individual responsibility can neither be trusted with initiative action nor with the power of the purse, which is the only sound foundation of all good administration.

No capitalist would venture to invest his savings in a gas-works with a management constructed on the lines of the Philadelphia government. Instead of a body of representative directors, upon whose corporate wisdom and honesty he has been accustomed to rely, and to which as a body, and not to any individual, he has given unlimited and undivided power over the company's affairs, he finds an emasculated creation, falsely dignified with the name of council, which has been constructed under the power of an immutable charter, from which there is no possible escape, and which curtails freedom of action in every possible direction. Unlike the construction of a private business corporation, the charter of Philadelphia forbids the council to appoint the president or mayor, who is elected by the people not as the servant of the council, but its master. This official is an ingenious complication of legislative and executive power.



As official chairman of the council, he is the head of the legislative body, and in this capacity he largely controls the course of business and the subjects of deliberation. Without his assistance there can be no budget. He must approve of all appropriations. His consent is specifically required to complete every act of legislation; and above all he exercises the power of the veto, which is alone sufficient to modify the whole course of legislation and expenditure. Short of giving him imperial authority, it seems impossible to confer more legislative power upon a single man. But besides this the charter makes the mayor the central figure of the executive. He appoints the heads of the six departments who form his cabinet and are supposed to be responsible for the conduct of the gas-works. Here, then, we have in the person of the mayor that intimate combination of legislative and executive power which is denounced by the Hon. Seth A. Low and every statesman in the world. The logical conclusion is that one or other of these functions must be given up. If the mayor is still to be the executive center, he should be retired from the council, like the President of the United States, and if he remain a councilor, he should be relieved of his executive functions. In a private business corporation the president is simply chairman of the council, and exercises no executive functions without their approval and authority. To get a business management in Philadelphia, it will be necessary to destroy the power of the mayor.

In the next place, the investing capitalist would be astounded to find that the elected corporate body cannot be trusted to appoint the gas-works manager. In Philadelphia the mayor appoints a director of public works, who in turn appoints the chief of the gas-works. The chief of the gas-works again in turn appoints an army of deputies, superintendents, mechanics, clerks, coal-heavers, and other workmen. He spends more than a million annually in salaries and wages, and is thus enabled to barter the appointments with the individual councilors to attain higher wages and more appropriations for his henchmen, and with outside political bosses for the electoral sup-

port of his patrons. Thus is created one of the most powerful political machines to be found outside of Tammany. In all these arrangements the corporate power of the council is utterly ignored. The manager of the Philadelphia gas-works is in fact the boss. The council are supposed to be utterly ignorant of gas-making. The corporate wisdom of the council is not in it. The council does not determine the policies of action. It does not appoint the engineer and chemist, or settle the kind and quality of gas, the mode of manufacture, or the nature and cost of the machinery. None of the thousand practical questions which are submitted to and determined by the equally ignorant business directors of a private gas corporation are submitted to the council of Philadelphia. The council has no practical interest in the management, and no real responsibility. No wonder, therefore, that it seizes upon all seeming profits, not with the object of providing for depreciation or extension of the works, to meet the demands of the increasing population, but to promote the false policy of currying favor with the customers, by reducing the price of gas and the taxes of the citizens. But the charter interference with the management does not end here. The charter provides for the separate election of an auditor, with powers nowhere to be found in any private corporation. Business and English municipal auditors examine the books and compare them with the vouchers and cash balances, and report the result to the council and the public. But American municipal auditors, whilst they would be compelled to sign the account of a contractor charging double prices by order of the council, or on the demand of a gas-works manager, who secretly receives whisky and jewelry in the place of coal, are obliged to examine every bill presented by the councils and sign it before it can be paid. The poor council cannot be permitted to sign its own honorable checks without the assistance and approval of the auditor.

Again, who ever heard of directors of a private corporation not trusted with the care of cash? No such official as an elected treasurer is to be found anywhere in the

whole world outside of an American city government.

The same remark applies to the tax-collector, or chief clerk, and recorder. Corresponding officials are all appointed by the directors of a private corporation, and are removable at their pleasure. All municipal officials in America are endowed with discretionary and executive power. Indeed, the admixture of the two is adopted as the principle in the New York charter. "Whenever," said the charter-makers, "the work of the department is principally discretionary [legislative], a board has been provided, and whenever a department is chiefly executive, a single commissioner has been provided." This discretionary power enables both boards and individuals to take care of their relatives, friends, and political acquaintances, and subjects the best-intentioned and most honorable men to "pulls" and other evil influences, which make official life repugnant to them, and turns it over to the venal and corrupt.

It seems that an angelic constituency would be unable to secure the successful management of gas-works or any other public utility with such machinery of government; and that it is simply absurd to put the blame of failure on the absence of social ideals or the want of public spirit of the citizens. The citizens of America are better instructed on public questions than any in the world, and take a more active interest in what is going on. Public opinion is both sound and strong, and if it could have acted, the existing municipal institutions of America would have been swept away long ago. From a long acquaintance with the cities of England, and a residence in San Francisco of a quarter of a century, I can testify that the citizens of all large cities are substantially the same in character, and that in all there is a crowd of honest citizens ready and willing to give their time and services in the honorable service of the public. But the essential condition is that they shall be elected and treated as trust-

worthy and honorable men, no law being adequate for the control of rogues.

Happily, the citizens of America are beginning to realize the evils of private corporate monopoly and the impotence of municipal authorities to resent their encroachments on our purses and liberties. But they have yet to learn that private corporate monopolies can only be met by the municipal adoption of private corporate methods, and that in the competition thus established the public power will certainly prevail.

No private gas corporation can possibly exist in Birmingham, not because the citizens sentimentally object to them, for assuredly they have no such prejudice,—indeed, there are hundreds of other private corporations in the city,—but because the municipal authorities are able to provide the necessary capital at a lower rate of interest than a private corporation, and can also secure the services of the most accomplished experts and erect the best machinery. Therefore, on these accounts, they are able to supply their customers with better and cheaper gas.

The reform of American city government is not a matter of evolution by the methods now in operation. This evolution is on the way to failure, of which the probable acme is the New York charter. It is only through simple deduction, *a priori* reasoning, and actual experience throughout the world, that the conclusion becomes irresistible that the honest adoption of simple council government, founded on the model of all business corporations, affords the only prospect of successful city government. This system has never once been tried in any city of the United States, where municipal institutions are a conspicuous failure, whilst elsewhere it affords examples of success in every quarter of the globe. The crowning advantage is that it removes from municipal government the curse of personal power and patronage, which is the basis of corruption and the food of political machines.



# THE WHISPERING GALLERY

By ROSSITER JOHNSON

Some truths may be proclaimed upon the house-top;  
Others may be spoken by the fireside;  
Still others must be whispered in the ear of a friend.

THREE days ago my friend Elacott showed me a brief note from Miss Ravaline, in which she said:

My friend, we're rivals now no more;  
A silent suitor ranks us both.

"It is easy to see," said I, "that the title of the poem must be 'The Rivals.'"

"Yes," said Elacott; "and it must be either a monologue or a dialogue."

"Shall you try it?" said I.

"To be sure, I shall," said he. "I have already begun, and I shall sit up to-night and finish it."

"You appear to be very certain of your inspiration."

"If I depended on inspiration," said he, "I should feel very uncertain of it. But I have the whole idea in my head for a poem suggested by those two lines, and I am certain I can work out the theme somehow, so that it will show in black and white, though I cannot say how musical it will be."

I also tried it that night, but could make nothing more than a very poor sonnet. And yet it may not have been bad, as sonnets go; for, to my mind, besides Shakespeare's sonnets, there are hardly a score in our whole literature that might not as well be dropped into oblivion. Still, with all my prejudice against the sonnet, I cannot help now and then trying my hand at it, just to see what I *can* say in fourteen lines and two or three rhymes. But I do *not* plead guilty of launching a whole shoal of sonnets at a time. That monstrosity is inexcusable. There was a man who once wrote and published what he called "A Century of Sonnets." I hope Gabriel's trump will not rouse him till the rest of us have a good century the start; for I should not like to hear him singing those dreadful sonnets through all eternity.

Last evening Elacott and I visited the Arbor, and found the two ladies already there. Miss Ravaline explained the warmth of her welcome by pointing at the ends of papers protruding from our pockets, which she assumed contained the desired poetical effort.

Mrs. Trenfield was impatient to hear all three of the poems, and a dispute arose over the question who should read first. Elacott held that it should be Miss Ravaline, because she was the originator of the scheme. She contended that, as she had given us only the opening lines, our pieces were certain to be quite as original as hers. Mrs. Trenfield suggested that we draw lots, and when this was agreed to, she turned away from us, broke three twigs to different lengths, and concealed all but the ends of them in her hand. The lot fell to Elacott.

"Of course, it was evident," said he, "that you intended the poem to be entitled 'The Rivals,' or something equivalent, and I have worked it out as a dialogue. In hearing it read, you may not recognize the points at which the speaker is changed as readily as you would if you saw the manuscript, but I will try to indicate them by inflection."

Then he read these verses:—

"My friend, we're rivals now no more;  
A silent suitor ranks us both—  
Her lord henceforth, however loath,  
Where mortal rivalries are o'er.  
If both her lovers had been one,  
And that one such as she had willed,  
And life rolled smooth from sun to sun,  
Till all her hopes had been fulfilled,  
She could not then have laid it by  
With more of graceful ease and trust  
Than when before an opening sky  
She dropped her veil of earthly dust.  
I knew myself, I now confess,  
To be unworthy of her hand;  
But who for that e'er loves the less,  
Or finds his courage e'er unmanned?  
We all avow, we all believe,  
That she we love with reverent heart  
Could somehow many a fault retrieve,  
And something of herself impart.  
Her thoughts were such as none could  
reach  
But with a spirit like her own,  
And the low music of her speech  
Was soft as nature's undertone.  
Where'er she came she brought a spell  
That hallowed all the commonplace;  
Whene'er she went a silence fell,  
And something shadowed every face.  
I loved her with a wild delight,  
Unheeding of the Yes or No;  
And in the balmy summer night  
A score of times I told her so.  
I told her how ambition kept  
An even step with love's reply,  
How half the powers of nature slept  
Until awakened by a sigh.  
She almost smiled, and all but wept,  
And gently put the subject by,—  
So gently that I knew my fate  
Was then determined past recall,  
And you my rival, once my mate,  
Were throned and crowned the lord of  
all.  
But tell me—now that this has past—  
By what device, what novel art,  
You found the hidden clue at last  
And reached the portal of her heart.

For you and I, in days of youth,  
Went hand-in-hand in search of truth,  
And howsoever either fared  
The gain or loss was always shared.  
I could not sleep if you were sad,  
You could but smile if I was glad,  
And both in equal gauge retained  
The skill or knowledge either gained.  
I marveled you the happy way  
Had found, and I so far astray."

"You marveled? And I marveled too;  
For I was sure she favored you.  
And when her prompt refusal rang  
The knell of hope, I could not fend  
Against the first, the only pang  
Of envy toward my boyhood friend.  
But that was neither deep nor strong.  
No unbefitting thought could long  
Remain a tenant of the soul  
Where love of her held high control.  
And silent then I took the place  
Of one who, distanced in the race,  
Still feels, however fortune fall,  
'Tis noble to have striven at all.  
I even began to take a pride  
In thinking he who by my side  
Had walked since childhood's earliest day  
So fair a prize had borne away;  
Though I, too, wondered what availed  
To win your cause where mine had  
failed."

"Perhaps, unknown to you and me,  
Another suitor, who surpassed  
All we could ever do or be,  
Had won the citadel at last."

"No such appeared. I rather hold  
Our rival was no fleshly real,  
No living man of mortal mold,  
But her own perfect, fair ideal.  
What man could hope, in such a case?  
Or who presume to emulate  
The visionary power and grace  
That such a fancy could create?  
For her perception was the kind  
That, to no force of Nature blind,



With equal vision seems to see  
 What must, what might, what ought to be.  
 And she could look through screen and  
 scroll  
 Of measured words and mannered vole,  
 To read the secrets of the soul.  
 I felt this power when first we met—  
 Felt, feared, but did not quite regret;  
 I felt it more when last we spoke,  
 Before her thread of being broke;  
 Yet knew whate'er she read in me  
 Was still wrapped up in secrecy."

---

"Nay, souls like hers are never given  
 To form ideals this side of heaven.  
 They do not seek the name of wife  
 And put a price-mark on their life,  
 Saying: 'For thus much excellence,  
 Thus much of manhood, thus much sense,  
 Or wit, or goodness, I'm for sale;  
 And nothing less can e'er avail.'  
 They step into this world of ours  
 With all their sympathies and powers

Spread to the full to catch the need  
 Of fellow-men with generous deed,  
 Or helpful thought, or word of cheer,  
 Or smile that hope's renewal brings,  
 Or such encouragement as springs  
 From simply knowing they are here.  
 They love as God loves, and they find  
 Their proper mate in all mankind.  
 It seems as if their garment's hem  
 Made sacred every path it swept,  
 And everything that walked or crept  
 Was happier for the sight of them.  
 Their days glide on like living streams  
 That find a pre-appointed way;  
 Their years are eras, and their dreams  
 Substantial visions made to stay.  
 There is no twilight in their age;  
 There is no darkness in their death;  
 They calmly yield their latest breath,  
 And leave their lives a heritage.  
 They do their work and take no toll;  
 Their gaze is not on any goal;  
 They never think of Honor's roll.  
 And such was she—God rest her soul!"

When Elacott had finished the reading, there was a moment of silence, and then a subdued expression of applause.

"Do you really think there is any such woman?" said Mrs. Trenfield.

"I know there is," Elacott answered; "for in the course of my life I have been acquainted with three such."

"Had you ever thought of the subject before I suggested it?" said Miss Ravaline.

"I had," said Elacott, "but not in that form. I had thought of the character, and studied it, but not of the suitors. And I suspect it is that fact which gives the poem its chief defect."

"What do you consider its chief defect?" asked Mrs. Trenfield.

"That it is not altogether poetical," said Elacott. "The ideas are clear enough, and it comes very near saying what I wished to say; but although the rhythm and the rhymes are correct, there is not enough of poetical atmosphere produced by the forms of expression. To put it bluntly, it is too much like rhymed prose."

"That is the case," said I, "with a large part of Scott's poetry, and (if you will permit me to say it) with a small part of Byron's, even."

"I do not fully agree with your criticism of your own poem," said Miss Ravaline, "but perhaps you were, to some small extent, led off by what Byron calls 'the fatal facility of the octosyllabic verse.' I may be to blame for that, as I determined the measure by giving the first two lines."

"There is a more probable cause than that," said Elacott. "As I had studied the character before, and found some of my ideas were rather elusive, I tried to fix them by writing them first in plain prose, and afterward turned the matter into verse. I believe this was a mistake, and any poem so made will inevitably be prosy."

"The probability is," said Miss Ravaline, "that you had so fine a conception of

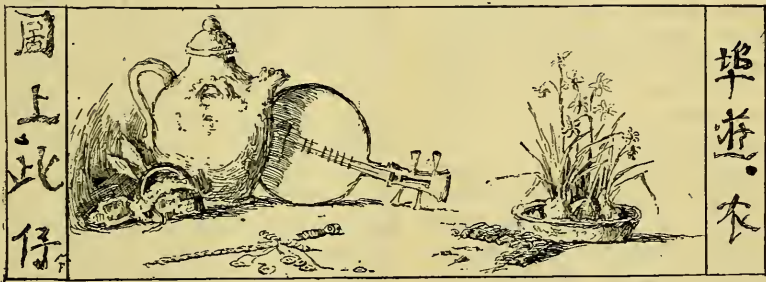
the character you have tried to portray, that any tangible expression, however good, would fall short of it. Such poems call for a little imagination in the reader as well as in the writer. This one you have just read is so far superior to mine, that I shall ask to be excused from reading at all."

We all exclaimed against this; but she was firm in her determination. Elacott argued that it was a breach of faith, since he had read on the understanding that she and I were to follow. This she denied.

"I do not put myself out of the race," said she; "you have put me out by your superior versification. I am in the same case with a horse that is distanced and *must* drop out."

After more argument pro and con, she proposed to leave the question to chance, as that of the order of reading had been determined. We agreed to this, and her sister again prepared the twigs. As the lot fell, Miss Ravaline was excused from reading, much to our regret. My turn was to have come last; but I argued that where there was no second there could be no third, and thus I also escaped.

The reader escapes too, and I congratulate him.



## THE POET'S INSPIRATION

AS THE forgotten child that stands and waits  
 Questions with wistful glance each passing face,  
 Feeling the frightened heart leap in its place,  
 At each new hope its eagerness creates;  
 And centered on the help that chance belates,  
 Is loth to venture from the bidden space,  
 But ever scans the throng that goes apace,  
 With loyalty that never hesitates:

So he who stands and serves, forgot of fate,  
 Heeds not the careless crowd that round him flows;  
 But listens the far call that, soon or late,  
 Shall bring his vigil to a happy close.  
 His only meed the soul divinely stirred  
 By what he might be, could he find the word.

Warren Cheney.



The New  
Piebald  
Political  
Party

IT WAS to be expected that a departure from national traditions so great as that involved in our retention of the conquered colonies of Spain should arouse some opposition; but few of us were prepared for the strange union of cranks and fanatics which this opposition has welded into a new party. Extremists of every political denomination have raised their voices in varying degrees of shrillness against a policy which the great mass of the American nation regards as a natural and logical outgrowth of conditions and circumstances beyond human control; and though this motley group is great neither in numbers nor strength, it is so picturesque that it commands attention. The Puritan Parkhurst, the aeronautic Bryan, the misanthropic Hale, the canny Carnegie, the petulant Godkin, the unabashed Debbs, the incorruptible Vest, *et hoc genus omne*, have inaugurated a campaign of virulent protest and wordy warfare against the wave of national sentiment which is sweeping over the country and sending sympathetic ripples throughout the entire Anglo-Saxon world. That this variegated opposition is inspired by what in courtesy may be termed its conscientious convictions we need not question. That its vigorous and blatant character is largely due to a recognition of its own numerical insignificance is more than probable, though most of these "little Americans" have hitherto done much talking for the sake of hearing their own voices. But it is certain that not one of them has yet presented a reasonable alternative to "expansion." The British Empire, with all its blessings to civilization, has grown great despite the unpatriotic opposition of British fanatics similar to those who are making so much noise among us to-day. Every expansion of our domain in the past has been resisted by the narrow-minded and unprogressive; and had there been any attention paid to their evil prophecies, we should still be restricted to a narrow strip of Eastern and Northern territory, and the Great West and South would have remained the domain of the savage.

With Parkhurst and the other Eastern and foreign cranks we have nothing to do; but we are glad that the California Senator who says he will not vote for ratification in spite of instructions from the California Legislature, will not be long able to misrepresent his State.

Subsidies  
for  
Ships

SENATOR HANNA advocates the subsidizing of American-built vessels on the ground that England, Germany, France, and the other European countries, have built up their merchant marines by a like course; and he has been supported in this contention by sundry shipbuilders and Treasury officials. If the people of this country desire to tax all of us in order that the business of some of us may be made profitable, we have no objection. This is a republic in which the majority rules,—not always wisely, it is true,—and we acquiesce in its decisions. But we object to being misled by untruthful or imperfect statements of fact. It is not true, for instance, that the English merchant marine has been so built up. The British Government does not subsidize its steamship lines; it pays a few of them—amounting to some three per cent of the whole—for carrying mails, and makes a large profit by the transaction. The vast majority of the regular lines get nothing from the Government; and freight steamers, which form the great bulk of England's enormous tonnage, have never received any subsidy, bounty, or other "protection," except that which is accorded by freedom of trade. And that is all the protection our own ships need. In economic science, Senator Hanna is still in the dark ages. He is also mistaken in supposing that his countrymen are as benighted as himself.

The  
Calaveras  
Skull  
Redivivus

PROFESSOR WILLIAM H. HOLMES, one of the head curators of the National Museum at Washington, has recently been engaged in making a study of the Indians of California. Incidentally, he satisfied

himself that the celebrated skull of Calaveras was a genuine relic of early geologic times. Professor W. J. McGee, who accompanied him, was not quite so certain that the famous skull was what was believed of it, which proves that Professor McGee is more astute than his chief. It is about time that the history of the practical joke which was played on that amiable and credulous scientist, Professor Whitney, was told. There are several persons living in and around San Francisco who could tell how that modern cranium was deliberately "planted" for the sole purpose of mystifying just such dear old souls as Professor Whitney. The completeness with which he was deceived was a surprise to those who knew, and natural reluctance to detract from the deserved reputation of a dead man has since kept them silent. But if generations of scientists are to be involved in the mistake, and if future conceptions of man's antiquity are to be erroneously affected by it, the truth should be told in a way to leave no subsequent investigator in doubt.

In an address which Professor Holmes recently delivered before the anthropological section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in New York, he innocently commented on the wonderful fact that "the Calaveras skull is precisely similar to those of the Digger Indians, who now live in those vicinities," and he cautiously suggested that "if these revelations [which the skull implied] are true, they indicate that the Diggers are the oldest race of men in existence." "This question," he added, "now constitutes the greatest problem before the anthropologists of the United States." If that is really so, one is sorry for the anthropologists. It is almost inconceivable that any anthropologist capable of recognizing the similarity between the cranium of a modern Digger and the pretended relic of the middle Tertiary period could be so easily mistaken as to what "constitutes the greatest problem" before him. Apart from the extreme improbability of such a fragile thing as a skull outlasting the cataclysmic changes which that region has undergone during more than a million years, there was the absolute certainty that, during those eons of change, no race could remain in the same habitat, or, remaining, survive unmodified, to modern times. Professor Whit-

ney was not an anthropologist in any specialized sense; he was a mineralogist, and his work in organic geology was but incidental to the more practical of his labors. There were excuses for him of which the later anthropologist cannot avail himself. Since his pitiful mistake, tons of bones of prehistoric man have been dug out of caves, but never a skull, if we except the doubtful discovery in Java. And if the thin bony plates of the human head, protected by calcareous deposits in caves, have invariably disintegrated and vanished long before the femur and other large bones, the chances were a million to one against the genuineness of this isolated skull, found without other remains below the mud, gravel, and detritus, of an ancient river-bed. Eastern professors have not been particularly happy in their recent explorations of Western territories. Perhaps they might have been more fortunate if, before announcing their discoveries, they had modestly borrowed some of the knowledge acquired by local savants.

### Samoa and Germany

IT IS probable that before long the unsettled problems of the Samoan Islands will press for adjustment on lines that shall be fair and equitable to the various opposing interests there, but more particularly to the native inhabitants of this beautiful and fertile group. The present tripartite government of the United States, England, and Germany, with its frequent clashes of authority, is unsatisfactory to all concerned. The desire of the German Government to possess these islands has never been concealed, while the repugnance of the natives to German rule has been made equally plain. In 1877, and again in 1884, petitions signed by forty-eight of the high chiefs were sent to the British Government, begging it to take Samoa under its protection; but they were refused. Encouraged by the refusal, Germany stepped in, and in 1889 was only prevented by the fear of an Anglo-American coalition from seizing the islands. Our interests there were not great at that time; but recent occurrences in the Pacific have made it especially undesirable that any European power should force its rule on islands so near as these to Hawaii. It is not cer-



tain that our own rule would be wholly acceptable to the Samoans, though there is no doubt about their preference when Germany is in question. The Samoans have not the barbaric traits which have been so freely ascribed by the "piebalds" to the Filipinos; they are a brave, generous people, kind-hearted and intelligent, and capable of a high civilization. At the time of the great hurricane they risked their lives, and in some cases lost them, to save our drowning sailors. We can trust the present administration to conserve our interests in Samoa, and to prevent the German eagle from laying eggs in the American bird's nest.

### Red Cross Aftermath

SINCE the January number went to press we have received supplementary reports from the Oregon Emergency Corps and Red Cross Society and from the

Washington State Red Cross.

The Oregon Society announces the formation of a State Red Cross Association, with headquarters at Portland, and the following officers: President, Mrs. Henry E. Jones, Portland; First Vice-President, Mrs. Levi Young, Portland; Second Vice-President, Mrs. R. E. Bryan, Hillsboro; Secretary, Mrs. F. E. Lounsbury, Portland; Treasurer, Mrs. E. C. Protzman, Portland; Honorary Vice-Presidents,—Mrs. Eleanor Warren, Weston; Mrs. S. J. Cleveland, Astoria; Mrs. A. Yerington, Eugene; Mrs. Mattie Oiler, Hood River; Mrs. J. A. Lowell, Pendleton; Mrs. Jennie Stanton, Roseburg.

In October four hundred dollars was cabled to Dr. Frances E. Woods, Oregon Red Cross Nurse No. 1, at Manila. Funds running low, a canvass was made and \$2,000 raised in a few days. Six hundred dollars more was then sent for the sick of the Second Oregon Volunteers at Manila.

Total receipts to December 1st, \$8,082.12; expenditures, \$6,389.54; balance, \$1,692.58.

Over 950 Christmas boxes, weighing 36,433 pounds, were sent to Manila, most of the freight forwarded to San Francisco by the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company free of charge. Colonel A. J. Coffey kindly attended to receipt and reshipment at San Francisco. More was to be sent on the *Arizona* by the kindness of her Captain, John Barneson.

The Relief Committee, among the families of soldiers, and the Hospital Committee, among the sick troops, had continued active work. The St. Vincent and Good Samaritan Hospitals, of Portland, had helped greatly. The Entertainment Committee had continued its work among passing troops, and had entertained the California Volunteers at Vancouver barracks with a supper, and later at a Christmas dinner. The report, which is written by Mrs. Levi Young, closes hopefully: "In the grand summing up, may Oregon be found worthy of mention, for she hath done what she could."

Washington State Red Cross presents a neat pamphlet, giving its constitution and by-laws, and forms to be used by local societies, and the officers of State and local societies. The State officers are: Mrs. John B. Allen, President, Seattle; Miss Marie Hewitt, Recording Secretary, Tacoma; Mrs. Everett Griggs, Assistant Recording Secretary, Tacoma; Mrs. Francis Rotch, Corresponding Secretary, Seattle; Miss Helen J. Cowie, Assistant Corresponding Secretary, Seattle; Miss Sadie Maynard, Treasurer, Tacoma; Miss Jessie Seymour, Assistant Treasurer, Tacoma; Vice-Presidents,—Mrs. Chauncey W. Griggs, Tacoma; Mrs. J. C. Haines, Seattle; Mrs. Virginia B. Hayward, Spokane; Mrs. Lester S. Wilson, Walla Walla; Mrs. John C. Evans, New Whatcom.

There are auxiliaries in Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Walla Walla, Waitsburg, North Yakima, Whatcom, and Bellingham Bay, with Emergency Corps in several other towns, ready to affiliate.

Between five and six thousand dollars has been raised as Red Cross, and nearly as much more as Emergency Corps. Washington was not organized as quickly as some States, but is thoroughly alive now, and more than ready to do her full share in future work.

The closing of the Red Cross Department in the OVERLAND is not due to any slackening of the work on the part of the Red Cross in any of its organizations, but only because the committee recognized the fact that the methods of the work are now so well known and the field so well covered throughout the Pacific Coast, that the future reports would be largely repetition.



## 'Ceptin' Ike

[To Lieutenant-Governor Laughton]

**T**HAR wuz Si, thar wuz Hi, thar wuz  
Alick and Dan;  
Martha, Samantha, Matildy, and Fan,  
Eliza, Mirandy, an' Flora, an' Belle,  
An' they all got along most uncommonly  
well,

'Ceptin' Ike.

Somehow or 'nother Ike never could work,  
Did n't cotton to nothin' exceptin' to shirk.  
All of Sprague's boys an' his gals had some  
spunk,  
An' he bragged that none on 'em nobody  
could skunk,

'Ceptin' Ike.

Thar wuz Si could split rails, an' Dan he  
could mow,  
Thar wuz Alick could harvest, an' Hi he  
could hoe;  
Martha, Matildy, an' Fan, could spin yarn,  
An' every one on 'em could work round the  
barn,

'Ceptin' Ike.

So old Sprague allowed how as Ike was no  
good,  
He could n't fetch water, he could n't split  
wood;  
He'd hide in the barn an' be readin' a  
book,—  
You could find all the others whenever  
you'd look,

'Ceptin' Ike.

Mother Sprague she would scold, an' old  
Sprague he would cuss,  
An' swear Ike must work, or must go an'  
do wuss,  
Fur he war n't goin' to harbor a book-readin'  
drone,  
An' to keep up the place they all had to  
bone,

'Ceptin' Ike.

So Ike packed his budget an' bid 'em good-  
by!  
An' he started for town with a tear in his  
eye,—  
An' old Sprague allowed of the city he'd  
tire,  
As all of the family sot 'round the fire,

'Ceptin' Ike.

Wal 't was more 'n five years after Ike had  
lit out,  
No one ever hearn of what he wuz about.  
Some 'lowed he wuz dead, some believed  
him in jail;  
An' no one once doubted in all things he'd  
fail,

'Ceptin' Ike.

The girls, they all married; the boys settled  
down,—  
Some on 'em kept farmin', an' some moved  
to town.  
Old Sprague an' his wife, they wuz left all  
alone,—  
And all of their children had homes of their  
own,

'Ceptin' Ike.

One day Sprague wuz readin' about a big  
ball  
To welcome a Senator at the town hall;  
His name it wuz Sprague—S-P-R-A-G-U-E;  
An' he thought of all men of that name that  
could be,—

'Ceptin' Ike.

But he made up his mind, if it cost him a  
leg,  
That he'd see that great man that the  
papers called Sprague.  
So he harnessed old Bess, into town he  
wuz whirled,  
A-thinking of all the Spragues in the world,

'Ceptin' Ike.

An' when he meandered into the hall,  
An' saw all the big bugs dressed up for the  
ball,  
He crowded along this great statesman to  
see,—  
Old Sprague liked to fainted, fur who should  
it be,—

'Ceptin' Ike.

"My boy! My poor Ike!" old Sprague  
hollered out loud.  
The Senator elbowed his way through the  
crowd,  
An' he hugged the old man just the min't  
he spoke,  
An' all the fine folks thought the thing was  
a joke,

'Ceptin' Ike.

That night Ike he told his old mother an'  
dad  
Of all of the ups and downs that he'd had.  
How he worked an' bought books, how he'd  
study an' read,  
An' no one once thought he would ever suc-  
ceed,

'Ceptin' Ike.

Ike's got most as fur as he ever can climb,  
He sits up in the Senate, an' draws his per-  
diem.

All the rest of Sprague's boys an' girls jog  
along,

But none of 'em's mentioned in story or  
song,

'Ceptin' Ike.

G. S. Langan.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### Holland's Butterfly Book.<sup>1</sup>

THERE has been a real need with collectors of a one-volume treatise on the butterflies of North America, which should be scientifically correct and yet not too technical for amateurs. Edwards's three-volume edition has long been the standard; but its high price has put it beyond the reach of individual collectors. Dr. Holland's book, therefore, will not only fill an unoccupied niche in scientific literature, but will put in the hands of those interested in Lepidoptera exact photographs of all the native butterflies, printed in the colors of nature, and classified and described with a simplicity and intelligence which are more rare among naturalists than one would wish to believe. The reproductions are by color-photography, and are astonishingly faithful, both in gradations of tone and in fidelity to nature. Edwards's book costs one hundred and fifty dollars, and is published at a loss at that. This one—which for all practical purposes is exactly as good for reference—retails at three dollars. It is the advance in color-photography that has rendered possible the lower price.

The book covers the whole field in relation to this order of insects, devoting space not only to their classification and differences, but also giving chapters to their life history and anatomy, and one to their capture, preservation, and preparation. A valuable section is the one devoted to the previous bibliography of the subject.

The style is simple and direct, and here

and there through the book the author digresses into little chats on collateral themes and descriptions of places he has visited and trips which he has made in making his collection. These are always breezy and fresh, and charming enough to attract the general reader, even though he have no special interest in Lepidoptera. On the other hand, the scientific spirit has been so carried out that the collector with a strange butterfly can, by a simple process of comparison and elimination, run it down through the scale to its particular genus and species.

Announcing a departure in book-selling, the publisher says:—

We shall be glad if you care to mention the fact that this volume will be sent post-paid to any address on approval, to be paid for if satisfactory, or to be returned to us in case it is not wanted after examination. This is a system devised by ourselves for the accommodation of the out-of-town book-buyers, and we think it might have special interest to some of your readers.

### Ben Jonson's Discoveries.<sup>2</sup>

OLD Ben Jonson was a shrewd observer; but more than that, he was a high thinker and a bold writer. We are too much accustomed to think of all the literary work of Jonson's time as likely to be contaminated with that license of the day which makes expurgated editions necessary to our Shakespeares. But in Jonson's "Explorations," as these little essays on all sorts of subjects are elsewhere called, the tone is pure and high, the thought keen and clear, and the

<sup>1</sup> The Butterfly Book. By N. J. Holland. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co.: 1898.

<sup>2</sup> Timber, or Discoveries: Being Observations on Men and Manners. By Ben Jonson. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co.



insight of the most penetrating. Not so condensed as Bacon's essays; yet they have something of their sententiousness as well as of their choice of themes. "The Temple Classics" form, of which this volume is an example, is too well known to need praise.

### The Workers.<sup>1</sup>

THE young Princeton Professor of Political Economy, whose "experiment in reality" we recently described in these pages, has just set forth the results of his observations as a tramp in the great West. His later book is fully as valuable and interesting as his former one. From Chicago to the Pacific this courageous investigator worked his way. Now grading roads or working as a truckman, now serving as hostler in a livery-stable, or doing odd jobs as a street Arab, he made friends with hunger and want, and grew to know the carking cares of the poor at first hand. It is a pathetic record; and the pathos is not removed by recognition of the ever-open door to comfort at Mr. Wyckoff's hand, for he never lacked companions to whom such an escape was not possible. Through all the hardships and suffering Mr. Wyckoff kept his good spirits. Indeed, so sunny and bright is his temperament that the great, gray atmosphere of sorrow, sordid care, and bitter want, which envelops the narrative, seems greater and more oppressive by contrast. But it is this optimism which, after all, gives the book its value; for the gray picture alone would yield nothing but discouragement. As it is, Mr. Wyckoff can write as follows:—

Often, as I look back upon two thousand miles of country crossed,—apart from the splendor of it,—the almost overwhelming impression that it leaves of boundless empire wherein a growing, intelligent, industrious, God-fearing people are slowly working out great ends in industrial achievement and personal character and in national life, an impression which thrills one with a new-found knowledge and love of one's country, with her "glorious might of heaven-born freedom" and the resistless resurgence of her boundless energies, and notwithstanding all waywardness, a deep-seated, unalterable consciousness of national responsibility to the most high God; apart from all this, the strongest sense which possesses one in

any retrospect of a long, laborious expedition like mine, is that of a wide land, which teems with opportunities open to energy and patient toil. Local labor markets there are which are terribly overcrowded, as I found in Chicago to my cost. Awful suffering there is among workers who are in the clutch of idleness, or, bound by ties which they cannot break, are unable to move to more favorable regions; pitiful degradation there is among many who lack imagination to see a way and the energy to pursue it, and who, without the congenial qualities which make for successful struggle, sink into the slough of purposeless idleness; deep depravity and unutterable misery there are in the congested labor centers, many of whose conditions are the price we pay for our economic freedom. But the broad fact remains, that the sun never shone upon a race of civilized men whose responsibilities were greater and whose problems were more charged with the welfare of mankind, among whom energy and thrift and perseverance and ability were surer of their just rewards, and where there were so many and such various chances of successful and honorable career.

When we remember that the experiences from which this brave deduction is made were had among the lowest strata of American humanity, we are impressed by the abounding success of another and greater "experiment in reality" than Mr. Wyckoff's,—that, namely, of the Republic itself. We pray that the nations of the world will take the lesson to heart and profit by it. Mr. Wyckoff has written a better book than he knew. It is one of the finest tributes to democracy that has ever been offered.

### Recent Verse.

THE stirring times of the past twelve-month have brought out many volumes of poems of action and songs of war and field. Among the best of these is the collection of such lyrics made by the California Club, and issued from the Murdock Press.<sup>2</sup> Its contents are made up of verses which have appeared in the weeklies and monthlies, and range from Emma Frances Dawson's fine poem, "Comrades Three," with its quality of keen intellectuality, to ephemeral unsigned bits of doggerel from the daily press. It has been well selected, and to one not hardened to such things brings readily enough the pattering of the drum, the dancing rhythm of the march, the patriotic tingle of the blood, and—sometimes—the agonizing suspense of

<sup>1</sup> The Workers. By Walter A. Wyckoff, Assistant Professor of Political Economy in Princeton University. The West. Illustrated by W. A. Leigh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup> War Poems, 1898. Compiled by the California Club. San Francisco: The Murdock Press.

those whose part is to wait and suffer at home.

Of the volumes containing poems by one author alone the most patriotic is *Soldier Songs and Love Songs*,<sup>1</sup> by A. H. Laidlaw. The work in it is not as good in quality as that in the compilation, and the pessimistic vein of the love poems,—which alternate regularly with the war songs,—is enough to drive a man to battle or something else.

*Songs from the Southwest Country*<sup>2</sup> is not strictly a collection of war verses, but has some strong and stirring ballads of war and martial deeds which are really above the average of such work. Mr. Miller has the real swing and go of marching music in him, and his refrains are stirring to pulse and heart. His other verse is largely racy of the soil. He has the intense love of the Southwest that belongs to the pioneer, and his poems breathe the very air of the section in which he lives. It is to his credit that they are not careless in garb and finish, as too many Western poems are. It is the real spirit of the wilderness that shines out from them,—the glory of and pride in the growing civilization that is there being rounded toward perfection.

*Glismont: A Tale in Verse*,<sup>3</sup> is dedicated by the author to Columbia. It is not plain whether her intentions were peaceful or no, but a reading of the verses might well incite to crime, if not to war. They are not poetry except as to form. Page after page might be transposed and written in prose form and no one discover that it was first conceived as poetry.

It is a relief to turn to a book like *Songs of the Flying Hours*.<sup>4</sup> The inspiration in it may not rise to the plane of the really great poems; but it is really inspiring, and is expressed tunefully and simply, and with little posing for effect. There is a gentle melancholy about much of it,—something which ought to be discouraged in poets,—but on the whole the philosophy of the book is wholesome and not over-depressing. As

<sup>1</sup> *Soldier Songs and Love Songs*. By A. H. Laidlaw. New York: William R. Jenkins.

<sup>2</sup> *Songs from the Southwest Country*. By Freeman E. Miller. New York: The Knickerbocker Press: 1898.

<sup>3</sup> *Glismont: A Tale in Verse*. By Edda Lythwin. Chicago: H. J. Smith & Simon: 1898.

<sup>4</sup> *Songs of the Flying Hours*. By Dr. Edward Willard Watson. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.: 1898.

good an illustration as any of his style is the following, entitled "Old Things":

The old things are the best, even though  
time  
May dim the gilding and the sheen grow  
dull;  
For on the crumbling wall the ivy clings,  
And in the heart the old flowers bud and  
bloom.  
For with the eld is rest; the gnarled tree,  
The house grown gray, the rooms all dull  
and dark  
Are filled with visions; yea, and all things  
old,—  
Things that we once had and that now we  
miss,—  
Old lovers, and the moon that rose of old,  
And flowers of blossom rare and subtle  
scent  
That wraps them all with memories faint  
and sweet,  
Like linen old laid up in years gone by  
In some old chest of cedar, with the flowers  
Of pale-faced lavender; and the faint light  
Comes to the eye that looks, the heart that  
longs,  
In holy dimness thro' the tears that fall.

Of a different sort, but equally "available" as copy, are the *Rimes to be Read*,<sup>5</sup> by J. Edmund V. Cooke. They can scarcely be said to have a serious purpose, but they are finished in style and sparkle with a humor that is wonderfully engaging. The dialect verse is especially good. Any one can sympathize with the sentiment which finds expression in "Katie an' Me." On the occasion of his broken engagement, his heart is empty,—

Yet the most of the world is a-movin' along  
As if there was nawthin' at all goin' wrong.  
Oi notice the little pigs lie in the mud,  
An' the fool of a cow is still chewing her  
cud.  
The shky is still blue and the grass is still  
bright:  
The stars shine in hivin in peaceful delight:  
The little waves dance on the brist of the  
lake;  
Tim Donnelly's dead and they're havin' a  
wake.  
An 'the world's rich in joy! and it's only me  
poor.  
Since Katie an' me a'n't ingaged anny  
moor.

Equally good is the German's idea of revenge:—

Ven ich und Gretchen married got,  
Mein old frient Dunkelschwarzenrath,  
He don'd coom vere my veddin ees  
Becos I nefer gone by hees.

<sup>5</sup> *Rimes to be Read*. By J. Edmund V. Cooke. Chicago: W. B. Conkey Co.: 1898.



Aber, I get me efen yet,  
 Dot Dunkelschwarzenrath is deat  
 I don'd go by hees fooneral,—nein!—  
 Becos he never gone by mine!

The new edition of Dr. Taylor's translation of the *Sonnets of Heredia*<sup>1</sup> comes in smaller and handier form, but still with the wide margins and rough edges which are a delight in books. Many changes have been made in the text. The author has put much loving work into the attempt to better the translations, and render them closer to the form and nearer to the text of the original, and generally with good results. A translation is always a trying thing. There is a "clang tint" to words which is hard to carry across from one language to another. The English word is often hard to find which crystallizes in itself just the exact composite of feelings a given word of Spanish serves to show. Dr. Taylor has brought to his work a keen insight, a refined and scholarly judgment, and, above all, a sympathetic understanding, which have joined to aid him in producing a most creditable bit of work.

The poets of the Elizabethan era have always an air of artificiality in their expression. They sing to their ladies, they tell of their passions and woes, they sing through the whole gamut of human feeling, but always with the air of keeping an eye on themselves as they sing, to see how the performance is sounding, and whether it is having its proper effect on the audience addressed. It is this fault which mars the *Trilogues*<sup>2</sup> of William Griffith. The work is well done. The presentation is artistically correct, but somehow there is a lack of that spontaneity and genuineness which carry the impression of sincerity. This may be due to the attempt to dress modern problems in old clothes. But when Giles sings,—

Ah! the falling years grow heavy.  
 Lady mine,  
 Tho' the blossoms in your bevy  
 Still are fine;  
 Do you know what Time will do  
 To the roses plucked for you  
 When the sun has left no dew.  
 Lady mine?—

you sympathize with his troubles, but scarcely with the feeling that it matters

<sup>1</sup> *Sonnets of José-María de Heredia*. Done into English by Edward Robeson Taylor. San Francisco: William Doxey: 1898.

<sup>2</sup> *Trilogues*. By William Griffith. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co.: 1898.

much to him whether the years are heavy or not.

The poet best known to the OVERLAND'S readers whose work is before us is Herbert Bashford. Mr. Bashford is easily the laureate of the Puget Sound region, whose beauties he has done more than any other to make known to song. A dozen or so of the poems in *Songs from Puget Sea*<sup>3</sup> have appeared in this magazine, and their delicate but strong touch, their feeling for nature and the deeper things in the human heart, and their musical language, have doubtless caused them to linger in the memories of many of our readers. "The Arid Lands," "Where Solitude Abides," "Copalis," "The Woods of the West," "If She Should Die," are some of these.

But it takes a quiet reading of Mr. Bashford's collected work to give a clear idea of the nature of his contribution to Western verse. That shows an evenness of merit, a certainty of touch, a variety of handling of similar subjects, that impress the reader. Hear him on a simple theme:—

#### LONG AGO.

Oh, that I again could be  
 Down there by that peaceful sea,  
 Down there where I used to go  
 In the summers long ago!  
 You are gone, my boyhood's mate,  
 You who met me at the gate  
 Nevermore will say, "Come, Joe,  
 Follow me and I will show  
 Sweetest roses, fresh and gay,  
 Purple pansies, new-mown hay,  
 Lovely apples, blushing red,  
 Big pears, larger than your head!"  
 Nevermore will we go through  
 Fields of clover, where the dew  
 Fell like tiny globes of light  
 From the blooms of pink and white;  
 Nevermore at golden noon,  
 Listen to the robin's tune  
 Thrill the very heart of June.  
 Ah, how happy were we two,  
 What a merry maiden you,  
 Romping under azure skies  
 With flushed cheeks and laughing eyes,  
 And I thought your blowing hair  
 Had, within its silken snare,  
 Caught the fringes of the pall  
 That the night throws over all!  
 I remember how you ran  
 With a "Beat me if you can!"  
 Out to where the ebbing tide  
 Left the beach so cool and wide;  
 How we gathered brown seaweeds,  
 Pearly shells and floating reeds,

<sup>3</sup> *Songs from Puget Sea*. By Herbert Bashford. San Francisco: The Whitaker-Ray Co.: 1898.



And with chubby little hand  
 Wrote my name upon the sand;  
 How we watched o'er waters blue  
 Distant sails fade from our view  
 While you cried in glee, "I know  
 They are melting flakes of snow!"  
 Then, when joyous day was done,  
 And the slowly sinking sun  
 Lifted broad, bright bars of gold  
 From beneath the maples old,  
 And the pale stars faintly gleamed,—  
 Silver dots to us they seemed,—  
 You would sometimes almost cry  
 As I said, "Well, Floss, good-by."  
 You are dead and I am gray,  
 Coldly pipes the wind to-day  
 As I sit and wonder still  
 If the orchard on the hill  
 Looks the same, and if the lawn  
 Is the one we played upon,  
 And if on your distant grave  
 Flowers grow and grasses wave,  
 And the rovin chirps to you  
 Just the way he used to do.

### Harkness's Latin Grammars.<sup>1</sup>

THE grammar-school boy of twenty-five years ago, now the middle-aged man, will find it a matter of interest to know that the old "Harkness Grammar" has not been allowed to become obsolete, as many of the old school-books have, but is continually being issued in new editions with revisions that keep it up to date. Looking over the Harkness Grammar of to-day, they find the definiteness and simplicity that used to make Harkness a help to the stumbling beginner in Latin, but they will find an added system and attention to logical arrangement besides. Now the good old Rule 414, that "Cause, manner, and means, are denoted by the ablative" is split up, as logic demands, into several sections, arranged with the other ablatives with which each of them logically belongs, and thereby gains in system while it lacks the incisive statement and rule-of-thumb usefulness of the good old rule. Needless to say, being issued by the American Book Co., it is got up in convenient and attractive style, which does not offend the esthetic sense, while it is yet able to stand the wear and tear of school-boy use.

### Books Received.

#### AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY.

Geographical Nature Studies. By Frank Owen Payne.

<sup>1</sup> A Complete Latin Grammar. By Albert Harkness. New York: American Book Co., 1898.  
 A Shorter Latin Grammar. *Ibid.*

Rights and Duties of American Citizenship.

By Westel W. Willoughby.

Eutropius. By J. C. Hazzard, Ph. D.

First Lessons in Civics. By S. E. Forman, Ph. D.

#### DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE COMPANY.

The Life and Teachings of Christ. By the Rev. F. W. Farrar, D. D.

Church Sociables and Entertainments. *Ladies' Home Journal* Religious Library.

#### THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Cornell Studies in Classical Philology. By Charles Edwin Bennett.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen.  
 Lectures on the Geometry of Position. By Theodor Reye.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Red Patriots: The Story of The Seminoles. By Charles H. Coe. The Editor Publishing Company, Cincinnati.

Ideals and Programmes. By Jean L. Gowdy. C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.

Domestic Duels. By Ernest A. Girvin. E. D. Bronson & Co., San Francisco.

The Curve of Unknown Force. By Jerry Wraenlow. Nova Kima Co., Seattle, Washington.

Would any Man? By Chas. Peale Didier. With illustrations by the author. William and Wilkins Co., Baltimore.

Cathedral Bells. By Rev. John Talbot Smith. William R. Jenkins.

China in Transformation. By A. R. Colquhoun. Harper & Bros. \$3.

Captive Memories. By James Terry White. Author's edition, printed from original plates, with hand-painted frontispiece, white and gold. James T. White & Co., New York. \$4.50.

Songs from the Ghetto. By Morris Rosenfeld. Copeland & Day.

Armageddon. By Stanley Waterloo. Rand, McNally & Co.

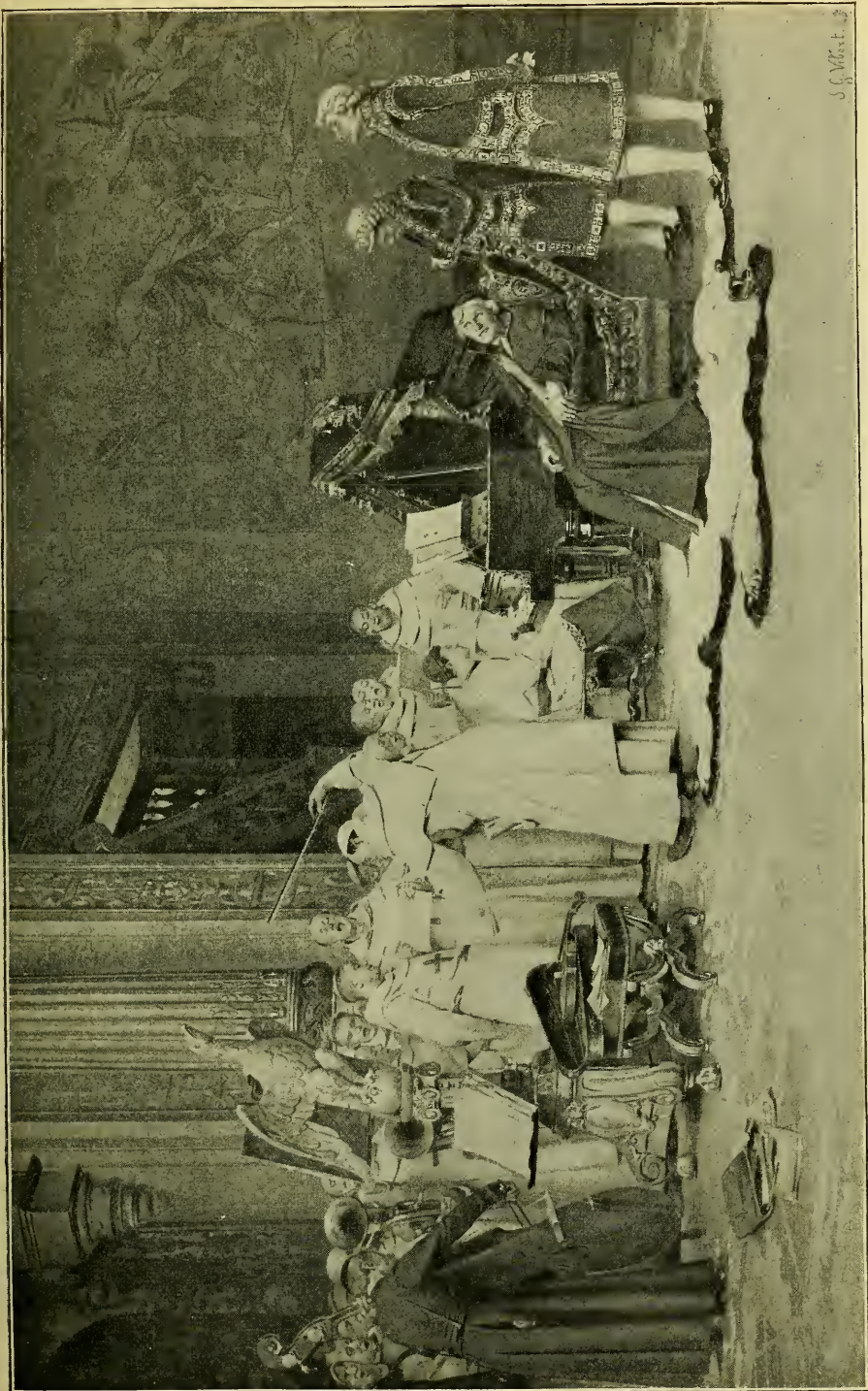
The Heterodox Marriage of a New Woman. By Mary Ives Todd. Robert Lewis Weed Co.

Tekla. By Robert Barr. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

My Scrap-Book of the French Revolution. Elizabeth Wormeley. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Philosophy of Government. By Geo. W. Waltheu. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Un Peu de Tout. By F. Julien. William R. Jenkins.



J. C. Vibert

From Painting by Vibert

## SACRED SONG





A SAMOAN TAUPU

(See "Samoa Illustrated.")



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Lake Chelan — Near the Mouth

## LAKE CHELAN

### THE LEMAN OF THE WEST

By W. D. LYMAN

**A**LTHOUGH our Great West became known in its general features many years ago, its special scenic attractions have to be rediscovered from time to time to make them familiar to the country at large. And it is quite a remarkable fact that some of the most extraordinary of all Nature's achievements in our New West are not generally known to the traveling public. A few great names, as the Yellowstone, the Columbia River, the Yosemite, Mount Tacoma, and Alaska, have been re-

peated so much that people in the East think that these exhaust the list.

Most notable among these neglected wonders, is Lake Chelan. "Where is it?" is the first question. In the central part of the State of Washington. "What is it?" is the next. It is a lake of glacial water, seventy miles long, from one to three miles wide, and in many places a thousand or twelve hundred feet deep. It occupies the center of a basin trenched out of the very heart of the Cascade Mountains

by some stupendous glacier in the glacial epoch. The entire basin is over a hundred miles long, probably twenty-five in greatest width, and at the upper part about six thousand feet deep. Outside of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, there is no such "gouge" in the face of the earth on the five continents. Reference to a map will aid the reader in forming a distinct impression of the character, as well as the location, of this marvel of Nature's workmanship.

The best route to Lake Chelan is via the Great Northern Railroad to Wenatchee, on the Columbia River, and thence by steamboat up that "Achilles of Rivers" to Chelan Falls. Thence to the lake is only five miles, and this distance is pleasantly covered by stage in a very short time.

If the tourist be willing to accept a seat with the author in a light spring-wagon, drawn by a span of mules across the vast plateau of the Columbia, up higher and higher across the plain of waving bunch-grass, until he reaches the highlands beyond the Grand Coulee, he will discern, clear-cut, white and blue, against the azure sky, a hundred miles away, a chain of snowy peaks, bold and serrated even in the far distance. Those peaks are the cradle of the lake. As the traveler with the mule-team reaches the Columbia, he looks down, awe-struck, at the swift and savage grandeur of the river, two thousand feet below.

We cross the swirling stream on a cable ferry which twists and quivers in the grip of the waters, but which safely lands us on the western shore. And here we see the deep blue though foam-flecked waters of a river which comes roaring into the greater stream. This is the Chelan River, the outlet of the lake. It is a cataract throughout its brief course of five miles, having a fall of three hundred and fifty feet.

Across the rough belt of hill-slope between the Columbia and the lake, and suddenly, over a shoulder of grassy hill, we discern our goal. Like all remarkable works of nature or art, this has that characteristic look of a serene eternity, as though it had been waiting there for our coming from the beginning of time, and would continue to wait in like manner for-

ever for those who should come after. Soft, sinuous lines of gentler slopes rise in the purpling distance to bolder heights of azure, and these in turn break in long waves against the eternal frost of the Glacier Peaks, Castle Mount, and their wintry brotherhood. Lapping lazily against its jutting barriers, lies a long stretch of shimmering water, so clear, so blue, so bright, caressed by sun and wind, that the eyes almost droop and the head almost nods even in the moment of eager expectancy, at the hypnotic, dream-impelling charm.

This first glance, with its witchery of soothing airs and fragrance of balm-tree, and its woven tapestries of light and shade, gives little hint of the fierce energies of the cradled prisoner when lashed by some storm let loose on the glacial heights above. Within an hour, as we shall discover if we ply the lake for long, the soft smile may become the austere frown, and the steep banks whitened with the foam of the lake's surging. Then the only safety for the oarsman is to turn his prow with all speed to some one of the not frequent little harbors which break the granite margin.

There are two little towns, Chelan and Lakeside, at the mouth of the lake, where refreshment for man and beast may be obtained in abundance, of excellent quality, and at moderate price. At these places also may be hired small boats, and here are the headquarters of the two little steamboats that carry mails and passengers up and down the lake. As usually the case among boating people in the Far West, where the sycophancy and tipping customs of old resorts have obtained no lodgment, these steamboat folk are intelligent, independent, and obliging, quick to resent patronage, and equally quick to do favors for any one relying on them.

The common way to "do" the lake is to go by steamer about forty miles up and then cast off in small boats, which thenceforward will be equipage, storehouse, and chief companion for the tourist. As we leave the little landing at Lakeside, we cannot fail to note the clearness of the water, through which the white sand of the bottom seems like drifted snow. With increasing depth it shades into the purest





Looking up the Lake — Goat Mountain on the Right

sea-green, and then into the deep indigo-blue of unsounded depth.

Equally limpid is the air. A favorite question with the people at Lakeside is the distance to the first turn in the lake and to the red bluff beyond. Strangers generally guess one or two, or at most five, miles to the turn, and the bluff only a few rods beyond. Then the answer, given with great unction, is that the lake bend is ten miles, and the bluff fifteen. If you row it against the wind in a summer sun you will accept the local estimate, or go it a few better.

The geologist, especially if he have crossed the Great Plain of the Columbia, where the formation is entirely volcanic, will soon observe that the bold rock-ramparts of Chelan are mainly granite, with an occasional band of basalt which some ancient outburst forced athwart the primeval crust. On account of this granite character, the Chelan mountains are bolder than most of the Cascades. As we advance, the crags and bastions of rock, ever steeper and higher, seem as if in a gigantic gyratory dance, keeping time with our upward movement. With our upward progress, too, corresponding to the increasing height and roofage of the mountain-walls, an increasing number of streams pour their foamy contributions into the lake. A glance up the mountain-side is sufficient to exhibit the entire history of one of these swift and abundant, though short, streams. From the snow-bank which feeds it, along the white cataracts which mark its course, amid the green trees of the mountain-side, down to the tumultuous plunge with which it enters the lake, three, six, or ten miles, every stage of its progress is distinctly visible. Around the mouths of these numerous creeks, many of which enter the lake in magnificent falls, we find the feeding-grounds of the great lake trout, superb big fellows, two feet or two feet and a half long, fine to catch, and even finer to eat.

About half-way up the lake, on the Christy Ranch, we come to the first of a remarkable series of painted rocks. These consist of rude pictures, in some sort of red pigment, on the smooth white walls which project here and there into the water. The pictures portray men, tents, goats, bears, and other animals, and considering the constant attrition of the waves

at high water, with the beating of rain and action of frost, are wonderfully well preserved. Who were the artists is matter of conjecture. The Indians know nothing of their origin. They seem to have been there from immemorial time, and the finest group of them, at the extreme head of the lake, was evidently made when the lake was at a permanently higher level than now. Probably these curious relics belong to some age anterior to the Indians, corresponding to the cliff-dwellers of New Mexico and the mound-builders of the Mississippi Valley. The most mortifying thing to record is that so-called civilized tourists and hunters have nearly ruined the most perfect of these priceless remains by shooting at them from the water.

Soon after passing the Christy Ranch, the traveler sees on the right of the lake, a stupendous line of bluffs, four or five thousand feet high, tops streaked with snow, running for a distance of ten miles, and scarcely broken in any place with an inlet even sufficient to admit a row-boat. This, we are told, is Goat Mountain, one of the greatest attractions of the lake. Here is the home of that rare and beautiful animal, known to the Spanish as the *mazama*, often called the Rocky Mountain goat. It is the game *par excellence* of Chelan. So numerous are they that on the barren rock-points bounding the snow-line there are perfect corrals of them, from which trails, worn like cattle-trails, descend to the water. On the ragged crags of Goat Mountain, secure in their inaccessible fortresses, these beautiful creatures can be seen leaping about like lambs at play. A well-aimed shot by some good marksman, has been known to bring one of them rolling down a thousand feet plump into the lake. But so timid are they, so quick to hear and see, and swift as the wind over the roughest rocks, only good hunters succeed in securing many of them. The only sure way to get a goat, and thereby accomplish the highest ambition of every Chelan tourist, is to climb to some wild crag and there lie out overnight by a trail, waiting for the victims to come down in the first light of the morning. Besides goats, there are many deer, bear, and cougars, and an abundance of birds. In fact, there is probably no hunting region in the United States superior to the Chelan





Moore's Point and Stehekin Mountains

basin and the Methow and Okanagan valleys adjacent.

Beyond Goat Mountain, the heights are broken every mile or two with a deep cañon, whence comes, with rush and roar, a creek as cold as ice—right from the ice, in fact. For when we reached Railroad Creek fifty-five miles from the mouth of the lake, we are at the outlet of the glaciers of Glacier Peak. This magnificent peak, or rather collection of peaks, is not visible from the water. But from the heights on either side, it can be seen in all its snowy vastness, ten thousand feet high, and bearing upon its broad shoulders miles and miles of rivers of ice, the most beautiful and significant of all the poems of nature. Railroad Creek furnishes the finest places for hunting, fishing, and camping, besides being the point of beginning of the trail to Glacier Peak and the parks about it.

On either side of the lake above and below our camp on Railroad Creek, rise castellated peaks of granite, ribbed and capped with snow, with hues of gray and black, and red and yellow, every cañon between the heights painted with the rich green and blue of the forests of fir and pine and cedar and yew. Besides this wealth of coloring, in which Chelan has no rival, there is every form in mountain outline that fancy could devise. Cathedrals, organ-

pipes, human forms, whole armies and cities, hippogriffs and sphinxes, centaurs and unicorns, monsters of sea and land, magnified a hundred-fold, stand out in bold relief against the blue-black sky of those lofty altitudes.

These vast pinnacles of rock deceive the eye by their sheer immensity. As we rock lazily in our skiffs in the fervor of a July sun, it seems a cheat of the senses that there, right over our heads, to crown the cliffs rising almost perpendicularly, are huge snow-banks. The tourist from the East, accustomed to consider the five hundred feet of the Hudson Palisades or Mounts Tom and Holyoke lofty heights, can hardly believe that these Chelan cliffs are ten times that. The eye does not readily accustom itself to a mile of nearly perpendicular elevation. It is only after long contemplation that the mind forms a clear conception of the scale of magnitudes on this last-recognized though greatest of the wonders of our corner State. Still longer is it before one can distinctly frame any mental vision of that stupendous glacier which, eons ago, plowed out this great furrow in the very heart of the snowy mountains.

Finest of all the views on the lake seen by our party is the sunset, as seen from the wooded promontory between the mouth of



Head of the Lake — Cañon of the Stehekin River and Castle Mountain in the Background



Railroad Creek and Dumpke's Falls. At sunset, as one looks up the lake, the entire right bank is bathed in light, flashing with an opalescent splendor, carmine and saffron and orange contending for supremacy, while on the left side rests the shadow, richest ultramarine and purple, shading into the cool gray of the granite cliffs or the dead white of the unsunned snow. So far as we know, no great artist has yet essayed to transfer this scene to canvas. It is worthy of Bierstadt\* and Moran at their best.

Every visitor to Chelan will go to Moore's Point and to the Stehekin River at the head of the lake, as well as to the Rainbow Falls, five miles above. Higher and grander yet the snowy summits tower, as we reach the upper extremity of the lake. The Stehekin River issues from a narrow defile over which towers the steep cone of Castle Mountain, eight thousand feet high, the grandest single object visible from the water. At Moore's Point and the mouth of the Stehekin are hotels, plain and unstylish, but all the more comfortable and attractive to a tourist who has any real love of nature. For it must be conceded that the fashionable resorts which disfigure many of the most attractive of the natural wonders of the older parts of our country are the greatest enemies of any true appreciation of the beautiful. Travelers who have not had all their natural instincts spoiled by that vicious hotel style of outing will prefer camping out while on the lake. It is an ideal region for that. The clear, dry climate, the resinous fragrance of fir and pine, the pure cold water, the limitless op-

portunity for hunting and fishing, the ease with which a party may transport themselves by their own arms in boats over the water and by foot up and down its banks,—all these make it almost a crime to draw an indoor breath.

The Rainbow Falls, heretofore referred to, are of themselves worth crossing the continent to see. Three hundred and twenty feet high, the water comes tumbling so furiously over the rough wall of rock that a perfect shower-bath of mist greets the traveler. If he perseveres, however, and pushes his way over the slippery and mossy rocks to a place where he can look down into the cave of wind and mist whence the clouds of spray issue, he will be rewarded by a sight of a double rainbow, a perfect circle, gloriously bright. Resting on the waving mists and seeming to quiver in the thunder of the descending flood, this wreath of colors seems worthy of the perpetual tread of Iris or Heimdall, rather than to be a pathway into heaven as the incompleted rainbows of the clouds are feigned to be.

It may be added of the other features of Lake Chelan that it is practically a wilderness, except at the lower end. There a little population has gathered and started orchards on the uneven hill-slopes, and though these look unpromising for cultivation they yield the finest fruits. In the wild mountain regions about the middle and upper parts of the lake, the prospector is the only human being to challenge the right of the wild beasts to sole occupancy. There is, without doubt, vast mineral wealth in those savage solitudes, but it is as yet but little developed.



# THE OLD DON'S HONOR

## A TALE OF OLD SAN DIEGO

By FREDERIC L. WHEELER

IN THOSE old days when Spain was busy with the conquest of the Western world and the flower of the land went forth with sword and cross to gain dominion and to preach the one true faith, there came, among a host of others, to this fair new world, a grizzled soldier and his fair young bride.

Wearied of court and camp, and stiff from honorable wounds, Don Alvarado de Ulloa thought that to end his days in that earthly paradise of which such marvelous tales were told, and with his girl-wife dream away the languorous hours, were rich reward for years of constant war. And so, with little effort,—for a worn-out man of arms may well be honored at so cheap a price,—he obtained a grant of land in California and a small appointment under the government. And here he sat him down, near to the pueblo of San Diego, content to watch his growing herds and sit beneath the vines with Doña Ysabel, his wife. Surely the blessed saints had favored him beyond desert.

They were as little similar, these two, as are the radiant poppy and the thorn-cactus; for the wife was all aglow with the slumberous passion of her race, while the husband typified its fiery mood. Yet the poppy gleamed full brightly and there were not wanting those who would gladly have plucked it for their own but for that overhanging cactus and its thorns. Even the poor Indians of the hacienda loved the girl, who was as soft and sweet as is the sunshine of their native land—alas! no longer theirs, but seized and held by stern white masters for whom they must ever toil. They brought her gifts of flowers and such fish and game as their poor skill might take. But to her lord they gave at best a grudging service, due to fear.

Now, when a man has spent the heyday of his life in war and hacked his way to honorable peace, it may suffice to sit beneath his vines and dream of bygone days, or listen to a sweet voice singing love-songs

to the soft chords of a light guitar. But with a woman in whose veins life rises to the flood, both dream and song must waken other thoughts, and the longings of a young girl's heart are ill-content with the dull round of frontier life. The cactus may thrive in the desert's barren glare; but the poppy has need of sunshine and shower and dew, or it must wither on its stalk. And for Ysabel there came a long period of drought.

About this time there came to seek his fortune in this land of fabled wealth a stripling of a noble house of Spain, connected, as some say, with the governor of this new possession of the crown. He was a gracious youth, with all the polish of the court, and perchance a taint of courtly license. But be that as it may, he had small liking for his new-found home, once he had seen its lack of all that went to make life dear to one of his degree. The bluff soldiers of the presidio were little to his taste who counted the proudest of Castile among his friends. The harsh-faced Jesuits of the mission pleased him even less, for his small clique had been the least austere of Spain. Of women there were worse than none; a few bewrinkled dames, and sturdy wives of common soldiers, and filthy natives of this barren coast. He would but await the next departing ship and turn back to Spain. A land for priests and soldiers, this; for those of gentle birth, a living death.

It was in the very abysm of his ennui that his eyes first fell on Ysabel as she knelt at prayer in the mission church, and from that hour he ceased to scan the horizon for that long-expected ship to which he looked for deliverance from this land of dearth. He who might have looked unmoved upon the fairest flower of Castile, was strangely touched at sight of this bright blossom of the Western wilderness. Should the folly that had lured him from his home and all he held most dear be fruitful of reward like this, he were indeed





"His eyes first fell on Ysabel"

repaid. And who so like as he to fill the eye of maidenhood? He knew his worth. His mettle had been tried. The grim old warrior at her side—her father, doubtless—must yield up the prize. Why had he dragged her into exile such as this?

It cannot be said that when Don Pedro de Garcia learned this fair one was a wife his interest abated. Indeed, the adventure promised even more excitement than he had hoped. It is one thing to woo the sternest father's only child; it is quite another to attempt the conquest of a soldier's wife. But to define at once Don Pedro's character, it may be said that neither his courage nor his conscience shrunk from the attempt. He had been wont to follow where his inclination led,

and with the heedless impetuosity of youth he pursued this new adventure.

That he had not rated too highly his power to attract would have been at once quite evident had Ysabel betrayed the new emotions that fluttered her young heart. Love, in the full, delicious meaning of the word, she had not known; for she was convent-bred and all unschooled in such frivolity. Her husband she respected,—nothing more,—and wed to gratify a mother's weak ambition.

But, as the young bird sings, or the lily blooms, because it must, so does the heart of woman turn to love. And Ysabel awoke to find that spring had come upon her unaware, and that the larks sang joyously among the wild flowers. She fell to

musings when her husband bade her sing, or sang with new and tender thrillings in her voice. Often her deep, dark eyes were filled with sudden tears. But her husband saw nothing of this change, being a man of camps and little versed in woman's ways.

To Don Pedro de Garcia, Ysabel presented that impenetrable front of courteous reserve which is ever a woman's strongest weapon of defense. And doubtless, had other quarry offered, he had shortly given up the chase of one so unresponsive; for the love of a young man is like an ill-trained dog, and led away by every vagrant trail. But Ysabel stood alone among the women of the place, and the young man plumed himself upon his constancy, forsooth!

And now there came long days of languorous sunshine, long amorous moonlit nights—a season over which love brooded like a spell. And ever and again the gay young cavalier of Spain impressed his gorgeous person on the vision of the girl, his tender longings on her heart. Sometimes he rode beside her to the town, with one keen eye upon her martial lord, riding erect and silent just beyond. Often, upon the broad veranda, he sang of love and home, and to the witchery of the moonlight added the passion of his voice. What wonder that her gentle heart was touched! What wonder that in the thrill and cadence of her voice she let him read the story of her heart! Love needs no words to make his presence known.

It might, perchance, have ended thus, in silent interchange of guiltless love, but for a trick Don Pedro played upon the girl. It happened thus: The zealous padres, ever eager and alert to save the souls of heathen, for the greater glory of the church, and incidentally the acquisition of new laborers for the mission lands, fell sometimes so far short of their desires that the unappreciative converts fled their benefactors and from the wilds made petty war upon them. Such an outbreak now befell. Outlying ranches were attacked and a settler slain. And so a handful of leather-jerkined soldiers from the presidio were sent against them, under the command of Don Alvarado de Ulloa; and with them went Don Pedro, to try what absence might effect with Ysabel.

It was no such valorous expedition, this,—well-armed troops against a few half-naked savages; but it was magnified by the solicitous eye of love, and Ysabel's heart was oppressed by fears. It so happened that the natives, fleeing from their pursuers, led them far afield and hid themselves in mountain fastnesses, so that the Spanish were forced to abandon the chase without result other than an arrow wound to one of their own number, which retarded their return. Don Pedro, jealous of delay, and being unattached, rode on ahead, some hours' march before the rest, and pausing at the presidio but long enough to report the failure of the expedition, made haste to reach the side of Ysabel.

As he approached the low, rambling adobe, a thought occurred to him that made him stop his horse and loosen the bright sash from his waist. Laughing softly to himself, he converted this into a sling, which he slipped about his neck and through it thrust his arm, then ambled slowly to the house.

A score of dogs barked loudly, a score of Indian servants came running from the corral, and as he dismounted feebly from his horse, the Doña Ysabel sprang from the veranda with a low, glad cry.

"Pedro!" she cried; then added, in alarm, "Ah! Pedro mio, thou art wounded."

"It is nothing, Ysabel," he said. "One of their accursed arrows, that is all."

But he allowed her to help him to the house, and rejoiced in her tender solicitude.

"Command those dogs to leave," he said peevishly, indicating the Indians, who stood stolidly looking on. "They annoy me. Por Dios, I trust them no more than those renegados in the hills."

"They are simple souls," she said, "and mean no harm."

But she ordered them to depart, and these two were left alone on the veranda.

For a long time neither spoke. Then Pedro drew his chair up close to hers and spoke out frankly, without more ado.

"Señora," he said, "I startled you just now. I was wrong to come upon you unaware. But I am not sorry; I am very glad. Ah, Ysabel, your sweet solicitude betrayed you. I have loved you, Ysabel,



since that first day when you knelt at prayer. I have hoped, Ysabel,—yes, I have dared to hope my love found answer in your heart. And it is so, dulce mia, is it not? Tell me I am not mistaken. Tell me you love me, Ysabel.”

“To what end?” asked the woman, as if the words were forced from her against her will. “I am a married woman, señor, unless—unless— Tell me, Don Pedro, where is my husband?”

“He is coming,” the other answered gloomily. “He will be here within the hour perhaps. He is alive and well.”

The woman sighed. Indeed, it might scarce be called a sigh, so soft it was. But Don Pedro heard—the ears of love are keen.

“Ysabel,” he cried eagerly, “your heart pleads for me. You love me, Ysabel—deny it if you can. You will not say you love me? Deny it then. Tell me you do not love me, and I will go away.”

“Alas! I cannot,” murmured she.

And then the torrent of his love burst forth. He caught her to his breast and kissed her brow, her cheeks, her lips. He held her close and whispered in her ear:—

“I knew it, Ysabel! Why, dulce mia, we were made for love. Your husband, he is to be honored,—yes, no doubt. But made the idol of a young girl's love? Ah, no. 'Tis youth knows how to love. And so we love, my own, with all the ardor of our youth. Say but the word, my Ysabel, ‘I love thee.’ Say it, sweet!”

And softly, guiltily she breathed, “I love thee, Pedro!” then broke from his embrace and ran sobbing into the house.

But the truth was out. Don Pedro lost no chance to urge his suit. Occasion favored; in the end his pleadings conquered, and the hapless pair resolved to fly.

By what mad reasoning they laid their plans cannot be known; but no ship being then in readiness to sail, these two young lovers, for each of whom the whole world lay in the other's eyes, resolved to fly by land, southward, to some mission of New Spain, and thence, if fortune favored, to Castile and freedom. If things went amiss,—which the blessed saints forefend,—why, they could die together, and so make a joyous end of sorrow. These, or plans like these, shadowy and vague, suf-



“He knew that the end was near”

ficed to sweep away the woman's last defense, and on a night of lowering clouds they fled.

Now, if the eyes of Don Ulloa were closed by love, there was one about the hacienda who could see like a ferret in the dark, and hear like that which he was, an inquisitive servant with a love of mischief in his very heart's core. By eavesdropping he had long since learned the secret of this pair, and but awaited a suitable moment for dramatic exposure of their guilt. To his master this human rattlesnake now crept and struck deep fang into the hapless man,—and was near to being crushed beneath his heel, as has been the fate of serpents since man first trod the earth. But at last the old Don listened to his tale and knew it for the truth, and lest open scandal should result, rode, wrathful but alone, in hot pursuit.

It was not until the next day was half spent that he came upon their jaded and abandoned horses, cropping the sweet young grass beside the sea. And he

loosened his sword in its sheath and peered about more sharply, for he knew that the end was near.

It seemed most likely from the place where the horses had been left, that the fugitives would follow the line of the coast where better footing might be found upon the wave-washed beach than over the rough and broken mesa. Now, the land about this coast presents a bold front to the sea and the sandstone cliffs rising above the roaring surf are pierced and crumbled into many a wild, fantastic shape of arch and cave and pinnacle. Here many a shelter may be found where one might be concealed.

Don Alvarado de Ulloa, by chance or fate directed,—who shall say,—rode out upon a bald, high point that thrust its mighty bulk far out into the van of the assaulting sea, and from this vantage-ground looked down upon a little cove whose farther bound was also guarded by a rocky point, with sullen breakers at its feet. The curving parallels of cliff and sea hemmed in a narrowing strip of shining sand, and seagulls screamed above the surf. But more than this the old Don saw, and from his lips a cry of rage broke forth as he caught sight of Ysabel and Pedro on the beach.

Yet something there was in the strange movements of the pair that checked him in the act of slipping from his horse to continue the pursuit on foot. They were running to and fro upon the beach, close to the cliff's base, passing and repassing each other, beckoning and pointing upward. Sometimes the man would climb a little from the beach, and then spring down and pass quick hands along the rock and try again, in feverish excitement. Sometimes the woman wrung her hands or flung them upward with a gesture of despair.

It was not long before the Don's quick eye divined the cause of their alarm.

"Oho!" he cried, "the rats are trapped!" and smote his fist upon his open palm.

From where he stood the tale was plainly read. Into this little cove the fugitives had ventured when the tide was low and sheltered them in some cool cavern from the heat of day and danger of pursuit. Here they had lingered, heedless, till the sea had risen, cutting off es-

cape at either rocky point and creeping steadily upon the beach, whose ever-lessening breadth foretold the narrow limit of their lives. The wave-worn surface of the cliff rose high above their heads and offered no support for clutching hands. Thus had their romance come to sorry end.

But it lay not in the old Don's nature to be content that fate should snatch revenge from out his very hand, and leave him but a mere spectator where the leading part belonged to him. That were a barren vengeance. His fingers itched to wield the sword once more, and feel the blade bite shrewdly as of old. Fortune had played him false unless he might with his own hand avenge this foul dishonor to his name.

He sat there studying the line of cliff with jealous eye, intent to find some path, however hazardous, by which he might descend. And those below, seeking some way to mount, beheld his form loom black against the sky, like some dark monster thirsting for their blood, and felt their hearts sink at the sight. This much the Don could read of their emotions, for Ysabel shrank back and pointed upward at him. Then, after some talk between the two, Pedro beckoned him to help and Ysabel held out imploring arms, and he could see them place their hands like trumpets to their mouths that he might catch their cries. But he heard only the wild screaming of the gulls above the hollow thunder of the surf; he thought only of revenge, and knew that he must hasten or be balked. He rode along the beetling verge and sought more closely for a path. Those two beleaguered ones below kept pace with him, as if hopeful of release. They should have known him better.

At last he came upon a place which from his former post he could not see, but which seemed to offer chances of success. A rough arroyo, where the winter floods rushed downward to the sea, but now quite dry and partly overhung by stunted bushes, cut the cliff's brow with a jagged wound and ended at a height of twenty feet, or less, above the beach. Into this rocky channel, without more ado, the old Don urged his horse and forced him to the very brink. A most forbidding figure was he to the guilty pair. No light of mercy shone from his dark





"She fell upon her knees"

eyes, which gleamed down at them stern and implacable as death. He seemed rather their executioner than their deliverer, and old tales of cruel deeds he had performed in war flashed vaguely through the minds of both.

Unhastening, as one who knows what he would do and doubts not of the end, the Don dismounted from his horse, uncoiled the long riata from the saddle-bow, to which he soon made fast one end, and threw the other to the pair below, and waited, looking down upon them sternly, giving them no further grounds for hope than lay in this one act, which might mean either mercy or delayed revenge.

A tremendous moment this for all; for that grim waiting one no less than for

those two who looked up, doubtful, from below. He saw them question each the other and look upon the foaming sea that swirled among the jagged rocks, and then look up again at him. The man, as he could see, was for the certain judgment of the waves, the woman for the chance of mercy in his own stern heart. At last the woman conquered, as he knew she must, and Pedro noosed the rope beneath her arms, then strained her to his heart and kissed her once, and gave the signal to pull up.

It was quickly done. The well-trained horse, as if he knew what burden strained upon the rope, moved slowly forward, step by step, and soon Don Alvarado de Ulloa stood face to face with Ysabel, his wife.

For one long moment they looked into each other's eyes, and then the woman wavered, shrank with fear, and fell, unable to endure his stern, accusing gaze. She fell upon her knees before him, crying:—

"Do not kill me, esposo mio! Let me live!"

"I do not like that term, 'esposo mio,'" he replied, unmoved. "I am not your husband, for I have no wife. But, señora, I do not war with women. You are safe. Go, live your tainted life as best you may. For myself, I have no wish to live, except just long enough to work my will upon that hound below. I will not let him perish in the waves, as by your face I see you fear. I will work my own revenge. I am about to kill him, señora! I am about to cut your dainty lover's throat!"

With this, quite heedless of her cries, quite heedless, too, of those soft arms that clasped his knees, he loosed the rope from her and from his saddle-bow and made one end secure to a gnarled root of stunted sumac-bush.

"Señora," he said, "when I descend this rope, your husband that was and your lover that is will face each other in a duel to the death. I have no doubt of the result. Still, fate is fickle. Either man may fall. I pray you offer up your innocent prayers for him whose victory you most desire."

With these words he let the lariat fall, and swinging himself over the edge, slid quickly to the beach, where Don Pedro de Garcia stood with folded arms awaiting him. The noise of waters made speech difficult, but the old Don strode up to his enemy and shouted out the few words he had to say.

"I have come to kill you, my gay court butterfly!" he cried. "I do not mean the sea to cheat me of my right. That rope means life. Well, you may set that hope aside, for I am going to kill you, Don Pedro de Garcia, here and now!"

The other did not flinch.

"You are an old man, Don Alvarado," he replied, "and you had best climb up again. I will not fight so old a man."

"I knew you for a coward," sneered the elder. "It is well I have you penned. You had run from me else. Perhaps a blow will wake your courage."

And with that he smote Don Pedro full

upon the mouth. There could be no doubt that he had gained his point. There was no lack of courage in the angry eyes that now gave back the challenge in his own. But the young Don was cool. He wiped the blood from his cut lip before he answered.

"You fool," he cried, whipping out his blade. "You have to do with a swordsmen known throughout Castile. I would have spared you. Now, on guard!"

He was not kept long waiting. The other's weapon rattled on his own, and at the first assault he knew no weakling do-tard held the blade. Trained to the lighter weapon of the court and skilled in the duello's more punctilious code, the heavy cut and thrust of this old war-dog found him at his worst. But he was light and active; the other old and stiff. He would soon force the play and end it with some skillful thrust.

Such was the young man's aim. The elder, with the old-time lust of battle in his heart, fought with a savage joy; bore down the practiced thrust by force of brawn and put in play those deadly tricks men learn in war; took note of every pit-fall for unwary feet and forced his foe to face the setting sun; then, slowly, foot by foot, with coolest calculation, drove him back towards Ysabel's reboso, lying, as she had dropped it, on the beach.

And now the old Don saw the end at hand and fought on steadily, not to be allured by seeming slackness in the other's guard, nor trapped into unwary thrusts that might expose himself. He had laid his plan and knew when he should strike. He even played a little with his foe, and let him pause a moment on his way to death. But in the end he made a savage onslaught, sharp and swift, and drove the other shrewdly back until that instant when his feet became entangled in the fallen shawl, then with a mighty stroke beat down his guard and thrust his sword hilt-deep into the doomed man's throat.

"A very pretty play," he said, as he drew the weapon sharply forth, his foot upon the dead man's breast. "He breathed me at the last. I have grown rusty in these days of peace."

He wiped his sword on Ysabel's reboso and thrust it in its sheath. The breakers were roaring loud and near and the surf





"His feet became entangled in the fallen shawl"



"A grand and solitary form against the darkening sky"

already seethed about his feet. It was high time to go. Without another look at the man he had just now slain, he turned and walked to where the rope had hung. The rope was gone, and looking up, he saw the pale, set face of Ysabel look down like an avenging fate.

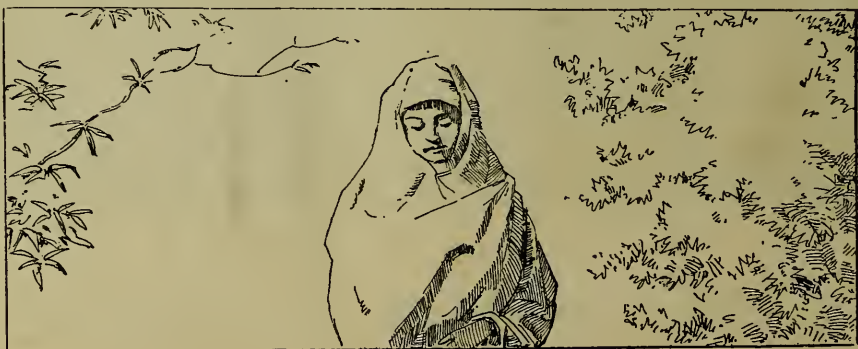
So, ho! He was himself entrapped. No need to ask for whom her prayers had been. No need to ask for mercy. It was her turn now, and Don Alvarado de Ulloa knew that he must die. Well, what of that! God knew he had no wish to live. The bitterness of life was what he dreaded. Death would be sweet. So let it be.

He knelt him down upon the wet sea sand, the thunder of the waters in his

ears, the salt spume flying in his face, the seagulls screaming overhead, and like a true and Catholic gentleman, as he doubted not he was, commended his soul to God.


There was a rough rock off the beach on which the waves broke fiercely, and to this he made his way, wading leg-deep in the rushing surf. And here, a grand and solitary form against the darkening sky, he waited, leaning on his sword, for death. So Ysabel last saw him as the darkness fell.

A few days later this unhappy woman was found by friendly Indians, wandering demented up and down the shore and calling for Don Pedro de Garcia.





# In old Santa Barbara.



She leans from the window high-  
Tis dusk in the quiet street-  
And softly, softly a red rose flutters  
Down at my feet.

One glance from the witching eyes  
Has quickened my pulse's beat.  
But at her side is the stern dueña,  
Watchful, discreet!

A blush, a sigh and a pout,  
As quick from the dusty street  
I lift the rose that fell from her fingers  
Here at my feet.

J. Torrey Connor



The *Madroño* Placing a Whistling Buoy

## PACIFIC COAST LIGHT SERVICE

By J. M. BALTIMORE

ONE of the greatest safeguards to the commerce of the world is the light service. Few countries on the globe are better equipped in this respect than the United States. All along her vast stretch of coast exists a perfect system, and ceaseless vigilance is exercised. From

every point where danger lurks to navigation, light-stations send forth their friendly and warning rays far out over the tossing waters. Scores of these beacons are scattered along the winding shore-line from Northern Maine down to the Mexican Coast in the waters of the Gulf. There



are almost countless other "aids to navigation," in the way of fog-signals, buoys, beacons, range-lights, light-ships, light-stations, tenders, and many more.

If the light service on the Atlantic seaboard is complete and efficient, the same may with truth be said of the service on the Pacific Coast. Our Western civilization and settlement are of much more recent date, and consequently our commerce of younger growth; but considering this fact, the protection afforded marine and river navigation is nearly as complete and ample as that on the other side of the continent.

Congress is nearly sure to pass the appropriation for a light and fog-signal at Point Arguello, which will rob the western entrance to Santa Barbara Channel of its terrors. There are a few more uncovered points and unlighted stretches, but they are likely soon to be reached.

Indeed, the Government has been very liberal in the expenditure of public money, in creating, establishing, and maintaining, such a perfect and comprehensive system



The *Madroño*

for the safety and protection of Pacific Coast commerce. Comparatively few marine disasters are reported, considering the vast stretch of coast and the great number of vessels that traverse the Pacific Ocean and touch at, and depart from, the various ports.

The Pacific Coast light service is com-



Captain Davies Taking His Bearings



The Yerba Buena Buoy Depot

prised of two districts—the Twelfth and Thirteenth. Within the limits of these districts are included all the wide expanse of coast which commences at the southern boundary-line of California and ends among the regions of endless snow and ice in the far northern seas. Much of the coast—especially that to the north—is wild and rugged, exposed to a tempestuous sea.

The Twelfth District, which covers more than a thousand miles, embraces all aids to navigation on the seacoast, bays, rivers, and other tidal waters of California.

San Francisco is the headquarters, and Commander U. Sebree, of the United States Navy, is the Inspector of the Twelfth District. There are in this district:

Lighthouses and lighted beacons, including three post-lights.....	39
Day or unlighted beacons .....	46
Lighted beacons used also as day-marks.....	7
Fog-signals operated by steam .....	15
Fog-signals operated by clockwork.....	7
Fog-signal operated by hand .....	1

Whistling buoys in position .....	12
Bell-buoys in position.....	7
Other buoys in position .....	72
Steamer <i>Madroño</i> , buoy-tender, and for supply and inspection.....	1
Steam launch of <i>Madroño</i> .....	1
Steam launch <i>Hazel</i> , for construction and repairs .....	1

The duty of supplying the various light-stations, of inspection, and of looking generally after the buoyage of the district, devolves upon the United States light-house tender *Madroño*, supplemented by the two steam launches mentioned above. The *Madroño*, is an iron screw steamer of handsome model. This vessel was built by J. H. Dialogue & Company of Camden, New Jersey, in 1885, and arrived in San Francisco January 29, 1886. She is 163 feet long; beam, 27 feet; hold, 14 feet. Her master is David Davies.

The vessel is one of the best of her class—stanch and swift. So large is the district, and so numerous the aids to navigation, that the *Madroño* is kept almost constantly on the move, carrying supplies to



the many light-stations, making inspection trips, and looking generally after the extensive system of signals, buoys, etc. In the course of the year she travels many thousands of miles.

The Thirteenth District extends from the boundary between California and Oregon, to the northern boundary of the United States, and includes Alaska. It embraces all aids to navigation on the sea-coast of Oregon and Washington, and the United States waters of the Strait of Juan

Fog-signals operated by clockwork .....	5
Whistling buoys in position .....	8
Bell-buoys in position .....	4
Other buoys in position .....	284
Steamer <i>Manzanita</i> , buoy-tender, and for supply and inspection .....	1
Steamer <i>Columbine</i> , for construction and repairs .....	1

In extent, the district is much larger than the Twelfth, and the aids to navigation much more numerous. It includes all that long stretch of coast north of the British possessions, clear away to the northern limits of Alaskan waters. That



The Farallon Station in a Fog

de Fuca, Washington Sound, and the Gulf of Georgia, and on the tidal waters tributary to the sea, strait, sound, and gulf between the limits named, together with those on Alaskan waters.

Commander George C. Reiter, United States Navy, is the Inspector. There are in this district:

Lighthouses and beacon-lights, including ninety-nine post-lights.....	118
Light-vessel in position .....	1
Day or unlighted beacons .....	42
Fog-signals operated by steam or hot-air engines .....	11

part of the coast is only sparsely settled, comparatively, the sea at certain seasons very tempestuous—subject to heavy winds and strong currents—and the dangers to navigation are many.

Two first-class lighthouse tenders are required to meet the needs of this large district. Several trips are necessary each year to Alaskan waters, and several weeks are required to make the round voyages. To supply the large number of light-stations with provisions, oil, etc., to make the required inspection, and to attend to the



Point Bonita Light

buoyage, the two tenders—*Columbine* and *Manzanita*—are constantly employed.

It is also the duty of the tenders of both districts vigilantly to guard the interests of commerce and navigation generally; to assist all vessels that may require assistance; to look after derelicts, wrecks, wreckage, and remove or destroy anything that may endanger navigation.

The *Manzanita* is a wooden vessel of handsome model, and is very staunchly built. She is larger than the *Madroño*, is a swift and safe steamer, and well adapted

to the work. The *Manzanita* was built in the East. She left New York October, 1879, and reached San Francisco in January, 1880. In February, 1886, she was transferred from the Twelfth Lighthouse District to the Thirteenth. The vessel reached Portland, Oregon, February 5, 1886, and reported for duty at once. Her master is William E. Gregory. Repairs have recently been made to the vessel at a cost of \$31,000, and she is now in first-class condition for active service.

The steam tender *Columbine* is the



Tatoosh Light





Disappointment Light

handsomest of the fleet. In dimensions and tonnage she is about equal to the *Madroño*, though of more attractive model. The vessel was built in Lake Superior, but was soon after transferred to New York. She then received orders to proceed to

master is Charles H. Richardson. Each of the tenders—*Madroño*, *Manzanita*, and *Columbine*—carries a crew of twenty men.

One of the great aids to coastwise navigation is the light-ship which is moored eight miles off the mouth of the Columbia River. The lights from this vessel can be seen at night for many miles at sea, in all directions; and when its welcome gleam is descried by pilots of steamers and sailing vessels, all doubts and misgivings are set



The *Columbine*

Portland, Oregon, for duty in the Thirteenth Lighthouse District. She left New York October 30, 1892, for the Pacific Coast in command of Lieutenant-Commander C. H. West, United States Navy. Some damages were sustained by the vessel during her long voyage around Cape Horn. These were repaired at San Francisco, which port was reached in January, 1893. In April, 1893, she reported for duty at Portland. She has proved herself an excellent sea-boat and well adapted for her work along the boisterous coast. Her



The *Manzanita*



Columbia River Light-Ship No. 50

at rest—they know just where they are. If the night be dark and tempestuous, the pilots “lay by” until dawn, when they can pass in over the bar, or else proceed on their voyage up or down the coast.

This light-ship is known as “Columbia River Light-Ship No. 50,” and her dimensions are: length, 112 feet; hold, 13 feet; beam, 27 feet. The vessel is a new one, having been very recently constructed at a



The Buoy Depot at Tongue Point, Columbia River





Point Adams Light

large outlay to the Government. Especially to vessels entering the mouth of the Columbia River, or those departing therefrom, the light-ship is one of the greatest safeguards. She is firmly held in position by means of a ponderous mushroom anchor to which is attached a massive chain cable. During the heaviest sea and most violent gales, the light-ship safely rides the tempest. Captain A. E. Cann is in command of the light-ship, and she carries a crew of seven men.

No point on the whole stretch of coast from the Mexican line to the mouth of the Yukon is better guarded—not even excepting the Golden Gate—than is the entrance to the mouth of the Columbia. Within a radius of twenty miles are the light-stations at Tillamook Rock, Point Adams, Cape Disappointment, the light-ship, and lastly, the pilot schooner.

The United States buoy depot for the Thirteenth Lighthouse District is located at Tongue Point in the Columbia River,

only a short distance above the little city of Astoria. An immense quantity of buoys and supplies which are needed in the district is kept stored at the depot to be distributed as often as may be necessary. Portland is the headquarters of the Thirteenth District, though the tenders *Columbine* and *Manzanita* spend the most of the time at Astoria when not engaged in making cruises among the various light-stations along the coast.

In conclusion, it may be stated with truth that the Government has omitted no reasonable expenditure to throw every possible safeguard around the commerce of the Pacific Coast. With many light-stations, fog-signals, beacons, countless buoys, and other aids to navigation, and three handsome and rapid steamers, the light service is a most comprehensive and efficient one. The equipment is complete in every respect, and its maintenance involves the annual expenditure of a very large sum of public money.



Tillamook Light



The Price of Victory

## CAMPAIGNING IN THE PHILIPPINES — II

WITH COMPANY I OF THE FIRST CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS

By PANDIA RALLI

(Illustrated by Blashki, mainly from pencil sketches by the author)

**A**T LENGTH came the long-looked-for command, that we were to hold ourselves in heavy marching order to be ready to turn out at a moment's notice, and that everything was to be packed, as we would be breaking camp for good.

Cheer after cheer was given, as it was made known that our battalion was to be, with the regulars, the first to move to the front. Everything was done to reduce the weight that we should have to carry to its minimum. Blankets were chopped in half, and our wardrobe was cut down to a change of socks and a spare shirt. Still, with the hundred rounds of ammunition in our knapsacks, we had no mean weight to carry.

All night long, till about one o'clock in the morning, we were loading with commissary stores the barges that were to con-

vey us to our new encampment. It was "heap plenty" of hard work, but nobody was heard to grumble. To tell the truth, it would have done more harm than good to have done so. Army rules and regulations are not to be trifled with in war-time.

Six o'clock was the time we filed out from Cavité, followed by the cheers of those who were to remain behind for the present. Rubber blankets (ponchos) had been issued to us, as also shelter-tents. Half of a shelter-tent, which weighed only a trifle, was carried. Besides acting as a shelter, it is supposed to answer as a waterproof and for a variety of other purposes. It is necessarily not of sufficient height for a man to stand upright under, but can shelter from the inclemency of the weather two men, lying down, if not too long-legged.



Our transports consisted of a couple of barges and a steam launch.

After considerable maneuvering on the part of the fleet, —much punting and pushing by the natives with their twenty-foot bamboo poles,—the two barges managed to approach the shoal shores sufficiently for their half-baked occupants to wade ashore. But the steamer was not to be treated so cavalierly. For a preliminary she ran aground, and it took half an hour of yelling and gesticulation of the native engineers, pilots, etc., to get her off. Once clear, they chased around for another channel, and in five minutes had fixed her beak good and strong in the sand. It took about two hours to convince them that we were fast, and another hour for one of the barges to come to our assistance. After having helped to land sufficient commissary stores to answer our immediate wants, we formed into companies and partook of a hastily prepared meal at Paranaqué.

Paranaqué has the sameness about it of all the Philippine villages. There are rows of natives houses and stores where are sold sweetmeats and gin, and of course, cigarettes and cigars. The cigars are made of pure tobacco, and if properly seasoned and handled, would make an excellent smoke. After pay-day there was none so poor as not to be seen puffing on a cigar.

The natives clustered around and discussed us freely in their own language. A good percentage of them bore scars from the fights they had with the Spanish. But few were free from running sores of some sort. One of them showed me with great pride the white marks of two different healed bullet-wounds on his body. He explained that when hit the Spaniard would fall, and "the subsequent proceedings would interest him no more"; but the Filipino, when full of lead, would but shake himself and continue his career of blood and rapine through the Spanish ranks as if nothing unusual had happened.

There was the usual substantially



Forward!

erected stone church, with a well of cool water at its rear. Everybody here is most religious. I have listened to a Filipino and his family pray consecutively for two hours at a stretch before retiring for the night. Then they will wake up in the morning, and at sharp play would be almost the equal of a white man.

At two o'clock we slung knapsacks and marched to Pueblo Tambo, three miles up the road, which was to be our camping-ground.

Although to walk three miles requires no very great effort under ordinary circumstances, there are times, such as this was, when the three seemed to multiply itself over and over again. What with the suffocating heat, dust, flies, weight of the equipments, and straps of our knapsacks that dragged into the shoulder and stopped the blood circulating in the arms, it was no picnic. There never was such a thickly populated country as the Philippine Islands. No wonder that they wish to crowd each other out! Just as we were wondering if ever our destiny would be reached came the welcome command, "Halt!"

The camping-ground allotted to us—called Pueblo Tambo by the Spanish—had all the requisite space to it that was necessary. It was a grassy flat, sheltered from the Spanish view by thick brush and jungle. On the right was the sea, and the Pasig road on the left.

It did not take long to pitch our Lilli-



Governor's Palace

Headquarters of American Army of Occupation, with  
First Battalion, First California Volunteers,  
as Guard of Honor

fight is in progress. It continued all the night through, and gradually slackened on the approach of daylight.

putian tents. Once up, they presented what the French would express as a *mignon* appearance. But small as they were, they proved invaluable against all sorts of "sample" weather for one month.

As the last tent was being pitched it began to rain, and kept it up steadily all night. It took the wits of the whole company three hours to light the fire of green, damp wood, boil the coffee, and cook some slices of bacon. Then we retired for the night.

About ten o'clock we were awakened by the sound of "Boom! boom! boom! bang! bang! whr-r! whr-r!" and the various other sounds which denote that a

The proceedings had a novel interest to us, and we expected to see scores—yea, hundreds—of dead in the morning, and to hear of the capture of some important position. We were unsophisticated, however, as yet to the mysteries of native warfare. Instead of avalanches of dead, dying, and wounded, a few natives hobbled up or were carried in litters to be treated by our surgeons, mostly for wounds through their hands. They hold their arms high above their heads when shooting from the trenches. They were the heroes of last night's encounter, in which four hundred Spanish had been killed and about three times that amount wounded. The Filipinos could very successfully edit

a newspaper on the up-to-date plan of supplying their events to suit the public taste.

Next morning we were set to work to put Camp Dewey into some sort of shape. Trenches were dug around the tents to draw off the surface water, and the tents were raised on bamboo platforms one foot from the ground, and bamboo beds

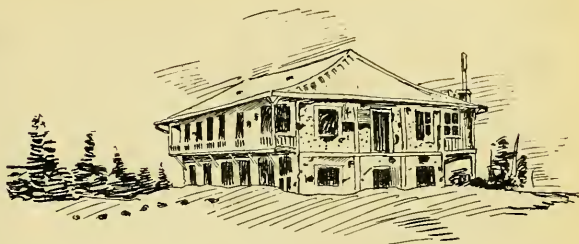


One of the Fort Fronts



fixed therein, the commodiousness of the tent depending on the skill and handiness of the inmates.

The Filipinos did not approve of our appropriating the bamboo, although they had no prior right to it, being but squatters since the war began. After vigorous action in pantomime, they would draw their long knives, and gesticulate wildly with them, as though everything within a hundred yards would be dead in a couple of minutes. Finding that it did not intimidate the soldier, who would continue to chop cheerfully away as though nothing in particular was taking place around him, they would sheath their weapons with the usual whine about "Pobre Filipino," and many muttered imprecations.



The Old Block - House

protection from the sun. Tables, chairs, and gun-racks of the same material completed the outfit, and though it lacked the Chinaman's neatness of execution, it was serviceable for all that.

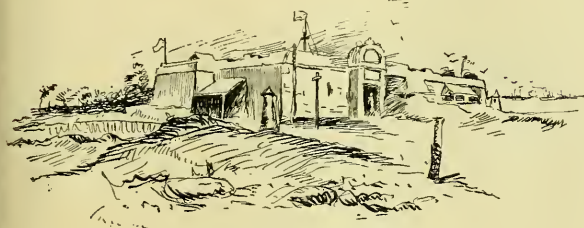
That night it was given the insurgents to understand that if unsuccessful in their attack on Manila, they were to vacate the trenches in our favor.

That evening about eight o'clock the attack began, and all that night they hammered away. What a noise, and what a waste of ammunition! It ended in a heavy repulse for the natives, although at one time one or two had actually straggled their way into the outskirts of the town.

In the morning as many of the wounded were carried into

camp as our surgeons were able to treat. One of them was a captain, shot through the side and through the thigh. His case was hopeless, and in a few minutes he died a soldier's death under the shade of a tree. Then they packed the litter once more shoulder-high, and slowly carried his limp body, half sagging outside, in the direction of the cemetery. We counted at least forty bodies being conveyed over the road in that direction. Nobody seemed to be very much concerned about it, or, if so, their feelings were very successfully smothered. Not that the Filipinos are an unaffectionate race; but having been engaged in continual warfare for so many years, death by them is taken in a very matter-of-fact manner, as a contingency liable to happen at any time.

Meanwhile our other two battalions had arrived two days later than we, and the



San Antonio Battery  
Bombarded by Dewey, August 13th

We overcame the same difficulty whenever we sent out a wood detail for the kitchen by one of us packing a gun. It commanded respect! What the natives desired was to sell us the wood and everything else that could have any sort of a money value attached to it.

Probably we were the mildest-mannered and most apologetic army of occupation that ever entered into possession of the enemy's territory. Many another country would have never humored their whims and fancies as we did. They were full of flattery and cajolery as long as they were sucking in the money of the "American *amigo*," but when things did not happen to shape themselves right their way, then they looked as ugly as they dared.

However, objection or no objection, we had our bamboo, and many of the tents looked like joss-houses, with a scaffolding built outside for a blanket to hang on as

Colorado boys on the 18th. On the 20th came the Nebraska and Pennsylvania regiments. These, with the Utah Light Artillery, the Astor Battery and two regiments of regulars—the Fourteenth and Eighteenth—constituted our forces. If I have omitted any names, I must offer as an apology that with so many men and the tents occupying such an area of ground, it would have been a veritable reporter's job to keep track of who was and who was not in camp.

After the repulse of the insurgents, our men replaced them in the trenches and on outpost duty. Not many days elapsed before the Coloradans treated us to a false

so many dreary, silent phantoms. Nothing audible but the "splosh, splosh" of the rain, as it soaked through our uniforms and fell upon the spongy turf. Then again, we were drawn up outside the encampment by companies to await our orders. In hoarse whispers traveled along the ranks the canard that the Spaniards had broken out all along the beach, and an attack on us with full force would be the probability.

Couriers galloping in, and the sharp, decisive challenge of the sentinels as every now and again a wondering Filipino who was unaware of the state of affairs came near, with the pitchy darkness of the



A Filipino Sentry

alarm. To the disinterested onlooker it must have presented some of the melodramatic elements of a play at the old Morosco. At about half-past eight was sounded the call to arms. How weirdly its monotonous notes fell on the unbroken stillness of the slumbering camp, repeating over and over again at rapid rate the familiar assembly! Then came a scurrying of feet, as all sprang out of bed, thrust on shoes and trousers, slung over their shoulders haversacks containing a hundred rounds of ammunition, buckled on their belts with fifty cartridges, and were ready for action. As they hastily lined up in their company's streets, the roll was called by Sergeant Golly in subdued tones. Then came the word of command from the Captain, "Right forward; fours right!" and away we marched, like

night, added to the general uncanniness of the scene. Everybody was wrought up to the highest point of expectancy, and the slightest rustle or noise claimed significance to our overwrought nerves.

At length came the order for our company to advance. We did so in squads, and then formed as skirmishers in the trench immediately facing our encampment. Captain Richter then gave us a few practical words of advice about saving our ammunition and when and where to fire, and we patiently awaited the enemy with all sorts of contracted feelings in the region of our stomachs.

The enemy failed to put in an appearance. We began to get impatient. It was raining cats and dogs, and crouching under cover in the trench was cramping in its effect.



Another half-hour passed. The situation was more freely discussed, with a general belief in the falsity of the alarm. Half an hour more and the scare was over. We had nothing more to do than to march back to our tents, with a cheering word of praise from the Captain on our prompt turn-out.

Although the alarm was without foundation, the night's work served a more valuable lesson in the realities of warfare than ten times that amount of show-drills. From that time on we slept with our clothes on, and with an eye—or, rather, an ear—open, ready to turn out at a minute's notice.

Our first experience of outpost duty was on the Pasig Road, about three miles from camp, extending to the seashore. The Spaniards fired freely at our men when on the beach, but luckily their bullets flew wide. The "ziz—ziz—zip!" of the Mauser bullet was a revelation to the majority of us, as it sped by like some spiteful giant bluebottle.

There was plenty of discomfort in passing the night in a mixture of chopped straw and oozy black liquid mud, with a dilapidated stable-roof as sole protection against the pouring rain, although there was no very pressing danger.

The Spaniards apparently prefer to be the attacked rather than the attacking party. From the very beginning they seemed to be well aware of the utter hopelessness of their cause, and lacked the spirit to take the initiative, and by forcing us to protracted vigilance wear out and dispirit our numerically inferior body of men.

A few stray bullets whistling here and there are every-day occurrences to the natives. Business is transacted in their poky little stores, and their eggs, meat, and bread, are sold at starvation prices, just as if peace and plenty were the order of the day.

On August 25th, General Merritt arrived on a little steamer, the *City of Para*, and took possession of his command.

On the last of the month we had our first engagement with the Spanish. How it was brought about is beyond my powers to tell. But from the systematic firing kept up by the enemy, it no doubt must have been carefully premeditated. Per-

haps it was to capture the guns of the Utah Battery, which were a serious menace to them from the trenches.

At any rate, their plans seemed to be laid something like this: A large force were to assail our front, while a second executed a flank attack on the right, and another would sweep the roads and the fields in the rear of the Americans, so as to prevent support coming up from Camp Dewey.

About a quarter-past twelve, on August 1st, we were awakened in a hurry by the sound of heavy firing. The dull, heavy report of the Springfield rifle, so distinct from the sharp crack of the Mauser, told us that our outposts must be in an engagement. We were not given many seconds to rub the sleep out of our eyes before our rang the alarm. The artillery, the regulars, and the Pennsylvanians were fighting the Spanish like demons, and were holding them in check; but their fifty rounds of ammunition—all their belts contained—were on the point of exhaustion, and supports had to be sent for.

This is an example of the stuff of which the troops in the trenches were made. Three rounds only remained in their belts, and they were fixing bayonets preparatory to a charge, when we came to their relief. Not a thought of retreat had entered their minds! This, of course, we ascertained afterwards. Our immediate action was not to sum up the why and wherefore of things,—a private's thinking is done for him,—but to scurry into ranks with all speed.

The night was dark,—the Spaniards do not seem to have any stomach for daylight fighting,—and with our knapsacks heavy with two hundred rounds of ammunition, we went groping our way along the muddy road up to our knees in slush, stumbling now and again, with a curse, into some pool tracked out by the merciless rain. Everybody spoke in whispers. This meant business at last, and though we were fully braced up to any eventuality that might face us, there was a choking sensation that now and again would arise in the throat.

We advanced single file up both sides of the road about half a mile. Then came the "zing—zing!" of a few spent bullets, and we were ordered to diverge into the fields on the left and deploy as a line of

skirmishers. Bullets now were whistling freely around, and the only way forward was to advance a few yards by rushes and then lie down. But the shelter was of the scantiest. We were wedged in between E Company and M Company in an open field fronted by a thin line of brush and a lone house, scored through and through with bullets. Bob Nicholson was the first man to be hit. A bullet pierced clean through his shoulder, leaving a small round hole. As a veteran of the English service in the naval brigade, he had been through the decisive battles of the Nile Expedition without a scratch. He fell back to the rear without a word. Schmidt shortly afterwards received a shot through the calf of his leg. He tried to hobble off unperceived without aid, but his leg refused to bear the weight of his body; so in spite of his protest he was obliged to accept assistance.

Captain Richter had enough of this. A few minutes more and none of us would be left. The bullets were plowing into the dirt in all directions, and the shells were bursting with the noise of so many rockets gyrating through the air. Luckily, they seemed to be aimed so as to fall in the intermediate space between us and E Company. As some one sagely remarked just then, our premium for life insurance would have been very heavy. Something had to be done, and that quickly.

Careless of exposure, Captain Richter sprang forward, and after a few words with Captain O'Neil, of M Company, ordered us off to the right. As we moved toward our new position the long grass of the hay-meadow through which we were passing waved high over our heads whenever we lay down. The bullets seemed to overlook us here; but as soon as we groped our way toward a house, the white-washed walls of which we could see glimmering against the blackness of the night, once more they came humming around us. No doubt the Spaniards were fully aware of its whereabouts. It must be remembered that they had the vantage of fighting us on ground every foot of which they must have been familiar with. Dan O'Neil, Musician Payson, and Stewart, were hit by the same volley. Dan O'Neil had a narrow escape. The bullet passed through his side an inch from the spine

and out at the back, wedging fast in one of the cartridges in his belt behind. He now owns a belt which as a souvenir of the late war would with difficulty be duplicated. The sensation of being hit he described as a blow from a club and a stinging lash from a whip simultaneously delivered. Stuart received his wound through his hand. He had it hastily bandaged and walked back to the hospital, cursing his luck as he turned back, for being debarred from repaying the Spaniards a little in their own coin. Payson was hit in the heel, and wanted to rush forward in our advance, but thanks to the darkness, he fell forward into a well up to his waist in water, out of which he was helped, limping into camp.

It was just about this time that Captain Richter received a shot through the top of the skull. For the minute he failed to realize its full seriousness. Like the true soldier he was, he declared his intention of remaining amongst his boys till the business was settled. As he was being carried back, unconsciousness overcame him, though at intervals he would arouse himself from his torpor and give some order to Privates Drummond and Garfield, who had him in their care, that they were to deliver on their return to the ranks.

For two days he seemed to rally and great hope of his recovery was entertained. As we were returning from outpost duty on the 4th, a messenger came running up with the news that Captain Richter was dying. Next day he was given a soldier's funeral, and as the farewell volley sounded over the newly-dug grave, and the melancholy "taps" was sounded for the last time, many a moist eye attested the truth of Father McKinnon's words, that, "with his death, we had lost a man who was as a father to us."

All this has taken considerable space to write about, but in its actual occurrence the time was of the briefest.

Once free of the house we verged again to the right, which brought us into the original position that we were to take. Through heavy brush we crashed, now ankle-deep in sloppy mire, now fighting our way through bamboo growth with barbed hooks that tore our hands and faces and ripped through our soft blue shirts. Again into the open, when we splashed



one another with the rich, unctuous muddy water of a sloppy rice-field, and laughed and chaffed each other whenever a bullet was dodged. As though a bullet could be dodged! The novelty of being a human target had worn off. To be familiar with anything is to see the ridiculous side of it—more so, perhaps, than the serious.

At last we were in the trenches. M Company, which occupied what was to be our actual position, filed off to the right. The trenches were waist-deep in water. Nobody in particular seemed to care. Already the continual rain had drenched us through and through, and once wet to the skin, there is no getting any wetter.

Low we crouched, for the storm of bullets was still around us though the fire was not so concentrated as when near the house. Whizz! and a bullet would strike a tree, knocking a branch into the water beneath. Whizz! whizz! a couple of them would scud by, twanging a regular musical scale till they buried themselves in the ground behind. Whirr! whirr! and a shell, with a sound as though a whole bunch of rockets had been let off, would come meandering along, bringing our hearts into our mouths and cutting short and spoiling an interesting conversation. Plump! and a solid one-pound shell would flop onto the ground like the dump of a cartload of bricks.

Strict orders were given us not to fire on any account. In the first place, it could not have been done without danger to our own men in front; in the second place, it would have divulged our presence and position, with probably only a waste of ammunition, as in the darkness we could only surmise the whereabouts of the enemy. So we lay still and swapped notes.

It was strange how near the bullets could fly without causing disaster. Sergeant Sheen displayed his rifle, and the top of its stock, just underneath the steel-work, was clipped by a bullet. Corporal Cappelman, when near the house in the other field farther back, had his hat-crown grazed by a bullet, and a board split behind his head against which he was leaning. Private Lundy carried about in his haversack a twisted Mauser bullet, of which he was unconscious till his return to camp. He found it curled up amongst his

cartridges, all contorted out of shape. It had lodged itself amongst them, having scarred half a dozen or so, and bent one double, without exploding any of them in its erratic travels.

The usual wag, without which no crowd is complete, was there. "Catch it!" he said, as a bullet came whistling by, and henceforth for the remainder of the evening you were asked to catch everything that came your way.

Suddenly it seemed as if the enemy's fire was creeping in upon us. Lieutenant Huber, in command of the company, ordered us to load. The shells glided into the gun-breeches as if by magic. "Ready! Aim!" and every gun was thrust over the intrenchment bank. "Fire!" and a volley pealed out as though there were but one man. Soldiering comes natural to an American, and after being made a target of for a nearly continuous three hours, it makes him feel like business when it comes round to his turn.

After three volleys and two rounds at will, the Spanish fire died off and gradually ceased. Of course, it was impossible to rate the effect of our fire. Any way, it must have carried conviction to the enemy that the American supports were at hand and cheered our troops on the fighting-line, who with only three cartridges in their belts, rather than fall back, were fixing bayonets as a last resource to drive the Spanish back to their intrenchments.

Numb with cold and stiffened by the cramping position we were constrained to assume when occupying the trenches, we clambered out in some way and dog-trotted on to the Manila road. Diverging to the right, we passed by the Utah Battery, which was being replenished with a fresh stock of ammunition. There was no time to compare notes with them. But we were quickly thrown into skirmish line to hold the road should the Spaniards send any of their troops down there.

Till daybreak we lay behind the trees, with the brush the only protection afforded in an exposed position. All night long were we on the alert, but save an occasional anathema from one of our men and the splash! splash! of the raindrops as they rolled off the branches down our necks, the silence was unbroken. How the hours seemed to drag their weary length!

It seemed as if the daylight would never come with its attendant relief, and the luxury of something to eat and drink, and above all a good sleep.

Slowly dawned in the east a purple flush; then followed on its heels a crimson bar. They transfused themselves, mingling with streaks of yellow and violet flecked with green, and with no more dillydallying the sun had risen in its splendor, with all the suddenness of an Eastern sunrise.

We stared at each other with a kind of grim humor. Indeed, we were a tough-looking gang, spattered all over with clay, and our uniforms hanging limply on our humped backs. As for our rifles, they were as rusty as if they had just been delved out of the earth's center, and our web-belts were skewed around in every position save with the plate over the regulation button. All of us had that strained, fixed look in the eyes that is begotten by making a night of it. But wine and cards had not been the attraction.

At half-past five we were moved over to the left, where the regulars were entrenched. There stood a lone convent, against which the Spanish were still directing a desultory fire. On the roof was one of our sharpshooters, squirming around to get a favorable shot at the enemy whenever a white helmet bobbed up above the dirt wall with a like kind intention. He seemed to take a lively interest in his work, scolding himself *sotto voce* whenever his bullet struck wide of his quarry. As he was coolness itself, carefully calculating his next shot according to the success of the prior one, he was accredited with a goodly number of scalps. The Spanish sharpshooters, although they burnt any amount of powder, were poor marksmen.

While we waited to be relieved, the dead bodies of three of our soldiers from the regulars were carried in from the outposts. Every head was uncovered as the bearers laid down the door on which reposed the mortal remains shrouded by a blanket.

At eleven o'clock the Colorado Regiment took our places. The road was dotted with soldiers straggling back with the rifles and equipments of the wounded. Only once did we halt as we dragged our way back, and that was when we lined up, hats in

hand, along the roadside to let pass the five Pennsylvanians who in upholding the honor of their country had parted with their lives.

There were nine fatalities on our side from the night's work. The Pennsylvanians and the regulars, who did the actual fighting, had lost five and three, respectively. Sergeant Just of A Company was the first man of our regiment to lay down his life on foreign soil. Our wounded numbered over thirty.

The Spanish loss must have been heavy. Men are not led out to attack a position, and after fighting through the greater part of the night, do not retire without good reason for so doing. With all the different conjectures flying around, it was impossible to arrive at any conclusion. A private soldier has not the facilities for gathering and verifying news that the newspaper correspondent has.

The rest of the day was allotted to the sacred duty of the burying of its dead by each regiment. The sad, slow music and the solemn service of a military funeral seemed to impress the wildest spirits. That night the usual camp ditties were left unsung, and all rough fun was absent. It is only when so immediately confronted that the soldier carries the thought of possible death with him. Not that he is callous, but he is something of a fatalist. Should it be his lot to meet death, he will have to do so. Dodging up a by-path to avoid him will avail nothing. The only thing that a soldier can find no extenuating circumstances for is "cold feet." No other class of men respect and remember dead comrades as he does.

For a couple of days we were given a well-earned rest, and then came again our turn for outpost duty. This time, however, it was only just a little way out, with a convent as our headquarters. I think it is called the Maricarban Convent. Of course, it had been stripped of all its trappings, and its white-washed walls were scrawled over with the names of soldiers.

Our first greeting on our return was that Captain Richter was dying. He breathed his last that day at noon, and was buried the following day. Our company mustered to a man to bid farewell to one whom they had learned to regard not only in the light of a capable officer, but as a



personal friend, whose advice and sympathy when sought for was always at their disposition.

That same day the bodies of three regulars were brought in from the outposts. The enemy had made a determined attack up to the very trenches, and their loss must have been heavy. On the 7th we had outpost duty off the village of Santiano. We were ordered under no provocation whatsoever to reply, if fired on by any of the enemy's outpost. They would fire on us whenever they caught sight of us. Personally, I ran no danger at my outpost. It was behind a marsh, and the enemy would have sunk up to their waists in water and ooze if ever they had attempted to cross it. Once only did we "duck," and that was when there was some firing on our right, and a spent bullet, in no way intended for us, but just as deadly, came cavorting by. From our picket line we could plainly see a big gun with a flag flying over it in the Spanish lines.

The insurgent lines were in front of us, and their white uniforms were very much in evidence as they walked around. After all, there was a good deal of common sense in the dirty brown color of our uniforms. At all times, and especially at night, they were seen with difficulty. It seems to me, as regarding uniforms, I have forgotten to describe those worn by the insurgents. Most of them were clad in the Spanish blue print, or in their every-day white shirts and linen trousers. They rejoiced in neither shoes nor socks, but marched along at a great rate with rusty Remingtons or Mauser rifles, given them by Dewey, and a handkerchief with their day's ration of rice held in the hand. They all had in their girdles formidable home-made knives, hammered out of files. The only difference between the men and officers was the color of the cockades they sported in their wide-brimmed straw hats. The officers were mounted on the stubby little native ponies, and were careful to exact from the men all the deference due to their rank. Their drill was, I suppose, on a Spanish model. But they went through it in a free-and-easy style, and with a pleasant incertitude as to whether a man would occupy the same position twice on the same movement.

In the morning I had the experience of

watching the native artillery in action. They had dragged up two huge old brass muzzle-loaders from Cavité, with tons of powder and ball. It was an admirably organized force. The powder in a bag was, first of all, rammed down; then came a wad of cocoanut fiber; then a five-pound shot and more wadding; and after this another ball, and still more wadding. Then the two captains in charge discussed the sighting of the gun. With the Spanish bullets from the block-house popping around, one of them jumped on the top of the cannon, squinted around, descended, and ordered its muzzle to be pointed as near heavenward as the fastenings on the gun-carriage would allow. This did not meet with the approval of Captain Number Two. In very fluent Filipino he disputed the correctness of the sighting, jumped up on the top of the cannon in his turn, and on his return to terra firma used the influence of his superior rank to have the muzzle placed on a straight line ahead. Just as the fuse with which the cannon was to be fired was about to be ignited, a little weazened civilian clipped in. He called a convention of everybody around. He jabbered eloquently for two hours, and his eloquence carried the day. The muzzle of the cannon was tilted downward!

Amidst the excited cheers of the populace the fuse was lighted. Back spun the gun-carriage with thirty feet of recoil. Away sped the ball, flattening the intervening bamboo in its path as though a cyclone had passed over them. How they laughed and clapped their hands with the pure joy of hearing its booming report!

Once again they loaded the cannon in a short hour and a half. But thanks be to Providence, they decided that it was getting too near daylight to discharge it. So with a huge corkscrew-like iron they proceeded to unload it. Even then this cannon proved its superiority above all other death-dealing engines of war. For a gunner managed to roll one of the solid shot on the corner of his foot, and skipped around amidst the derisive sympathy of his comrades. Then, as a Parthian salute to the enemy, all the men available gathered around the portal and let fly with their Remingtons. This rung down the curtain on the final act of the "Comedy of War."

By the time we were called upon to do our next outpost duty the *Monterey* had arrived. That the bombardment was not long to be delayed was patent to the most careless observer. An uncontradicted report that Manila had been given twenty-four hours in which to surrender, and the erection of a whole colony of hospital tents, with an increased number of men on outpost duty and in the trenches, proved in what direction events were being shaped.

The position of our outpost was to the right, in front of the Spanish lines. While some of us were guarding the trenches, others were hard at work filling sacks with dirt and piling them breast-high to intercept the enemy's fire. For twenty-four hours none of us had the leisure even to lie down, but relieved each other in gangs, now on guard, now working with the pick and shovel and helping to lift the ponderous sacks. Officers assisted and worked with the men in a manner that would have made the martinets of Europe open their eyes wide with astonishment.

Just toward night an orderly came up with the intelligence that an attack might be precipitated at any time, and we were re-enforced by E Company at seven o'clock. This kept every man at his post on the *qui vive*, without a wink of sleep till about nine o'clock next morning, each with his rifle thrust through a portal of the earthworks ready for action. Nothing, however, resulted from this protracted activity, and at nine o'clock we were relieved and returned to camp as usual. We found it all agog with excitement; for it was understood that the bombardment was to take place on the morrow, without fail.

All that day was discussed the pros and cons of the day's outcome. It was generally conceded that the resistance would be stubborn. So far, on every occasion, the Spaniards, though lacking dash and initiative, fought obstinately behind intrenchments. Whatever were their innermost thoughts, all were glad that it was to be ended one way or the other. Later it was given out from official sources that the First Californias were to act as reserves, and to be ready at half-past eight with two days' provisions in our knapsacks.

Though we were on the eve of what might prove to be a sanguinary battle, it

seemed to interfere with nobody's slumber, and save for the measured tramp of the relief changing sentinels, all was silence.

The next day at half-past seven, the regulars and the Coloradans were the first to break camp. It was their turn to occupy the trenches, and the lion's share of the fighting, if there was any to be done, would probably fall to them. As they swung out in light marching order, our fellows lined up and treated them to a rousing cheer that straightened up their backs and kindled their eyes with fire.

It was our turn next to don haversack, knapsack, and canteen, and fall in to listen to a short address from the chaplain and from Colonel Smith. At nine o'clock we were marched off and halted about five hundred yards west of the Pasig Road in line of battalions.

I am afraid my reader will be disappointed should he expect any lucid account of the Manila bombardment. We might have been in San Francisco for all we could see of the maneuvers, movements, and firing, of the fleet, which was masked from our view by the thick cover between us and the beach.

At half-past nine boomed out the first cannon, and the ball was kept rolling for about an hour and a half. It was bang! bang! and the edge of the white smoke of a discharged gun could be seen curling upward. Tap! tap! tap! as though somebody was knocking on a door, and the machine guns were at work. The enemy replied with only a single shot. It is reported that the Spanish gunners refused to face the deadly fire they had to go up against. Then the saucy little *Petrel*, the heaviest-armed gunboat afloat for her size, sailed right in close and let the Dons have it.

A sudden lull came to the cannonading. Somebody said, "Now comes our turn!"

Forward we advanced in line of squads,—through a rice-field, up to the knees in mud; out of it, to flounder through a dike up to the waist in water. The weight of our knapsacks and haversacks, crippling us with their two days' rations and twenty rounds of ammunition, a short five minutes ago, seemed now to be feather-light. A burst through a hay-meadow, a skirmish through the brush, and another flounder through another dike! We were gradually



nearing the zone of fire; the spent bullets humming around us told us so. Then came a roar of cheering, the white flag was already flying over one of the forts. Up we rushed to our last intrenchment.

"Unslung knapsacks!" and panting and perspiring as freely as though just out of a Turkish bath, we threw ourselves down amongst the Utah boys, who were awaiting orders at their guns.

In spite of the white flag and Old Glory waving over the intrenchments, it was not in the Spanish nature to surrender gracefully. *Ziz—ziz—zip!* rained their Mauser bullets pattering against the earthen embankment.

"Sling knapsacks!" and once again we "'ammered, 'ammered, 'ammered, on the 'ard 'igh road."

A nice little job was in store for us. The day before, the engineers had constructed a portable bridge out of bamboo mats and piles, to be at hand should it be necessary to replace a bridge blown up by the enemy. It was our pleasant duty to carry these mats and piles through the enemy's abandoned lines of defense.

How unwieldy those diabolical "contraphshuns" were, and how they ground and screwed into the shoulder! On the uneven road, first one side would have the full benefit of the weight, and then it would transfer itself to the other. Every now and again there would be a stampede, and all hands would throw themselves down as flat on the ground as they could to dodge the whistling bullets. It seemed as if the goal would never be reached!

When we got up to the Spanish trenches we found our structure was not needed. Sufficient time had not been given to blow up the bridge.

The trenches could have furnished an artist's brush with a fit subject. To the right lay the bodies of three dead soldiers, heaped together by the same shell. One of them had the head, arms, and legs below the knees, shattered off. It was hard to think that the shapeless mass of raw flesh, protruding bones, and hardened blood had once been made in God's image! Such are some of the possible amenities of warfare that a soldier has to confront! Another had his back crushed into a pulp. The third was riddled through and through with fragments of shell. To the left,

under the cocoanut matting, lay another Spaniard breathing his last. With glazing eye, he still gripped in his stiffening hand a cheap photograph of himself and his sweetheart.

There were blankets, haversacks, bayonets, rifles, and accouterments of all sorts, being pushed out of the way by our feet as we formed fours and marched into the town. Not one of us moved to pick them up. So played out were we that I believe a twenty-dollar gold piece to be had for the stooping would have proved no attraction.

We were in the streets of Malate now, a suburb of Manila. A couple of stray shots came cavorting our way. We sent out two sharpshooters to make a clearance, and sought cover down a street to the right. That was all the opposition to be encountered.

Then the pent-up feelings of the Filipinos were no longer controllable. They rushed forward, waving their hands and yelling as if they would explode their wind-pipes, "*Viva Americanos*," proffering us cigarettes and water. Like John Gilpin,—

Even when on pleasure bent,  
They were of frugal mind.

Then we halted and breathed a space. The Spanish soldiers came and examined us critically. They looked spick-and-span in their well-brushed uniforms, as if ready for a dress-parade by the side of us, who were grimed from head to foot with sweat and dust. They appeared to bear no *rancor* against us, but conversed freely. The capture of Manila was naught to them save a relief, for now they would have a sufficiency to eat. So much for conscription against a volunteer army, and a people purposely kept in ignorance by a despotism against the love of freedom engendered in its citizens by a republic!

Troops after troops poured in. They seemed like one gigantic serpent as they traveled along the road and then abruptly halted. The band caught up with us and played "*Yankee Doodle*," and very appropriately, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." Colors waved, hats were thrown into the air or pirouetted on the end of rifles, everybody cheered till

lungs were in danger of cracking, and a few executed an impromptu break-down in the middle of the street.

At quarter-past two in the afternoon we had crossed the stone bridge over the Pasig River, and the conquerors of Manila were eating a lunch of canned horse, by courtesy called beef, and moldy crackers, washing them down with "bootleg" coffee. At half-past five we were marched into the

Governor's palace and slept that night without disturbance in the horse-stalls. Another era had been added to the history of the Philippine Islands.

"No one is a hero in the sight of his own valet," so says the proverb. Perhaps also for the same reason of familiarity, the soldier treats the Muse of History to but scant respect, while others are holding their breath in awe.

## THE MYSTIC VOYAGE

I AM weary,—let me rest!  
 I am weary,—let me sleep!  
 Hush thy pain, O mortal breast!  
 Mortal eyes, cease now to weep!  
 I am weary,—it is best  
 I should sleep!

Aye, and that deep sleep that knows  
 No disturbance on this earth;  
 That calm, blessed, sweet repose  
 Broken not by grief or mirth.  
 I am weary,—eyelids, close!  
 Farewell, Earth!

Softly o'er the Sea of Sleep,  
 Sweetly in the Boat of Dreams,  
 Wafted, as Time's breezes sweep  
 Onward, where the haven gleams!  
 Farewell, Earth! And hail, O Dreams!  
 Welcome, Sea of Sleep!

All despair, and grief, and pain,  
 All Earth's troubles now depart;  
 Sweetly o'er the mystic main  
 Floats the weary, aching heart!  
 Earth shall see it ne'er again  
 Though she watch the start!

But an angel on the strand  
 At the farther shore of Sleep,  
 With a palm-branch in her hand,  
 Doth her sentinel watching keep.  
 There the Boat of Dreams shall land  
 From the Sea of Sleep!

I am weary,—let me rest!  
 I am weary,—let me sleep!  
 Hush thy pain, O mortal breast!  
 Mortal eyes, cease now to weep!  
 I am weary,—it is best  
 I should sleep!

*Elwyn Irving Hoffman.*





## NIGHT'S METAMORPHOSES

**W**HEN twilight shade a couch  
has made  
For weary eyes to rest in,  
Then free from care in easy chair  
A magic car invest in;  
And haste away where fading day  
Releases through night's portal  
The spirit band by magic hand  
Hid from the sight of mortal.  
Once more set free, each bush and tree  
Takes form grotesque and queer;  
Once more themselves, these happy elves,  
Come forth from far and near.

A witch is there with flowing hair,  
Her broom-corn steed astride;  
A mailed knight in armor bright  
Is standing by her side,  
The Beast is there and Beauty fair  
'Mid all her sisters proud,  
While fairies good and goblins rude  
Make up the merry crowd.  
The whispering breeze among the trees  
Makes music for their ball,

While frog and cricket from nearby thicket  
The merry dances call.  
So through the night these spirits bright  
Cease not their merry play,  
For it must be by stern decree  
As soon as comes the day  
All fairy folk beneath the yoke  
Must to disguises flee;  
They must again from sight of men  
Return to bush and tree.

*Minnie Kemp Fairbanks.*

## A BUSINESS TRANSACTION

By EMILY PATTERSON SPEAR

A SHACK built of unhewed logs from the timbered banks of the Snohomish stood quaintly modest within its small green clearing. The low sun shadowed the tall firs clear across the little open space, and boldly challenging the dismal old woods, tangled its golden length irretrievably with the heavy shade, until, in sheer forgetfulness of its own bright identity in its union with the deep shadows, it flecked itself away to the very heart of the dense forest, and there lost itself forever.

The Olympics lifted a white serrated line against a rich western sky, fast deepening into purple peaks and crags. On the east, the hills climbed slowly away to the Cascades, majestically bearing their tropical-like growth of fadeless green. Within a rod of the little cabin the Snohomish rolled its dark waters through the evergreen forest, shadowing here and there in its clear depths clumps of cottonwood and vine-maple.

The grand simplicity of primeval beauty was untouched, save where the shacks of the ranchmen, or an occasional quarter-section from which the stumpage had been taken, offended the wild dreariness of nature. But John Sanford, the owner of the little cabin, had no eye for snowy mountain-peaks outlined against sunset skies, or deep, dark woods rising in terraced heights, or forest-bound streams flowing to the sea. Matters altogether different occupied his mind; in fact, it might be said that a single thought filled his life.

In the morning, when he began his day's work, by urging heavily to their feet the producers of his dairy, Old Peg and Young Peg, mother and daughter, and filling his wooden pail until the foam rose in snowy puffs an inch above its top; at high noon, when he lifted the yoke from the necks of his tired oxen, and called them "good boys," and then entering his silent dwelling, stirred its dead quiet to life with the preparation of his lone meal; at eventide, when he shook afresh his odorless couch of pine needles; the hope that some day he might call some sweet woman wife ran a

scarlet thread in and out among the monotonous texture of his life, sometimes piling itself soft and thick and almost shutting out the dull gray of his existence with its comforting presence, and again spinning an airy, vibrating chord that set his whole being achime with all that is best and holiest in man.

Various were the devices he planned for cheering his solitude. A favorite one being to place a plate, cup, and saucer, opposite his own at table, and while he contented himself with a roughly constructed bench, the only chair in the shack was placed at the disposal of the imaginary mistress, with a pathetic touch of gallantry born of his strong desire for female companionship. Conditions so favorable, together with the steam of the sociable cups mingling and mounting to the low ceiling, made it quite possible for him to conjure up a charming *vis-a-vis*, a fresh fair face, white arms bared to the elbow, lovable, huggable shoulders, and dark eyes answering every glance of his own blue ones, sat opposite, a veritable reality, or flickered tantalizingly in the uncertain light of the pitch-wood fire.

Years before he might have been happily, or unhappily, married, as the case might have been, could he more readily have uttered the commonest love-words, but his years of isolated life had not been conducive to the flow of ready language, and that sweet passion which trips the glibbest tongue man ever owned found scant expression coming from his unwonted lips. With unvoiced patience he had taken silent inventory of the stock in charms of the ranchmen's comely daughters for miles around. He had even visited old Deterberg's with-bound dwelling, half tepee, half shack, to see "what fur gal" Martha was, but even Martha, red-lipped, dark-tressed, and free-limbed, with all the lithe grace of the half-breed, failed to loosen the rusty hinges that held fast the portals of his heart, and he remained a bachelor.

But fate is not always perverse. Sometimes the mists and shadows clear away in the most unexpected manner, and a gra-



cious flood of light dispels the darkness, showing firm stepping-stones in the deep morass, leading out and up to the summit of achieved desire. John Sanford would have shouted for joy could he have seen beyond the dark wall of circumstance which closed him round, the heavy mists whitening and curling upward with the dawn of coming deliverance.

As it was, the lengthening shadows of the early October day found him lying prone upon his back in the edge of the little clearing, in a fit of the deepest dejection. The complaining hemlocks rustled their interlocked branches above his head, and breathed out a melancholy chant, which accorded well with his despondent mood. Old Peg and Young Peg, within arm's length, chewed their cud with sleepy-eyed placidity. His clasped hands supported his head, bringing into good relief the fine reserve of power held in the strongly sinewed arms, from which the buttonless shirt-sleeves fell away, baring them to the elbow. His face bore the unchanging expression of those who live much to themselves, but was withal a fine manly face, capable, one could see at a glance, of expressing infinite tenderness and love—that kind of love that blesses a woman's life with faithful devotion, and makes her rich in that experience which is every woman's heritage if she but come into her birthright. He possessed a nature of such protecting kindness that the birds making sweet, jangling sounds in his little orchard, in their endeavors to pillage his trees, even to the last cherry, were left in undisturbed possession, while his neighbors relentlessly brought down the little foragers. Pity 't was that such a man's life had not been pluralized with that of some good woman. From a motherless little baby adrift in the wide world he had grown into an unloved, uncared-for boy, envying every other boy who had a mother, and now, with an equally loveless manhood, he forgot a certain Scriptural injunction, destined to keep men in the straight and narrow way, and envied every man who had a wife.

That day had been a particularly trying one. He had wearied of his diet of unleavened bread, and tried his hand at "riz" biscuit, at which he had made a dismal failure. He had been obliged to substi-

tute several nails for missing buttons, and altogether many perplexing dilemmas had arisen which made a woman's presence imperative. He was deep in the exquisite torture of self-pity, when a friendly voice fell upon his ear.

"Good-evenin', Sanford," it said.

Sanford had been so absorbed in the contemplation of his great loneliness that he had not observed the close approach of the neighbor whose unimproved ranch "joined him" on the south. He rose quickly to a sitting posture and squared his back comfortably against a hemlock. His face cleared for the moment.

"Good-evenin', good-evenin', neighbor," he said cordially; "set down, 'thout ye'd ruther go in the shack?" he added interrogatively.

"This is good 'nough fur me," returned the neighbor, taking possession of another hemlock.

Hulse was a shrewd-looking little man, who in a varied career of thirty years had gathered quite an extensive knowledge of life. He had "lumbered" in the resinous woods of Maine, driven logs on the Upper Mississippi, harvested in the great wheat-fields of North Dakota, kept country store in the mountainous regions of Colorado, where he sold everything from a paper of hairpins to a complete grub-stake. He had prospected in the rich mining regions of Washington, had sold numerous wildcat claims at a good figure, and now, principally because he had reached the ocean and was not inclined to a seafaring life, he had "taken up" a timbered claim on the Snohomish, where he was satisfactorily engaged in reviewing the many acts of his past life, while he made profitable "deals" with his neighbors.

"How you gitten on with your clearin'?" he queried, by way of starting the social chat.

Sanford blew the dried fern-stalk, upon which he had been feeding, from his mouth, before he answered: "O, fair to middlin'. Got thet lower slashin' jinin' Egbert done an' fired. I 'lowed to got it done the middle o' last month, an' here it's tuk me clean onto the first; a good two weeks longer 'n I reckoned on."

"Well, why don't you sell your stump-age then?" asked Hulse in an advising tone. "A man's a fool to hack away at

this timber single-handed, when stump-age's bringin' the good price 't is now, 'cordin' to the times—thet is, if he *kin* sell."

"Thet's so," agreed Sanford. "It *don't* pay; from one to two acres o' this Puget Sound timber's all any able-bodied man kin git out o' the way in a year, not to speak o' the loggin'; *thet* he can't touch alone. If a man's goin' to open a ranch in these parts, he's got to make the timber pay fur the clearin'. But I could n't strike no bargain till lately that suited me, an' I don't know 's I kin now. It mout be a deal yit, though," he added meditatively; "we're hangin' fire on two bits. I 'low a dollar ain't 'nough."

"Don't hang no longer," promptly advised the experienced Hulse, "a dollar a thousand's a good price, es good es you'll do these times. I'd like to sell mine fur thet."

"I don't hev no great call to sell," answered Sanford, "'specially es there'll be a rise in lumber after 'lection; I don't hev nobody but myself to take care of," (he spoke regretfully,) "and anyhow I shall think it over another week. I don't believe in bein' in no hurry 'bout these things."

"Take your own time," returned Hulse, indulgently; "'t ain't no funeral o' mine."

After a little pause he continued, "the weather accounts for your not gittin' your slashin' done on time. The rains commenced a little early 'n' extra hard."

The shadow which had cleared from Sanford's face on the appearance of Hulse had returned. "'T ain't all the rains," he answered gloomily; "I don't seem to be gittin' near es much work done this year es I did the first two year I tuck this place. I seem to be a little behind all round."

Hulse opened his jack-knife and slashed idly at a clump of sweetbrier falling in graceful lengths over the lower limbs of a hemlock.

"Where's the kick comin'?" he said, carelessly. "You seem to be gittin' on es well er better 'n the rest o' us. This lower slashin' makes you five acre, and you've been here—let me see," (he reflected with his eyes fixed in a vacant stare on the shack,)—"four year?"

"Three year come April," corrected Sanford.

Hulse laughed a softly derisive chuckle. "Well, what you want any way,—the earth with a fence 'round it? I sh'd think a man three year on the ranch and a acre of bearin' small fruit ort to be satisfied, to say nothin' 'bout them two cows."

His eyes rested admiringly on the Peg family.

Sanford brought a sigh from the depths of his being. "Cows an' fruit hain't all a man wants," he said despondently.

Hulse continued to mutilate the sweetbrier. "It's a hull lot more 'n some men hez, though," he said.

"An' some men hez a hull lot more 'n thet," persisted Sanford. "They've got wives 'n' childern 'n' somebody to speak to when they come in the house."

Hulse stared at the confirmed old bachelor in amazement. Sanford gave no heed, but with a sudden upheaval of long-silenced words, he burst forth:—

"'T ain't no fun a-workin' out doors till you're clean tuckered out, an' then comin' in an' cookin' your own grub. I'd give my best cow to-day fur a woman; I hain't no older nur no humlier then a good many men—"

His voice broke abruptly; the sudden upheaval had again settled to the level of his usually reticent nature; he readjusted the nail that held his suspenders in place, looking humiliated and distressed. In all his dreary bachelorhood he had never before voiced the sentiment of his life. True, he had only spoken now of the convenience to be derived from a woman's presence; but an indefinable something surged up from the fullness of his heart, obscuring and setting at defiance his plainly spoken words.

With a swift leap of sympathy, quite unusual to his profit-dealing soul, Hulse recognized the man's great need:—

No one to love, none to caress;  
Living alone in this world's wilderness.

the words of the old song leapt in a soft baritone to his lips. A moment later he shut his jack-knife with a click, and the air about him grew taut with a business strain.

"Sanford," he said, "I understand you. I never thought about—about—I never did before, but now I do."



Sanford's look of humiliation increased. Hulse rose to his feet, carefully brushed the leaf-mold from his clothing, and walked toward the Peg family. His practiced eye readily took in the superior points of the younger cow; the large tortuous veins of the belly, the rich yellow skin showing through the fine, soft hair, the deep, low chest, the square, full udder, all bespoke the excellent dairy cow. He struck his hand approvingly against her flank.

"Sanford," he said, "if I git you a wife will you give me this cow?"

Sanford lifted astonished eyes to Hulse's face. "I don' know's I know exactly what you mean, Hulse."

"I mean jest what I say, Mister Sanford, an' nothin' more nur less. You'll be a married man inside o' sixty days if you put your fate in my hands; is it a bargain?"

Sanford lowered his eyes. "It mout es well be," he answered with assumed indifference. "I hain't never got married yit, an' I don' know's I ever shell, 'thout somebody does it fur me." He gave up the attempt to appear indifferent. "You see," he said apologetically, "I hain't the only man in these parts thet's tired o' livin' alone, there's plenty o' 'em; an' seein' I've mentioned it, 'though I wuz fur frum intendin' to, I'll jest go on an' say thet I've come home hundreds o' times, after workin' all day, when I'd 'a' gin a clean thousand dollars, if I'd 'a' hed it to give, to 'a' seen the door a-standin' open, and hearn somebody thet belonged to me a-movin' round inside a-singin', 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' er 'Sweet Evelina,' er sumthin', and seen the smoke comin' out o' the chimbley, and smelt the bacon and fried pertaters and coffee. But I've just forged ahead with might 'n' main, workin' myself half to death, so's I'd be too tired nights to think about it."

For the student of human nature, Hulse's face held a study, a sharp protest between sympathy and business, with business slightly in the ascendancy. Still his voice had a comforting assurance as he answered, "Well, Sanford, you don't hev to think about it no more, I'll see to the thinkin' part. And don't you ask me no questions," he added warningly, in answer to Sanford's look of inquiry; "I'm a-doin'

this thing. You don't figger in this business at all, till it comes to the marriage sarymony; then I step out o' the traces and you step in, see?"

Sanford did not see very clearly how the long-desired blessing of a wife could come to him with no effort on his part; but he, like the greater part of Hulse's acquaintances, had confidence in his judgment and ability to bring about unlikely events.

"Well, go ahead, Hulse; I can't be no worse off than I be." His voice vibrated with a scarcely perceptible touch of hopefulness.

Hulse gave a parting look at Young Peg. "I'll do it, Sanford," he said heartily; "don't hev no fears, keep up your courage, old man,—and good-by."

His wiry little figure disappeared in the deepening shadows of the tall firs, but Sanford still sat on. Hulse's purposed method was unknown to him, but he had confidence in the man, he believed he could do what he said. His blood pulsated with unwonted imaginings. He had not felt such a flutter beneath his vest since his boyhood days, when he went flying down the snowy hill with his little sweetheart, Minna Starr, before him on the sled.

"I'm in fur it," he said, running over in his mind all the girls of his acquaintance, and wondering which particular one Hulse would decide was a fit wife for him.

His fancy broadened; through the open door of his shack, he caught the flutter of calico; in and out among the shadows of the room it went with the gentle swish of a woman's garments. He heard the sharp click of the supper dishes, and in the midst of this domestic Eden beheld himself comfortably seated, perusing the weekly paper. He was loath to let the sweet vision go, and the slowly rising moon looked down upon a man sitting motionless beneath the trees, with a half-smile upon his lips.

Three weeks later he received a missive from a little inland town in Massachusetts:

MR. SANFORD: I saw an advertisement in the *Hope for the Unmarried*, written by you with a view to matrimony. I live with my married sister, and can always have a home with her, but I would rather have a home of my own. I am thirty-two years old. I am a dark brunette, and as attractive as most women. But the men go West while they are too young to marry, and

as a consequence, the East is full of unmarried women, many of them well-educated and good-looking. If you wish to hear further from me, please address,

SARAH ANNA BAILEY,  
Cowslip Meadows,  
Stronghill County,  
Massachusetts.

It was a half-day's work for Sanford to figure out the origin of so mysterious an epistle, and when at last he actually arrived at the only possible solution, he carried the letter without a moment's delay to Hulse. He felt that matters were approaching a crisis, and there was no time to lose. A letter was sent on the next Eastern-bound mail; others arrived, and were as promptly answered. Hulse chose to keep his share of the correspondence a complete mystery from Sanford, although the engaged man—for matters had now progressed thus far—longed to see the burning love-words which he felt sure enriched the white pages that winged their way to his Sarah Anna.

There was, however, a more important part to his sudden and prosperous wooing. If he was to have a wife, he must have money. He hesitated no longer, but forthwith accepted the standing offer of a dollar a thousand for his stumpage. His timber ran from fifty to seventy-five thousand per acre, bringing him a snug little sum with which he made many improvements in the name of his expected bride.

When the sharp November frosts made intense central lights of the deciduous foliage among the dark evergreen forests of Washington, and the river ran high with the gathering rains, John Sanford sat, paper in hand, beside a stove so polished and shining that it reflected the face of the slender dark-eyed woman bending over it in the act of lifting the bubbling, singing tea-kettle from the fire. His paper was upside down, but that did not matter; he was watching with a satisfaction too deep

for words the movements of the little woman as she deftly drew a snow-white cloth over the small table and proceeded to arrange thereon the evening meal. This was something better than struggling with culinary preparations himself; indeed, he doubted if human enjoyment could rise higher; and as near as his unpracticed judgment could decide, those light, flaky, delicately crusted biscuits, which had gone into the oven a few moments before flat and pasty white, were compounded from the same raw material as his "four-foot" bread.

And now! Sanford fairly caught his breath at the wonderful skill of that wife of his. She placed the lighted lamp upon the table, and behold! gathered in a conventional, graceful cluster on the paper shade, rested a gorgeous bunch of autumn leaves, holding in their rich, deep coloring, the concentrated beauty of the whole year. She stepped softly and briskly about, and sang a little love-song about a "Milkmaid" and a "Sailor-Boy." He wanted to tell her that she was an angel; that her like did not exist among all the women he had ever known. He would like to have told her what he knew to be true—that no man all up and down the devious-ways Snohomish had such a wife as he, John Sanford; but the overflow of his heart could not find verbal expression. As she turned from the table, he pulled her down upon his knee while the supper steamed its warmth away.

"Ain't you tired, Sary?" he said, with his forehead against her hair.

Hulse, passing by, in quest of young Peg, who considered it the first duty of her life to pay a daily visit to her old home, looked through the open window, and communed with himself. "Jest as successful," he said, "es though they'd kep' company ten years, an' know'd each other through 'n' through."





# THE WONDERFUL TIDES OF THE BAY OF FUNDY

By GRANVILLE F. FOSTER

**B**ETWEEN the maritime provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is situated an extensive arm of the ocean, remarkable for the extraordinary height of its tides. In this respect, it stands without a rival in the world. This body of water, known as the Bay of Fundy, is over two hundred miles long, and at its mouth over one hundred miles wide. As it lies in a general direction northeast and southwest, opening into the Atlantic towards the southwest, and as the tides of the ocean all come from the southeast, the mouth of the bay in relation to these tides is practically three hundred miles wide, a fact readily apparent from even a cursory examination of the map. The bay towards the northeast divides into two comparatively long arms, named Chignecto Bay, on the northwest, or New Brunswick, side, and the Basin of Minas, on the southeast, or Nova Scotia, side. Each of these is narrow, especially the former.

Between the head of Chignecto Bay and Baie Verte, the latter being an arm of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is a low sandy isthmus, nowhere more than ten miles in width, which connects the two provinces, and forms the only barrier between the extraordinary high tides of the bay and the comparatively low ones of the gulf, leading to speculations as to what the results would be if the intervening barrier should ever be torn away by erosion, an event by no means out of the range of the possible, as is shown by the fact that several long, narrow inlets have already pressed themselves several miles inland from the bay side towards the gulf.

The whole region about the bay is in the highest degree historic. Several of the most noted events in the struggle between England and France for supremacy in America, which resulted in the complete triumph of the former, leaving to the latter of all its vast possessions only a few rocky islets in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, occurred immediately upon its shores or only a few miles inland. The antiquarian finds here the ruins of many a fort, and

by systematic search or by accident discovers old French coins or household utensils or pieces of cannon—relics of an age when the Norman peasant tilled the ground and the soldiers of the Grand Monarch contended in deadly strife with his hereditary foes from across the English Channel.

But few of the descendants of the original possessors live in the region, for though,—

Still stands the forest primeval: yet under  
the shade of its branches  
Dwells another race, with other customs and  
language.  
Only along the shore of the mournful and  
misty Atlantic  
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose  
fathers from exile  
Wandered back to their native land to die in  
its bosom.

The present inhabitants are mainly of British stock, strong and hardy, of inflexible morals and strongly patriotic as regards their affection to the maritime provinces, while still loving the land of their fathers over the sea with almost idolatrous devotion. The region, too, is one of surpassing beauty, yet somewhat wanting in those elements which we properly class as belonging to the sublime. In the short but lovely summers, except close to the bay or the ocean, where fogs, often very dense, prevail, there is a wonderful transparency of atmosphere which lends a peculiar charm to the landscape—a transparency such as is often noticed in Norway and Iceland. Already have tourists from the Eastern States discovered this summer paradise, and there is, as each season comes, a wonderful hegira from the overpowering heat of New York and Massachusetts to the region of the "Blue Noses," where pleasant days lend a charm to existence and cool nights invite to repose,—a region of cool mountain streams abounding in trout, and of pristine forests abounding in game,—a region unique from the standpoint of the geologist and botanist, where certain minerals and

plants abound, not found elsewhere in the world besides.

To the physical geographer, however, the chief attraction is the tides, which have rendered the Bay of Fundy famous the world over. Let us suppose the great tidal wave born of the moon's influence in the wide Pacific is moving on its course westward. It must pass around the Cape of Good Hope into the Atlantic. Here its course is towards the northwest. When the wave has already touched Cape Sable, the most southerly point of Nova Scotia, the most westerly portion has only reached Portland, Maine, and all or nearly all of this vast mass of water enters the mouth of the Bay of Fundy. As the wave advances, the funnel becomes narrower, and the waters rise in like ratio higher. In the main ocean, the tide is only a few feet in height; but at St. John, the metropolis of New Brunswick, thirty miles from the ocean, it reaches a height of thirty-five feet, while at the head of Chignecto Bay, where the width is only two or three miles, it has a rise of sixty or seventy feet. Once or twice in a decade these figures are considerably exceeded, and once or twice in a century greatly exceeded. In the memorable Saxby gale, a number of years ago, the tide was of unusual height, rising even far above the lofty wharves of St. John, and flooding all the low-lying districts.

Of course, higher tides than the average are always to be expected whenever the sun and moon are in conjunction or in opposition, and still higher ones whenever this conjunction or opposition should happen to occur with the moon at its perigee, or point of nearest approach to the earth. This becomes intensified if at the same time the earth should be at its perihelion, or point of nearest approach to the sun. The Bay of Fundy is so situated that should these astronomical conditions occur at one time and a violent south or southwest wind should also prevail, the tide that would rush into the wide opening of the bay would be simply enormous. Happily, such a conjuncture of affairs is very rare, and has in fact never occurred within the historic period, although about once in a century a near approach thereto does occur.

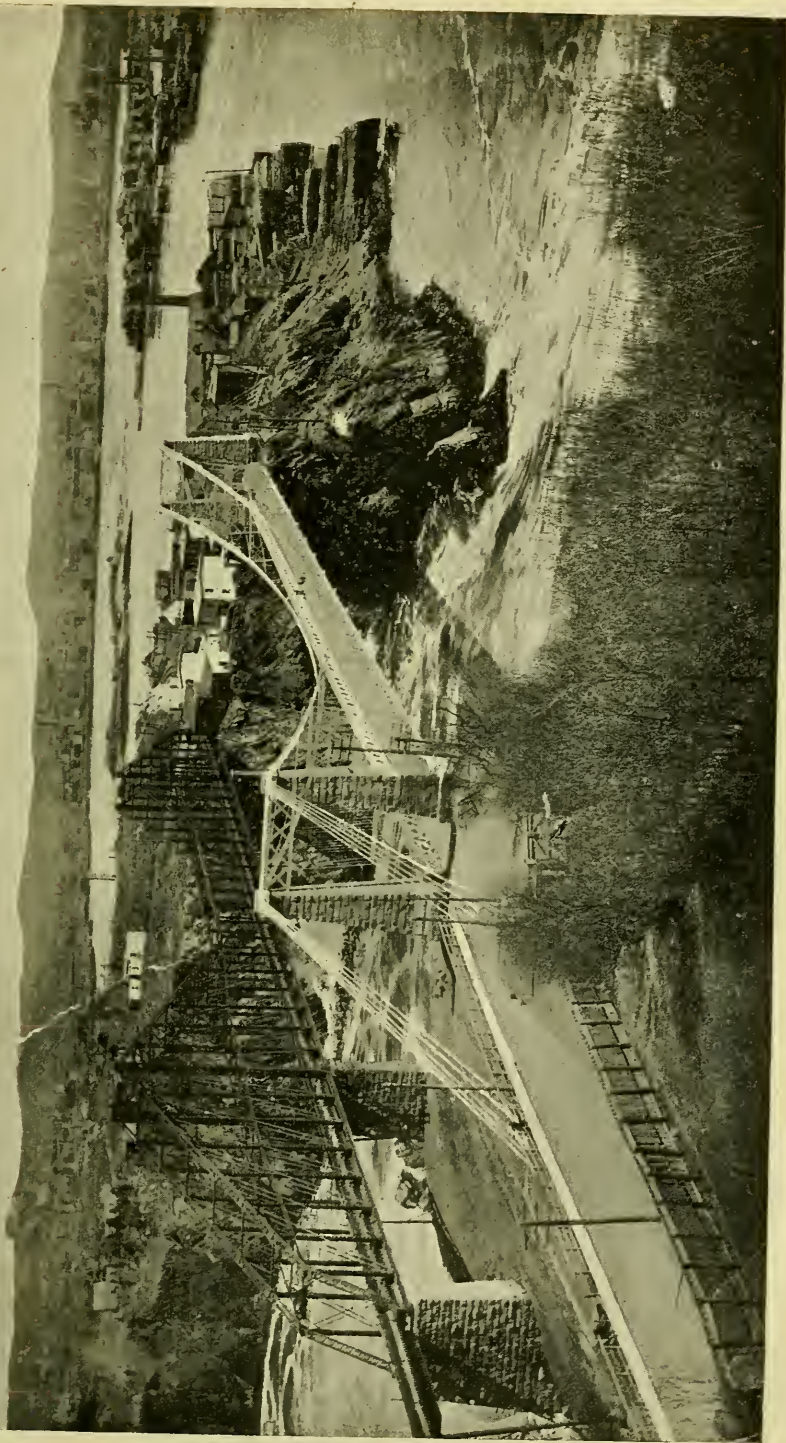
For the benefit of the general reader, let it be stated that there is a conjunction of

sun and moon once every lunar month, namely, at new moon, while there is also an opposition in the same period, namely, at full moon. Once every lunar month the perigee point in our satellite's elliptical orbit is reached; but it is only at long intervals that this point is reached at the time of conjunction or of opposition. Once a year, early in January, the earth reaches its perihelion point. Very rarely, indeed, will all the astronomical conditions already named occur together, and still more rarely will there be superadded to these violent winds from the proper direction. The highest tides of the year, in fact, as a rule, occur in March and September, as at these periods there is the nearest annual approach to all the conditions named.

At St. John, the wide and deep river of the same name as the city, a river especially noted for its picturesque and romantic scenery, enters the harbor, through a gorge only five hundred feet in width. The wonderful narrowness of this gorge will be the better appreciated when the fact is known that the river is five hundred miles long and is navigable for steamboats to the Grand Falls, more than two hundred miles from its mouth, while above the gorge, including of course the narrow approach to the gorge, the width, including the Kenebecasis, which here debouches into the main stream, is over four miles, and the depth is so great that the largest vessel of her Majesty's navy would experience not the slightest difficulty in navigating the stream many miles inward from the narrows. Within the gorge, hemmed in on both sides by sharp and jagged rocks, are two cataracts, or perhaps, with more truth, two inclined planes, separated by a comparatively level interval. These inclined planes have very uneven beds. Down these, whenever low tide occurs in the harbor, rush the waters with great violence, lashed into foam by the sharp-pointed rocks that line the bottom and the sides of the gorge. The deep, sullen roar of these rushing, turbulent waters is distinctly heard in the heart of the city, three miles away. The whole descent is somewhat less than thirty feet.

A very remarkable phenomenon is observed here at every flood tide, which, as





Falls of the St. John — Low Tide

the reader will recollect, rises to a height of about thirty-five feet. The gorge is altogether too narrow for the inrushing of a bore, as in the case of the Amazon, but as soon as the height of the water in the harbor has become greater than that of the river above the narrows, there occurs a fall or cataract inwards, which from the exceedingly rapid rise of the tide in this region becomes quickly greater and greater till the full flood is reached and the level of the river is equalized with that of the harbor. Woe betide any ordinary vessel, great or small, which at such times should attempt a seaward voyage through the rushing waters of the gorge, or should seek to drift with them from harbor to river, for as absolute destruction would meet them as though they attempted to shoot Niagara; nor would metal boats, such as Lieutenant Lynch used on the Jordan, or Lieutenant Powell used in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, fare much better, since the numerous eddies and the impetuous twisting of the waters would throw them inevitably on the sharp projecting rocks with a force of a sledge-hammer, piercing their sides or overturning them in the midst of the whirlpools. This is because there is no central, straight, fast-moving current in which the navigator by skillful manipulation can keep his craft from dangerous rocks on either side. Impossible as is the passage of this gorge at such times, yet, strange to relate, these falls are capable of being safely navigated four times out of every lunar day, that is at about three and one half hours on the flood tide, and about two and one half hours on the ebb—periods, however, which must be lengthened or shortened according to the varying heights of the tide in the harbor and the varying stages of the water in the river. Tables as accurate as possible are published for the benefit of mariners; for the period of calm is brief, being on an average not over fifteen minutes, and all vessels must be on hand just at the time, since to be too early is as fatal as to be too late. Indeed, most of the disasters which have occurred here have arisen from attempts to make the passage too early, the vessel in such cases being sucked into the whirlpools and sunk or dashed to pieces on the rocks.

The scenery here reaches the sublime. The view of the falls is especially impressive when the water is low and the tourist makes his observation from the beautiful suspension bridge that spans the gorge at a height of somewhat less than one hundred feet from low-water mark. It is then indeed true, as the poet states it, that,—

with foam, the whole abyss  
Seems tortured, and with headlong bent  
Dashes o'er the rocks, worn and rent,  
With deafening noise, and lightning leap,  
Headlong, with unresisting sweep,  
The waters seek the ocean wide.

But the scene changes. At high water the falls are transformed. There is in fact no longer a cataract either way. Nature has taken a brief rest before she begins a new struggle.

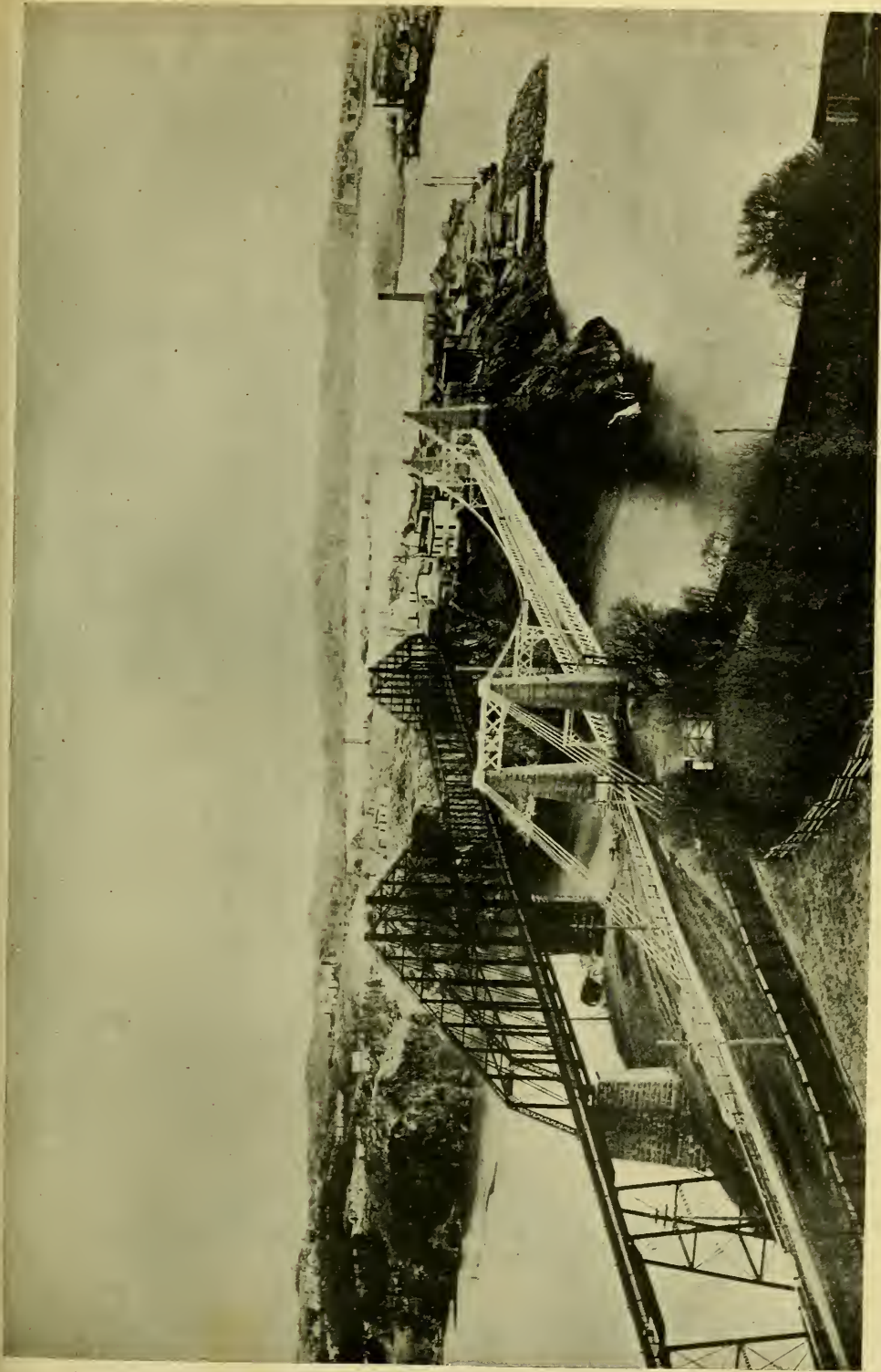
Yet, wild water, thou hast calm hours;  
Vanished seem thy dreaded powers;  
Silent and still, as if asleep,  
No ripple on the angry deep.

In consequence of the phenomenal height to which the tides of the Bay of Fundy rise, the rate of the deepening of the waters as the wave comes in from the ocean must be very rapid. From neap to flood there is a period of six hours and thirteen minutes. If then, as at the head of the bay, seventy feet depth must be attained, there must be a rise of about eleven and two thirds feet per hour, or about two and one third inches per minute. Now, there are about the bay numerous mud and sand flats, some of which at neap tide are so extensive that the distant waters of the main bay are invisible to an observer at high-water mark, and yet at flood the whole is covered with a depth of water sufficient to float the *Great Eastern*.

As has already been suggested, to cover such tracts with such a mass of water must demand rapid rise. But it will demand rapid lateral movement as well. In some cases, the tide must travel twelve miles, and must do this in six hours and hence over such tracts the waters must rush at the rate of two miles per hour.

Now, it has been often stated in geographical descriptions of the bay and its shores, that cattle feeding on the kelp be-





Falls of the St. John — High Tide

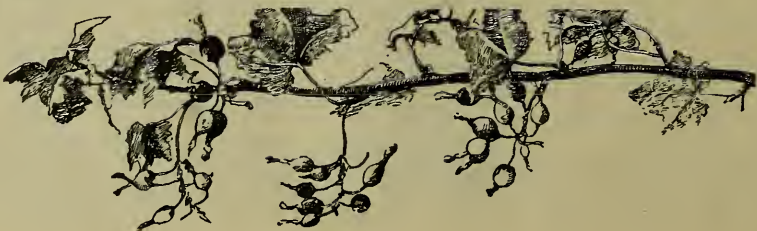
low high-water mark at the time of neap tide have been often caught in the returning waters and drowned, from sheer inability to exceed in speed the incoming rush of the wave. Whether this is possible or not, let the reader judge. I, whose home was in this region—in fact upon the very shores of the bay—for twenty-one years, never heard of an authentic case.

There is one other phenomenon connected with the Bay of Fundy which is well worth mentioning, but which is not, like that of the extraordinary tides, peculiar to it. At the shore of the bay on one side, the apparition, or distinct view of the opposite side, is an almost unailing premonition of a coming storm of rain or snow. At St. John the apparition of the Nova Scotia shore, when unusually distinct, is taken to mean that the storm will come within twelve or fifteen hours, or within twenty-four at the furthest. It is also believed that whenever the apparition does not present itself before a storm it results from the suddenness of its coming. The opposite, or Nova Scotia, shore, speaking from the standpoint of an observer on the northwest shore of the bay, is just a little too far off to be visible in ordinary clear weather; but the day before a storm sets in, while as yet the sky is azure, the Digby Cut, or the entrance to Annapolis Basin, or the strait to the Basin of Minas, the region rendered so famous in Longfellow's "Evangeline," will become visible according to the observer's position on the northwest, or New Brunswick, side of the bay, and sometimes the distinctness of the opposite shore is so great that the distance of about forty miles—the width of the bay at St. John—seems to be reduced to three or four. The reason of this phenomenon is that the moisture, as yet invisible in the atmosphere, but

still gradually accumulating before the coming storm, increases the refractive power of the air to such a degree, that rays of light reflected from headlands, cliffs, or towers of rock, on the Nova Scotia side, which in fair weather are cut off by the rotundity of the earth, are so bent by the increased index of refraction due to the invisible moisture dissolved in the aerial ocean as to pass over the obstruction and reach the eye of the observer, who sees them somewhat elevated, in consequence, above their real position.

This phenomenon can be illustrated by placing an observer before an empty bucket in which a coin is so placed that it is just shut out from view by the rim. If water is now poured into the bucket, the coin becomes distinctly visible, apparently beyond the rim and higher up than it really is, all owing to the refractive effect of the liquid on the course of the ray. Now, moisture in the atmosphere, when as yet it has not reached the condition of fog or mist, exercises the same effect on the ray of light.

It is only within the last decade that this region, from the standpoint of the tourist, has been growing in importance. It is easily reached by steamboats from Boston and by the Boston and Maine Intercolonial Railroads. The point of departure to the numerous points of interest is the city of St. John, which was founded by the loyalists from Massachusetts in 1783. It has now a population of forty-five thousand. Built, like San Francisco, on numerous hills,—here, however, of rock, and not of sand,—it presents an imposing appearance when viewed from the deck of an approaching steamer. The harbor is never frozen over, which cannot be said of any other one on the Atlantic side of the continent from Cape Hatteras north.







Apia — From Maatautu

## SAMOA ILLUSTRATED

By J. F. ROSE-SOLEY

FOR a tiny group of islands, set in the midst of the broad Pacific, Samoa has the most unhappy knack of forcing itself upon the notice of the world. The trouble seems to move in a regularly recurring cycle; about every ten years something or other stirs the natives to active revolt, and then the international complications which are the curse of Samoa arise. It is always the same story; German intrigue, in the long run, is bound to accomplish the result aimed at, and the plain straightforward honesty of method which characterizes British and American diplomacy has no chance when pitted against the Michiavellian ways of men trained in the school of Bismarck.

By a popular fallacy the Samoan is represented as being of a cruel, bloodthirsty nature. Nothing, in times of peace, could be further from the truth. When not ex-

cited by combat, he is gentle to a degree, and it is probably this very weakness, this lack of decision in his character, which has prevented him from building up a stable government for his beautiful country. During a residence of some years in the group, I never saw a blow struck in anger, never heard a discussion go beyond the rules of decorous debate.

In nearly every other island group of the Pacific, before the time when white civilization began to interfere with the existing order of things, the natives had succeeded in evolving, out of the chaos and anarchy of tribal rule, some form of stable, homogeneous government. Generally it was administration founded on club law, but still some one man always arose powerful enough to weld the scattered sections of his people into a united kingdom. Rebellion was not a task to be lightly under-



Mulivai Bridge — A Scene of Recent Hostilities

taken in those days of club and spear. If a chief would not obey the king, then he and his followers were killed, and that settled the matter conclusively.

If the Pacific had remained an unknown sea to the whites of the West, if the Samoans had been left alone to work things out their own way for a few centuries longer, a similar stage of social progress might have been reached. But Samoa was caught in the whirl of European civilization too soon. The natives have not yet emerged from the patriarchal age; their notions of political economy are but little advanced beyond those held by Abraham when he wandered with his flocks over the pastures of the Holy Land. A perfect and highly organized communal system prevails; and those who wish to see this primitive mode of government at its best had better hurry off to Samoa before religion and commerce complete its undoing.

Whatever modern political economists may say about the matter, the communal system is, I believe, above all others the best adapted for the simple-minded native of the South Seas. There are neither rich

nor poor in Samoa, no man can acquire wealth, nor need he ever lack shelter and food. Social distinctions are few, and but slightly marked; the greatest chief is but little better off than his humblest follower. Each chief, as the head of his family, is bound to share all that he has amongst his numerous relations; if he holds land, it is only in trust for his followers. All the members of the family perform an equal share of field and household labors; they eat the same food, wear the same garments, and sleep under the same siapo in their great dome-thatched houses.

When European commerce, with its matter-of-fact, practical methods, impinged suddenly against this ideal scheme of life, the results produced were often ludicrous. It is not so very long since the king of Samoa lived in a thatched hut at Mulinuu and was supported by the members of his family, who washed for the men-of-war and passenger steamers. Even to-day, high chiefs paying a state visit to a consul or naval captain, see no harm in soliciting washing for their family, or en-



deavoring to do a little trade in bananas or cocoanuts. The importance of the royal position in Samoa may be gauged from the fact that the king receives a monthly salary of one hundred and fifty dollars. True, he does not to-day live in a thatched house; he has a wooden cottage of two or three rooms, such as any industrious Californian workman might occupy. And even this pretentious dwelling was not built by the Samoans; it was practically a present from the United States. After the great hurricane of 1889, the wrecked American war-ships were presented to the Samoan Government as a recognition of the splendid services rendered by the natives in saving the lives of our brave sailors. Out of the funds derived from the sale of these wrecks the king's house was built, and out of the taxation levied upon the white residents of Apia his meager salary is still paid.

There is, I believe, but one Samoan who has succeeded in emancipating himself to any degree from communal obligations, and in acquiring for himself any measure of wealth. He owns several small houses, and a plantation near Apia. Yet, even in his case, he is bound to share with his family, and has to support quite a host of retainers. Folau is one of the most comical figures to be met with in Apia. Like all Samoans, he declines to adopt European garments, at least so far as the legs are concerned. This is a firmly fixed native trait; no man will wear trousers; though imported laborers from all the other Pacific islands adopt this garb willingly. The Samoan persistently adheres to his traditional lava-lava, a simple sheet of colored calico deftly twisted

round the waist, and reaching about to the knee. With the upper part of the body it is different; natives like Folau will often wear a white jacket. Folau has added an innovation of his own—low European shoes and socks. Having nothing but bare legs to support them,



A Group of Chiefs

the socks drape themselves round the wearer's heels, and the effect of this odd combination of hosiery and bare brown leg can be better imagined than described.

For a long period Folau was native Chief Justice, appointed to try all Samoan criminals. It was whilst acting in this capacity that Robert Louis Stevenson

came in contact with him, and had a very amusing experience. One of Stevenson's servants had forged an order in his master's name, and complaint was made to Folau.

"Forgery," said the Judge, looking up with a puzzled air,—“what is forgery?”

between landlord and tenant, and I must do him the justice to say that his conduct was entirely satisfactory. Down in the charming little suburb of Maatautu, amid groves of bananas and palms, now, alas, cut down by the ruthless Mataafa warriors, he had his own establishment. It was one

of the prettiest places I have ever seen, even in this isle of luxuriant verdure. As you walked along the winding beach road, shaded by the thick foliage of the fau-trees you might pass a dozen times without noticing it a little path which struck off into the bush. But if you knew the place, and followed the curving track for a hundred yards or so, you came out upon an open space, a compound, around which were grouped various dwellings, both native and European in type. The lawn in the center was of the greenest and smoothest. Each morning the old women and girls spent hours going over it, carefully weeding out every intruding plant, and removing every pebble or scrap of rubbish. Fruit-trees grew all around, oranges of the juiciest character dropped from the laden boughs right upon the veranda, and the great mango-tree on one side had gleams of yellow showing all through its dark-green foliage, indicating an abundant crop of this most delicious of all fruits.

Here, in this secluded spot, Folau, head of the family and high chief, reigned supreme, and here, without a moment's hesitation, we decided to take up our abode. Our dwelling, a plain wooden cottage of four rooms, stood at one end of the compound, while at the other was a house of a similar character; for

Folau was an enterprising landlord, and always had cottages to let to wandering Europeans who might come his way. But the crowning glory of the establishment, and to us an all-absorbing center of interest, was the great native house which occupied almost the whole of one side of the compound. It was elaborately finished, even for a Samoan house.



A Samoan Maiden

It was an actual fact that the crime of forgery had hitherto been unknown in Samoa, and the nature of the offense had to be explained.

"Well," said Folau, when he thought he understood, "and what sentence am I to give for it?"

My first relations with Folau were those





The Royal Residence at Mulinuu

The great pillar in the center, which supported the whole structure, was the forked trunk of a bread-fruit tree. The roof was thickly covered with the finest sugar-cane thatch, and the sinnett fastenings which bound the whole structure together formed intricate patterns as they wound about the rafters and beams. Like all Samoan guest-houses, it was circular in shape, and open all round, being in fact, nothing more than a great mushroom-shaped roof, raised on posts to a height of about six feet from the ground. This arrangement is peculiar to Samoa, but it makes an ideal tropical residence.

There was always something going on in this native house; for Folau had many retainers, the most charming of them all being the lovely Tapuni, who at that time was accounted the belle of Apia. She was not Folau's daughter, but was supposed to be his niece. Samoans have a curious trick of exchanging children, so that in every family you will find one or more adopted youngsters. The idea is a good

one, for it tends to strengthen friendly relationships, and binds natives in all parts of the group with a common tie. Of course, Tapuna was a taupo, or village virgin, and never were a European girl's morals guarded more closely than this Samoan belle's. She was about eighteen or twenty years of age, beautifully formed, with regular though rather expressionless features; for, I am sorry to say, Tapuni, in spite of all her charms, was exceedingly stupid. All through her young life she had never been alone; she had been watched and guarded at every turn, and perhaps she had lost the habit of independent thought. She made a most delightful picture as she hung our washing out to dry on the lawn, her jet-black hair fluttering in the breeze, her sole garment one of our sheets or tablecloths, which she had borrowed from the pile of damp linen; but when you attempted to draw her into conversation, the charm vanished.

Folau took care to keep all his people employed, and insisted from the first



Pago Pago Harbor---The Site of the New United States Coaling Station

in taking charge of our linen. When we went to live with him, we had already contracted with another native family, but Folau soon settled all that.

"It is not pretty," he said, "to let the washing go out of the family."

Later on, when I was living on the comparatively wild and rarely visited Isle of Savaii, it fell to my lot to encounter another high chief of a very different type. Folau, a marked exception to the general rule, had developed the acquisitive side of his character; Moli had preserved the national trait of reckless extravagance. He was of royal blood, full brother to the late Malietoa, whose death has caused all the trouble in Samoa. He had, during the turbulent Tamasese times, some ten years ago, suffered exile with the deceased monarch. Together Moli and his royal brother, with an attendant following of chiefs, had been taken by the Germans, first to Africa, next to Berlin, and then, by a roundabout route, back to Samoa. And all the benefit Moli derived from the ex-

pedition was a greatly weakened constitution, a suit of German regimentals, and a vitiated taste for European luxuries.

At the outset, when we arranged to stay with Moli, we thought we had fallen upon good quarters. He was the owner of a splendid breadfruit house, excelling even Folau's in dimensions and decoration. Daily the councils, or "fonos," of high chiefs were held there, since Moli was supposed to be magistrate of his district, though I never could make out that he exercised any real authority. Further, the village, Sapapele, had the most beautiful water-holes for bathing, and in this, I think, lay its real charm.

But we soon found that life in a royal family was much too expensive a luxury for our modest purses. Moli agreed to lodge us in one of his houses, and provide us with native food, for a purely nominal sum. This would have been all right, but he had the idea that the contract was a reciprocal one. At meal-time, when our banana-leaf tablecloth was spread on the





An Alii, or War-Canoe

clean mats, Moli invariably appeared to grace the feast. The native food he supplied consisted principally of a few taros and yams, or perhaps a bit of fish. On the other hand, we had to furnish all the European food, tinned meats, hard bread, tea and coffee, and so on. The Samoan has an amazing appetite for foreign luxuries, so that we found it rather trying to have to support Moli and his family. Occasionally we would get even with him by preparing a dish of curry. Samoans cannot eat any highly spiced food, and on

curry days it was comical to witness Moli's disgust at our abominable European cookery.

But Moli's fate overtook him, and though it was not our doing, I am afraid to say we rejoiced. If Moli, despite his royal blood, was a somewhat contemptible individual, his wife Tinamo was his complete antithesis. Though her name speedily corrupted itself to "Dynamite," anything less explosive could hardly be conceived. Tinamo was a portly, middle-aged dame of pleasant aspect and obliging de-

meanor. She watched over her hypochondriacal husband with the most devoted care, made lace pillow-slips for his couch, and even saw that his mats were covered with well-aired sheets. He was the only Samoan I ever knew to sleep between linen; as a general rule, a mat and a piece



A Market - Girl

of greasy siapo make a sufficient bed. Moli's European trip had ruined him, and instead of being thankful for these unusual luxuries, he behaved with singular ingratitude to his wife. Of course, the responsibility was fixed on the village; but then we all knew that Moli was really to blame.

It appears that the chiefs of the town, who form a kind of municipal council, arrived at the conclusion that the village could not do without some fine mats and rolls of siapo. The natural deduction from this was that Moli, being the highest chief, should get a new wife. Moli protested; he pretended he did not

want a new wife, he was quite satisfied with Tinamo, and was too old for further matrimonial experiences. His feeble objections were of no avail; the village council was of adamant, and the word went forth that the faithful Tinamo was to go, whilst negotiations were to be opened with the taupo of a rich village some twenty miles north. The real meaning of this proceeding will be understood when it is explained that a Samoan marriage is very largely a matter of barter. The bridegroom goes courting with presents of salt beef, biscuits, and other valued articles of European trade. The bride, if the match be arranged, brings back with her as dowry a large number of costly, fine mats, siapo, in huge rolls, and other things of native manufacture. A fine mat is the most precious of all possessions in Samoa; it is a kind of family heirloom, and is valued according to its age and pedigree. It is a unique article of currency, not to be bought with European coin, and its value, as expressed in native equivalents, may be anywhere from two to five hundred dollars. The mats brought by the bride are divided amongst the people of the village, so that of course they have every inducement to arrange marriages as frequently as possible.

The faithful Tinamo was sent away, and at the same time we left, feeling that further life with Moli was insupportable. But months later, when I called at the village, Moli was still an unconsolated bachelor. Three times had he taken the big boat of the village and laden her with salt beef and biscuit. Three times had he called on the coy taupo and feasted her people, but each



time he had come back disconsolate, for the answer was always no. The taupo's price was too high for Moli and his people of Sapapele. They mourned grievously over the good food which had been wasted upon these ungrateful strangers, but after the third time they gave it up. Moli was only too pleased to beseech Tinamo's forgiveness, and the good lady came back, never uttering a word of reproach against her erring lord.

Judging from the latest telegrams, the political troubles of Samoa are by no means over. The natives are far from being pacified, and there is always the danger of grave international complications arising, owing to the rivalry of the representatives of the three treaty powers. In this case the risk is all the greater because the outbreak has been directly caused by the decision of Judge Chambers, the American Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. When Malietoa died, last November, there were of course many candidates for the throne, but eventually the

contestants were reduced to two, Mataafa, who had just returned from exile, and Malietoa Tanu, the youthful nephew of the deceased monarch. It is hard to say which of the two had the largest following, for anything like a comprehensive ballot is impossible in Samoa. Mataafa was strongest on Upolu, but a large part of Savaii, and all Tutuila, were in favor of Malietoa. It so happened that Mataafa had the largest force available in Apia, and thus was easily able to dispossess Malietoa. But Chief Justice Chambers has decided that a protocol to the Berlin treaty renders Mataafa ineligible for the throne. If this decision is to be respected, and Malietoa Tanu restored to his rights, force will have to be used; and a cable from Auckland informs us that the British men-of-war are only waiting for the arrival of the U. S. S. *Philadelphia*, in order to take concerted action. The Germans are sure to oppose, by every means in their power, the deposition of Mataafa. No one can foresee the end, but the next few weeks promise some interesting developments.



## A SONG FOR THE MARCH WIND

WORK swiftly through the cool, keen days;  
 Toil yet may prove too late, too late!  
 Incessant through the northern gate  
 Pours the strong windy flood that none delays  
 Nor any stays.  
 O work!

For in its tireless rush that impulse burns  
 For which in vain thy duller spirit yearns.

Warren Cheney.



THIS COMPANY MARCHED TO THE HILL, AND WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO ENTER THE HILL, AND WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO ENTER THE HILL.





Don Emilio Aguinaldo

## AT HOME WITH AGUINALDO

By MURIEL BAILEY

**D**ON EMILIO AGUINALDO had resigned.

He was about to leave the President's palace at Malolos and return to Old Cavité.

He claimed that he desired peace and the other generals desired war, and for that reason he tendered his resignation.

And yet for months he had worked hard—brain and body—gathering together his men, attending to their arming, connecting all possible and impossible places by telegraph, planning attacks and rebuffs for the Americans, imprisoning any general who dared to disagree with him, giv-

ing feasts and fiestas, and scheming for recognition from foreign governments.

And then in the midst of all this, declaring himself for peace, he resigned.

In the hot air of the great, wide inner balcony, Don Emilio's private secretary seemed to be withering and growing smaller. I began to understand why these Filipinos were small in stature. How could one increase when the effort to breathe is supreme?

Perhaps I returned the *secretario's* bow languidly, for he repeated, "Don Emilio Aguinaldo will see you."



A Native Carametto at Malolos

It was not that Don Emilio's graciousness was unappreciated that it took me some time to follow across the hall and the great square room to where at the farther end, by a desk far too large for him, sat the President of the Filipino Republic, but it was a hot day, and the hottest part of that day. The train that leaves Manila at the cool hour of six in the morning carries you for two long hours over its sun-baked steels, past little square station-houses crowded with insurgents, whose swarthy faces, underneath the broad-brimmed, peaked-crowned hats, and above the blue and white of the striped soldier suit, leave no doubt as to the use they would put their Mausers to if they had the word. And there are acres and acres of the rice-field and the sugar-cane, and limpid-looking streams gliding softly under arches of feathery bamboos and between banks covered with brilliant-hued vines. And there are tall trees to which cling the rarest of orchids, and bright-plumaged birds pass in and out among the branches.

In the distance are forests of algarobas, behind which the hills, hazy with heat, rise up to meet the softened blue of the tropical sky. Groups of nepa huts are

crowded together, with a plantain-tree each, and with men and women and naked brown babies filling the windows—a shining example of the reconcentrado rule.

And then the train leaves you at the hot hour of ten, at the little station of Malolos, quite a mile of dust-deep, sun-warmed road between yourself and the President's palace. Sometimes the carametto dashes madly over dust-hidden ruts and protruding rocks, around corners and over shaky bridges, and sometimes it jogs along while the heat eats from spine to chest and the hair seems singed. The way is lined with nepa huts, and each hut is a store, though no one ever seems to buy the rich yellow bananas and chocolate-brown chicos, or the dulces and lemonade spread out to tempt the view and the dust. And the keepers of the stores sit cross-legged and blink indifferently. There are tall banana-trees on either side of the roadway, useless as to shade, and too drooping and dust-tired for beauty.

Women, in their loose garments, with freely swaying hips and well-poised heads, on which is the usual burden of fish or fruit, wood or water; men, their warm, brown bodies partly naked, lazily follow-



ing the ox-cart; and children with unchildish faces, naked and happy, indulging in native mirth, crowd the road. All the way up to the plaza they stare curiously and watch with ill-concealed joy while one steps cautiously down from the carretto,—a proceeding fraught with danger to life and limb.

"Americana, señorita?" they ask.

And when the answer comes in the Spanish "Si," the men doff their hats and look sheepish, and the women, their naked brown babies on their hips, puff at their cigars delightedly and laugh.

The Filipinos are a kindly and a simple people, good citizens and generous friends. I think they have no liking for war. With Aguinaldo, Paterno, and Macabulus, away, and the Pilars perhaps, they would rest content and happy, and be truly thankful for protected homes and justice.

But Aguinaldo was just before me, holding out his hand, scarcely larger than a woman's, and stooping to kiss my own. Paterno was following the example of his chief, and Gregorio del Pilar, the handsome and popular young general, was with them, while the senators, with names which I defy the gods to remember, remained standing until I sank into a quaint and beautifully carved Spanish chair, with my two feet upon the only carpet I have seen since leaving San Francisco.

I had been invited to partake of a noon-day meal—whether late breakfast, luncheon, *la comida*, tiffin, or merely chow-chow, I do not know. Suffice it that Aguinaldo and the generals and senators had laid aside their work and were paying smiling Spanish compliments to Dewey and the American army until my heart went out to them, although the week before they had promised to murder all of us on three separate nights.

Aguinaldo sat at the head of the table, waving a Japanese fan!

And O for a Japanese kimono, a pair of wooden shoes, a sun-umbrella, and chopsticks! and Don Emilio could pass through seven kingdoms and be mistaken for one of the Mikado's own. He is young in looks as he is in years, and short and slender,—not handsome even in the Oriental type; but his narrow eyes are very brilliant, and his manner is easy and his air deliberate.

"You have a beautiful country," said I, "and a fertile one."

"It could be made so," said he. "It would be the richest country in the world with proper cultivation. You Americans understand that," he said, and he smiled suggestively. "We have been sadly handicapped."

"In what ways?" asked I, smiling at the "we." Why, he has been away traveling on the solid invitation the Spaniards gave him some time ago to leave the island of Luzon, while the people have been suffering under the will of the Spaniard. And when the solidity of the invitation, with the Spanish control of things, vanished into thin air, he came back to work for another invitation which he has been calling the "Independence of the Filipino Republic."

But he was not thinking of that,—only answering my question carefully. The Don never objects to talking on any subject outside of himself and his intentions.

"The paying of tolls has been the hardest on the people, I think," he said. "That was the way they managed the reconcentrados. When the Spaniards found that a portion of land yielding a fair income was held by a Filipino, they set about to compel him to move into a village. If the district was settled widely,—that is, each owner of a house having more than ten or fifteen acres in rice or sugar-cane,—they compelled every one to move within a certain space, forming a new village for pretended utility in governing. That placed these people not nearer than five miles to their farms. Then the people were compelled to pay toll on going out from or entering the village. After a few months a man grew discouraged. It was useless to walk ten miles to and from his rice-fields, work hard all day, and pay two thirds of his earnings to pass through the village gate. In time his possessions became the property of the Spaniards."

"And supposing he did n't get tired?"

"Many of them have disappeared," he said significantly.

And this accounts for the miles and miles of beautiful rice-fields, acres and acres of untilled ground and unfelled timber. A Filipino's life was not worth a breath if he was wealthy, his safety was endangered if he had an attractive wife, and

a pretty daughter was certain death or worse. It seems strange that the Filipinos have retained any faith in humanity,—that there is not more bitterness and fear and hatred and treachery in their hearts. Small wonder that they spring up when the hand of oppression is removed and feel mighty enough to rule the world!

"There are other things that have kept my people from progress that other nations enjoy," he went on. (Aguinaldo eats little and drinks no wine, and therefore had the time for talking.) "They have occupied no higher position than that of slave to the Spaniard in the larger settlements of Luzon. They have had no opportunity for education, and yet they are naturally apt pupils. They are ignorant of all ideas of government, because the only governing they have ever seen has been that of total oppression. Within even a savage is born an undefined idea of liberty, and that is what has been awakened in the Filipinos in the last few years. For two hundred years they had suffered."

"And you, having led them so far, are resigning them?" I asked.

"No," he said, and then he smiled. "I have resigned as President, but that is because they will not agree to the terms of the Americans. I have had a strong force, and they were willing to fight to the death for their homes and future. No man could have more to lose and less to live for if he lost. But the others in authority, the generals and senators," and he smiled in the direction of those gentlemen, who were so busily engaged in devouring the good things set before them that they had forgotten the presence of the visitors, "will hear to nothing but absolute independence. For many reasons I do not agree with them, and therefore I resign."

Don Emilio excused himself presently and went for his wife and mother. At the President's house, the women of his family do not come into the room without being asked. While he was away I had leisure to observe the senators and representatives of the Filipino people, with whom the United States sees fit to parley after having defeated the Spaniards.

They sat uncomfortable in their civilized clothing, doing little talking and much eating. To a man the eyes were

narrow and brilliant and shifting, the lips thick, the cheek-bones high, and the hair short and bristly as the hair of the Japanese. Perhaps years of oppression have crushed hopefulness out of the natures of these people, for there was nothing but sullen silence about that long, well-laden table. Naturally small in stature, they bent until their mouths were within an inch of their plates and ate awkwardly with the knives, aided with nature's gifts.

Representatives of the people that for years have known every indignity and injustice within the ken of man, who have starved and suffered, cannot be expected to have all the culture of the elite of New York; but neither can they be received as such. There is no lack of misfortune in it,—it is only the old law of survival.

Aguinaldo came back, bringing with him his wife, a gentle little woman of the Filipino people, and she carried her boy on her hip and stood behind her lord and master humbly. But the mother pressed forward and courteously offered me a cigarette. It is a custom of the people. I think the women smoke more than the men,—at least they smoke larger cigars. Aguinaldo's mother had a half-smoked one in her lips as she came up, and she never thought of removing it, but stood very near and stared fixedly.

Until the late afternoon hours they entertained me with music and eating and drinking, and when the time came for leaving, it was Aguinaldo's carriage and Aguinaldo's self that escorted me over the rough and sun-baked roads to the miles of stations. In my heart of hearts I felt grateful for his courtesy,—I appreciated the reasons later.

The sentries and outposts were doubled in Manila. Every inch of roadway and sidewalk was patrolled,—no Filipinos were allowed on the streets after nine o'clock, and the fleet was stationed opposite Malate, ready to shell the woods. No Americans were allowed outside of the city, and an attack was expected at every moment. During the day, as I sat in Aguinaldo's palace, one battalion had had a call to arms, and a sentry had been wounded by a Filipino at an outpost.

And I have been wondering how much of this Aguinaldo knew!



# THE "LUCKY FIND" MINE

## A TALE OF THE BLACK HILLS

By E. WHEAT GILLMORE

IRVING DEPEW represented a syndicate on Wall Street which had serious thoughts of purchasing the "Lucky Find" gold-mine in the Black Hills of South Dakota. The young man's father was president of the syndicate, and his last words to his son, as he boarded the outgoing train on his first Western trip, were:—

"My boy, remember that miners are a shrewd lot. Keep your eyes open, or we shall fare badly in this matter."

So intent was Depew in reaching his destination that he availed himself of no stop-over, but went direct to the fort of Sidney, in Nebraska. From there a stage ride of nearly two hundred miles awaited him before he could reach Rapid City in South Dakota. At that point he expected to be met by the superintendent of the "Lucky Find" and driven to the famous mine, some twenty-five miles farther on.

In his youth he had dreamed of the gold-mines that had made his father rich. His boyhood's fancy pictured them in the most fantastic colors. The great West, with her mighty mountains imprisoning untold wealth, reminded him of some giant miser who had built an almost impenetrable bulwark around his treasures. These earlier impressions left their stamp upon him, and when he felt he was about to realize some of his youthful dreams, to see with his own eyes rich mines in active operation, the mountains he had heard described, the miners and cowboys he had read of, he was inspired with enthusiasm.

When he arrived in Sidney—one of the noted forts in the West—he was surprised to see a town of only a few hundred inhabitants. He thought Uncle Sam could not have chosen a more unattractive spot for a military post. No wonder the soldiers felt as if they were prisoners in exile. There were no trees or shrubs to relieve the persistent stare of the sun. A hotel, a rough, unpainted post-office, a few cheap houses, a saloon or two, a schoolhouse, a barren, lonely cemetery, and the fort, made up the little town.

The stage would not start until the fol-

lowing afternoon. There was nothing to be seen, nothing to do, but to wait. Twenty-four hours seemed double long to his restless spirit. Toward the cool of the evening, as he was sauntering up and down the front of the hotel, he met a soldier. Depew's face attracted the private, and he greeted him as if he were a long-lost friend.

"You must lead a lonely life out here," Irving said kindly.

The mention of that topic touched the man's heartstrings, and giving vent to his pent-up feelings he began to pour forth his tale of woe. There had been no Indian outbreak for months,—how they pined for one!—nothing to relieve the monotony of their routine life. Everything went like clockwork in the garrison, and the men felt as if they were gradually becoming machines, devoid of brains or ambition. As he spoke, a whistle pierced the air.

"The express from the West. A few of us off duty always comes down to see her run in. Nobody never gets off, you know, except now and then some passenger to take a turn on the platform."

Both of them walked toward the railway station. When the train stopped the look of idle indifference on their faces gave way to one of surprise and intense interest as a young girl alighted from the car. A middle-aged man accompanied her, and a trunk was unloaded on the platform. That no person had come to meet her was self-evident.

"I am sure you have made a mistake," her companion said.

"No; I have heard him speak of this route and the long stage-ride, over and over again. I remember the details so well that it seems as if I had taken the trip myself."

"Well, if you insist, I must leave you. Bon voyage!"

"Bon voyage yourself, monsieur!"

Her voice reminded Depew of a rich-toned silver bell.

After the train left she looked around aimlessly for a moment and then started

for the "Hotel Grand," the little two-story frame hotel where Irving was stopping. How did she happen there? Where was she going? How long would she stay? The soldier was emphatic in his assertions that no lady, alone and unprotected, had ever been known before to stop there, unless she was a guest of one of the officers' wives or some relative of the hotel proprietor. Apparently, she did not come under either of these heads.

In spite of himself, Depew was much interested in her. It was the first time in his career that he had been placed in a position where there were not women in abundance. He was the only brother of five very charming and refined sisters, and their beautiful home was the rendezvous for their various girl acquaintances. When he spent his college vacations at home, he was fairly besieged with pretty girls; and he was always bored, and longed for his gun and dog. Now, contrary to all reason, when he arrived in a country with a comparative dearth of the fair sex he became suddenly and unaccountably interested in the first woman who made her appearance.

To make sure of seeing her again that evening, he waited for a full half-hour after the dinner-gong had sounded before starting for the dining-room. As he lingered over his dessert he wondered why she was so late, and then how it was that it concerned him, and why he was waiting to see her. As Depew was leisurely sipping his coffee, he looked up and saw her entering the dining-room with the proprietor's wife, a motherly soul. They occupied a table opposite his own.

He had a good view of her. She was a type of woman he had never seen before. She was very unlike his sisters in every respect, but it was a distinction without a difference. Health claimed her for its own; every move she made showed the buoyancy of her nature. Her complexion was a rich, clear olive. Long silken eyelashes swept over expressive brown eyes. She had endeavored to brush her hair straight from her forehead and coil it tightly on the back of her head, but it was unruly. The hairpins had slipped from their places, and her naturally wavy auburn hair had separated into little clusters of curly locks, and like mischievous

fairies, were kissing her broad high brow and clinging lovingly to her slender neck. There was a mixture of serene dignity coupled with joyous freedom that at once pleased and attracted him.

The next morning the landlord said to him, "You are going to have company on your trip to the Black Hills, Mr. Depew. The young lady, Miss Helen Grant, who arrived here yesterday evening, is going to visit her brother, who is superintendent of the 'Lucky Find' mine."

Depew started, but remarked in a matter-of-fact tone, "Rather a tedious trip for a young lady, don't you think?"

"I was a little worried about that myself," he answered. "You see, she has not seen her brother since her father died, several years ago, and she wished to surprise him with a visit. She had often heard him speak of the long ride by stage from here to the Hills, and being a woman and not used to business, she never thought of finding out whether we had made any improvements out here since then, but took it for granted that this was the only route."

The stage was to start that afternoon at two o'clock. Depew could hardly believe his eyes when a very uncomfortable two-seated conveyance, without even a top to protect them from the sun's rays, was driven up, and a boy announced that stage was waiting for the passengers.

"The stage?" asked Depew.

"Yes, sir! they ain't had no regular stages since steam-cars run in Rapid City. They makes a trip twice a week for to bring food and mail for the stations along the old stage run. Well, sir," he said, as the unreasonableness of Depew's remark dawned upon him, "they got this here up a-purpose for the young lady what's a-goin' to take this trip! Else you'd 'a' had to ride in a plain feed-wagon without no back to the seat."

Depew said no more, and as he passed through the office on his way to the stage the landlord took him hospitably by the arm, and with the courtesy that a much better-bred man might have envied, introduced the young man to his traveling companions.

When Miss Grant was informed that Depew's destination was to be the same as her own, she showed undisguised pleasure.



"Why are you so interested in the Lucky Find?" she asked.

He explained that he represented some men who thought of purchasing the mine.

"Ah! I understand," she interrupted, with a mischievous nod of her head; "you have come to investigate and to be assured that it is a real gold-mine, with no possibility of a sham. I have never seen a mine in operation and I am almost as interested as you. We will investigate its merits together." And she held out a small nut-brown hand and greeted him with unfeigned heartiness.

Her manner was not like the average society girl he had met. There was no blushing, nor downcast eyes, nor little formal speeches. She was a simple, open-hearted, natural girl. Previously he had looked upon the Western girl as a species by herself; decidedly vulgar and hideous. But Helen Grant reminded him of a fresh sea-breeze, invigorating and healthful.

There was one other passenger, a Mr. Woodward, who was a very wealthy cattleman, of sixty years or more.

The driver was an old man who had been a millionaire several times, and a pauper many times more. At present his only source of revenue was from his stage, but he whistled as merrily as a boy. He went by the nickname of "Philo"—short for Philosopher. Some one in his earlier days called him a philosopher, and the contraction, "Philo," had clung to him ever since. He was devoid of any book-learning; but it was a picture to see him sitting in the corner of an old box, chewing the end of a straw, his eyes shining out from his withered, weather-beaten face.

"Wall," he would drawl out, "what more hev yer got then me? I can eatacks, an' digest 'em. Yer ain't got no better health then me, I'll bet. My business makes enough fer me to git three good meals a day, plenty tobacky ter smoke, plenty clothes ter keep warm, an' a good bed ter sleep in. Now, did I hev any more when I owned the 'Mollie Bly,' er the 'White Crow,' er the 'Eagle's Nest'? Nop! you bet I did n't! An' I always 'worryin' an' a-frettin' an' a-stewin' fer fear I'd be buncoed out of it; an' I never was real happy till I was. The fun ain't in ownin' a mine, it's in lookin' fer it—in

hopin' hour after hour, an' day after day, that yer'll strike it next month, er next year, sure! That's better 'n gamblin', that is. In them days when yer a-prospectin', nobody much speaks to yer, er pays any attention to yer—'cept mayhap some faithful old pard, er yer dorg thet's a-starvin' with yer. Yer gets yer own grub, cooks it er eats it raw, sleeps in a little hole in the ground, er under a big tree, an' works, an' digs, an' schemes. But after yer have struck yer vein, an' follers it up, an' knows ye're a rich man, then is when yer trouble begins in earnest. Men turns up from every crack in the ground ter jump yer claim an' prove the mine ain't yourn. An' if yer lives that down, an' ain't shot, ner trapped, ner bulldozed, out of yer just rights, then comes the cringin' an' the bowin' an' the scrapin' cuz yer rich, an' fer the life of yer ye can't tell a friend from a hypocrite. Yer ain't called no more 'Crazy Bill,' ner 'Windy Sandy,' ner 'Old Man,' ner 'Santa Claus.' O, no! it's 'Mister Smith,' er 'Mister Jones,' an' mothers comes fifty mile er more ter tell yer they just named ther baby after yer, an' at the same time holdin' out their hand fer a baptizin' present. I told one woman I knowed fer sure was a darned hypocrite, that I'd advise her ter give her kid a decenter name. My! but yer should have saw her rile up! Nop! pards, the fun ain't when yer owns yer mine, but it's afore yer gets it, take my word on it."

The back seat of the wagon was more comfortable than the front one. Moreover Philo, with elaborate pains, had spread a buffalo-robe over it to make it soft. The young lady and the old man were to occupy that seat, and Depew and Philo the front one.

After mutual good-bys and good wishes, the driver cracked his whip over the backs of his broncos and they were off. In less time than seemed possible, they left Sidney far in the distance and were fairly started on their prairie ride. Mr. Woodward took upon himself at once the duties of protector, and in a short time they were talking together like old-time friends. Helen had the faculty of making every one comfortable. She was certainly exceptionally well read, and joined in the conversation on equal footing with the others. She and Depew discussed together the latest

books, operas, and plays, and not a few late scientific problems. Mr. Woodward entertained them with tales of cowboy life, and he found Helen a much more intelligent listener than Depew. She knew all about branding, the round-up, how often it occurred and for what purpose, what a maverick was, the horror the cattle-men had of stampedes, the methods he used to quiet them, and a full appreciation of the dangers they entailed. When the old man told a wonderful story of the skill with which some of his boys handled the lariat, Helen was able to match him in his story by another in the same line, told her by a cowboy cousin.

Then, too, Philo found her equally attentive and congenial. If by chance he talked upon some phase of camp-life she had never heard of, she was all attention. Her brown eyes would open wide with excitement as she drank in every word of the narrative.

Depew realized for the first time what hardships the earlier settlers must have endured—what it meant to ride across the plains in those bygone days. The scenery was unchanging as far as the eye could reach; east or west, north or south, there was an endless prairie. It seemed impossible that the quiet, uneventful ride they were having was once fraught with the greatest dangers. That these barren plains were once—not so very long ago, either—peopled with the fierce Sioux; that Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, and Spotted Tail, were once uncrowned kings and held a reign of bloody terror on the same quiet undulating prairie. Depew could almost see the animated picture before his eyes. In the distance the glimmering camp-fires, and the dusky, tall, high cheek-boned savages, with their cruel eyes and coarse, straight hair, dancing their crazy waltzes. On the same plains the gallant Custer and his brave soldiers rode like mad to put a stop to some outbreak. Then with vivid imagination he saw their last famous battle.

Philo told them that the next day they would pass within a few miles of the battle-field, which was now turned into a cemetery and marked the place where forty loyal United States officers and soldiers fell fighting against fate.

"I s'pose now, yer never seen a real Injun, did ye?" asked the driver.

"Never, except those 'Buffalo Bill' had with him in his 'Wild West' show," Irving answered.

"Yes, I seen them too, when Bill took 'em to Omaha. I was a heap younger then an' owned the 'White Crow,' so I took a couple of thousand in color an' started to see the sights."

"How did the show impress you? I mean the Indian part of the program. Was the war-whoop natural?"

"Wall," he said, as he winked at Mr. Woodward, "it ain't much like the real thing, eh, Woodward? It makes me think of goin' to the circus an' seein' a wild bar, er two or three kyotes. It's different when yer gets out in the woods, er in an open space, an' a hull army comes at yer, when the ground looks to be a-swarmin' with 'em fer miles; when their ugly, fierce blood-red eyes fairly shine till it seems ter yer that they light up the country. Why, man, yer could n't hear a steam-engine bust fer the hellish noise they makes. I can tell yer one er two circus animals ain't much shakes alongside er the genooin'e."

Then the two men began to tell Indian stories; and it is safe to say that no Booth ever played to a more enrapt audience. The night was very clear, and about midnight a full moon arose in the horizon, and for an hour or more Helen and Depew reciprocated the compliment of entertaining by singing together.

After a while Mr. Woodward and Helen settled down to a personal talk. He was without exception the most original character she had ever known. He startled her by saying, "Now, look at that moon yander, Miss Grant. You don't mean to tell me that all these new-fangled idees about the moon standing still, and the earth a-moving is reasonable, do you? I never could believe such dog-on tomfoolery so long as I got my eyes and can use 'em. When my son—yes, I got one son and four darters," he said, catching Helen's surprised look,—"*edicated* like him," (he pointed with his thumb toward Depew,) "and you. Well, as I was a-saying, when he come to me one day and says, 'Father, I wish you would n't cling to some of them queer idees you got. Nobody for the past



hundreds of years has thought the world was flat but you.' I says, 'All right, my son; I'll try.' So I went out and ordered a big wooden ball made. When it was finished, it was brought to the house, and I sent for the boy. 'Now,' says I, 'if your notion about things is O. K., get on that ball and enjoy yourself.' Of course, he could n't do it. 'Why?' says I. 'Cause it's round,' says he; 'I ain't no circus clown. Don't you see, father, I'd fall.' Then I asked him, 'What about the earth?' 'Why, that's different,' he says, and he begun to explain some bookish ideas he learnt. 'Young man,' I says, 'you want to go to the patent-office in Washington—some time. When a man invents a new steamboat or engine, he don't make a full-sized one, but he makes a model—sech a little thing that you could hold it in your hand. If it works all right in a small size, it's all right in a big size, and if it's no good small, it's no good big.'"

The old man's ideas on many subjects were quite as startling. In religion, for example, he believed in hundreds of minor gods. The god of wind, sun, rain, fortune, luck, and so on. And then there was a "Boss," as he expressed it, "over the hull kit of 'em." You could n't fool him. "It took more'n one god to 'tend to everything, and if anybody thought the Boss of the hull ranch was 'tending personally to every calf and chunk of grass he was eating, they did n't have good sense, that was all. He was at the round-up, no doubt, but between times He had all He could do to give orders to the hands."

Gradually the talk became more personal. He told Helen of his youth, and his love, and his marriage; of his wife, who was ambitious and sent the girls to Vassar, and the boy to big Eastern schools; of the splendid house his family lived in, in New York, filled with pictures he did n't consider proper, and immodest pieces of statuary without a "durned thing to their backs."

About four o'clock in the morning they reached another station, "The Dirty Brothers' Paradise." The driver got out to awaken the inmates. After pounding on the door until Helen thought Philo's hand must ache, a very sleepy voice answered the summons, and a moment later the door opened. Soon after they called

to Mr. Woodward, and it was apparent that a consultation was being held. Later the old gentleman came back to inform Helen that they had decided to rest a little while.

As they entered the log house a penetrating odor came to her nostrils, and she heard an unquiet, restless movement—a conglomerate murmur of strange sounds.

One of the brothers, a young fellow in his twenties, said: "Don't be alarmed, miss; we have been so troubled by the coyotes and other animals, that we don't dare leave our live stock outdoors, so we bring 'em all in every night to sleep."

A large buffalo-robe was spread on the floor before the fire, another was rolled up for a pillow, and still another lay convenient for her to spread over her as she slept. Gathering up their blankets, the men prepared to leave the room to her.

"Don't waste time, my child," Mr. Woodward said; "drop down on the robe and get all the sleep you can."

"But where are you all going?" she asked as the little crowd of men were filing out of the door.

"Why, miss, we're going to huddle down on the ground together, put these blankets over us, and sleep as peaceful as ever you do. By the way, there's a good strong lock on that 'ere door, and the key's on the inside; if you turn it, you will quite likely feel more contented like."

A look of genuine confidence lit up her face as she said: "There is no need of that. Any one can break a lock and key, but a whole regiment of soldiers could not destroy a man's honor, nor the protection I believe you would give me."

Depew fell asleep that night thinking of the Western girl, and the native courtesy of the rough Western men he had met that day.

So on to the end of the journey, Helen helped to make the long hours slip away pleasantly. And when they arrived in Rapid City, and the driver and Mr. Woodward regretfully said good-by, the vision of her face was never erased from the old cattle-man's memory. And Philo never ceased to retail his impressions of the fair Western girl to the lonely ranchmen on his route.

The twenty-five-mile ride from Rapid City to the camp of the "Lucky Find"

was a glorious one! From time to time their driver pointed out various noted mines. The famous "Little Big" tin-mine, the "Johnny Jump-up" silver-mine, the "Old Stand-by" gold-mine, the "Molly Malone" iron-mine, and so on. The scenery was superb! They rode over rocky hills and passed whole cliffs of the most exquisite shade of rose quartz. Pine-trees towered above them, and Elk Creek, a worthy branch of the Cheyenne River, flowed at their feet. No wonder the Dakota Indian was loath to give up his hunting-grounds!

Mr. Grant was delighted beyond measure to see his "little sister," as he affectionately called her; but a few hours later, when, during the course of her conversation, she informed him that as soon as her visit was over she was going East to enter a training-school for nurses, he was furious.

"How did you get such a romantic idea into your head?"

"Anything but romantic, dear Hal," she answered. "I will leave it to Mr. Depew if trying to earn your living and taking up such a prosaic profession is romantic. Do give me credit, just this once, for being practical."

"Absurdly practical," he exclaimed irritably. "What do you think of a girl, Mr. Depew, who deliberately squanders every cent of her inheritance on some romantic idea of honor, and leaves herself penniless?"

"Hal," said Helen, with her most persuasive smile, "we owe Mr. Depew an apology. We have forgotten that he is not interested in the least about our personal affairs. He has come all the way from New York to be present at the 'clean-up,' and wishes to learn all he can of the prospects of the 'Lucky Find.'"

If Depew had spoken his thoughts, he would have said that he did care very much indeed; that he was certain he was more interested in her every day; and furthermore, while he would do his duty by the syndicate he represented, he was more interested in her than in all the gold-mines in the Hills. The "Lucky Find" to him was not a gold-mine, but the dearest, sweetest girl he had ever met.

"Excuse me, Mr. Depew; I stand cor-

rected," said Grant. "But I must continue long enough to apologize, for Helen's sake, for the word I used—'squander.' You would do her an injustice, no doubt, in misinterpreting me. You see, father left her most of his fortune, and ever since his death she has been hunting up various claims against the estate. She ferreted out some bonds and notes father signed several years before his death. Legally, they could not be collected, as certain events transpired after his death; but she conceived the idea that she was morally responsible, and insisted upon paying every cent."

"My father would have done so, had he been alive," she interrupted.

"But your father was no business man, my dear girl."

She drew herself proudly erect and her eyes flashed. "Business man or not, he was honorable." But almost as quickly as it came, the little storm passed, and she smiled again in the old attractive way. "It is time we started for the wonderful mine, is it not?"

The "Lucky Find" was nearly a mile from the camp. When they had walked over half the distance they came to a high trestle.

"What's that for?" asked Depew.

"In order to work our mine we are obliged to have a stiff force of water. We have none near us, so we get at the source of Elk Creek, which is many hundred feet above this elevation, and then we build a wooden channel for the conveyance of a stream of water. You see, we are obliged to span this gap between these two cliffs, and so we build the trestle you have just observed. By this method, you will understand, we are able to convey a stream of water to any location we may choose. When our channel is completed, we open a dam at the head of our wooden river-bed and thus rob Elk Creek of part of her water."

Soon after this they heard a roar resembling the sea-waves beating on the shore, and before they could believe it possible they were looking down upon the "Lucky Find."

"You Westerners are an energetic people!" Depew exclaimed in admiration. "You discover gold, or the probability of the precious metal, in the center of a



mountain, and you begin at once to tear down the huge pile of earth. No ordinary obstacle deters you."

"Yes," said the superintendent; "visitors, especially Easterners, are always impressed with what they term our audacity. But it is worth the trouble, especially in this case. We claim that the 'Lucky Find' is situated in the very heart of the gold-producing earth."

Helen joined Depew in plying questions, and Grant found that his morning occupation consisted in giving a lecture dealing with all the intricacies of hydraulic mining.

As the days passed, Depew found that he was becoming desperately in love with Helen, but, be it said to his credit, he did not let that interfere with his investigations. He was determined to wait for the "clean-up" and see with his own eyes the amount of gold-dust accumulated. Meanwhile he was assiduously at work prospecting. He gathered specimens of earth from every out-of-the-way spot within a radius of one hundred yards of the mine. He would put this earth in a canvas bag, carry it to the camp with him, and carefully wash it; then take his result and calculate on the amount of gold to the ton. Helen and her brother usually accompanied him, but he selected his own locality and filled his bag with his own hand. He smiled with satisfaction at his method—there was no chance for deception. As pan after pan of earth was washed away and the glittering sands of gold were left in the bottom, Depew became wildly enthusiastic at the rich results, until he became a victim of what is known in mining camps as the "gold-fever." It was raging with him. If this was a fair example of the dirt—and it could not be otherwise—of the Hills, the entire mountains were rich with countless millions.

"Why stop at the 'Lucky Find'?" he asked, with feverish excitement. "Why not go quietly to work and buy up the entire gold district? It was just as easy to be the richest man in the world, as one of many millionaires."

One evening, as they were returning home from prospecting, as they gayly called it, Depew noticed that Helen's conduct and entire demeanor had suddenly and unaccountably changed. Her face

was a study, and her eyes shone with nervous, suppressed excitement. She was so preoccupied that she did not hear when she was addressed, and jumped like a startled deer when her name was repeated somewhat louder. This state of affairs continued for several days, and one morning as Depew was about to leave the camp, Helen called to him.

"Oh! Mr. Depew!" (she was decidedly embarrassed, besides looking really ill), "I have just thought of something," she tried to say indifferently,—“a new idea, you know. I should think you would like to go prospecting all by yourself.” She laughed a nervous, hysterical little laugh. "Steal away where no one knew where you were going, and where no one," (here she stretched out her hands and spread them far apart in her nervous excitement,) "was within blocks and blocks—I mean hundreds of feet of you!"

"I do not understand," said Depew. "I have done all my own work; no one has had a chance to meddle with it. There has been no opportunity for—for—my being—misled. I don't know what you could have reference to, Miss Grant."

"Nothing—nothing in particular," she said hurriedly. "Only I thought I should tell you that the plan I speak of is the *only* safe way," she said, with intense emphasis on the "only." "You must trust no one," she added solemnly.

"Not even you?" he asked in a low voice.

With a troubled, hesitating tremor, she answered: "Yes—and no! I would not intentionally wrong you, but I might commit great injustice by not being in a position to do otherwise. I might do wrong by being silent." She left him abruptly, returning to the camp.

Depew walked thoughtfully away. Had he not been unusually careful and discreet he would have thought that she was hinting that some foul play was going on. But with the precautions he was taking, he felt confident that she was referring to some visionary duty he owed the syndicate. One thing was sure, the "clean-up" would take place some time that week, and that would be a positive test. No trickery would come in play there.

A day or so after, Grant surprised him by saying that the final day must be post-

poned again. These delays were certainly annoying. This was the third time that they had been on the eve of a "clean-up." Grant, however, always had the most justifiable excuses. The first time the flow of water was so low that the entire force of men had to be laid off for four days, and finally they discovered a leak in the wooden channel near the inlet. The next time the hose was split, and they had to telegraph East for another. True, Depew remarked at the time, the long rent closely resembled a cut made by a keen-edged knife. However, when Grant explained the details of the case and quoted numerous incidents where like accidents had occurred, and moreover, seemed as much, if not more, annoyed over the delay than he, his suspicions were allayed.

Now they had discovered that one of the little sluice-boxes carrying away the debris and containing the precious yellow metal had rotted entirely through, and the gold was escaping in large quantities. At first Depew was staggered at the thought of a comparatively new trough rotting so quickly, but every one seemed unanimous in the belief that the wood originally contained some imperfection which had been overlooked, and that part—worm-eaten, no doubt—had given away. Anybody could see that. Depew was too reasonable a man not to grasp the situation.

One thing puzzled Depew; lately Grant found various reasons why Helen should cut short her visit. Then, too, he ceased to make such strenuous objections to her hospital life, and suggested, as she was determined in her course, that the sooner she began the sooner it would be over. But the little Western girl persisted in remaining. Her heart was set on witnessing that last great day. It was one chance in a lifetime. When she first came to the camp her brother promised her that she might remain, and she insisted with willful obstinacy in holding him to his word. In spite of her outward gayety, Depew could see that something was greatly troubling her. One day his prospecting was of unprecedented richness, and he was in the height of enthusiasm.

"You are almost persuaded that the 'Lucky Find' is all that it is represented to be, are n't you?" she asked.

"Almost persuaded?" he laughed ex-

ultingly, "I am persuaded, and nothing but actual proof to the contrary can change my opinion."

The remainder of the day Helen was unusually melancholy and preoccupied.

From the first the girl had thwarted all Depew's attempts to speak seriously with her of his love. But as the time drew near and they had only a few days more—two at the most, so Grant informed him—before the "clean-up," he made up his mind to embrace the first opportunity he had alone with her. As he started for the mine he saw her sitting on the root of an old tree, not many yards from the camp-door.

"Miss Grant—Helen," he said,—"no, you must not turn away. You must listen to me." He caught her cold, trembling hand in his. "You must have seen, have known, how deeply I love you. I do not attempt to claim that I have as much to offer as you have to give, but I am proud to say that I have never loved any other woman, nor asked one to become my wife."

The girl snatched her hand from his and wept as if her heart would break.

"Not now, not now; do not say another word! I cannot bear it!" Through her tears she saw mute grief on his face. "I will not say I do not love you, but I can never be your wife. In a little while you will be glad I have said this, for you will loathe me and mine. You will understand, only too soon." And in spite of all he could say she left him alone.

Depew tramped the Black Hills for miles, and it was long after midnight when he neared the camp again. In the distance he thought he heard voices and followed up the sound. When within a few feet of the high trestlework which sustained the indispensable wooden channel, he saw several horses which were attached by pulleys to the rafters of the trestlework. By the glimmer of a lantern he discerned the outlines of Helen's form. Then he heard her say, with a pleading sorrowful voice:—

"O Hal! the first time I saw you attract his attention to the peculiar formation of a certain rock, and with the cunning of a sleight-of-hand performer drop your gold dust into his canvas bag, I—I—it is too horrible to believe! You, my brother, dishonorable! It seems as if my heart would break. I watched you, and saw how deftly you managed to slip the



gold-dust among the specimens—your mind so versatile in wrong acts. Every day the method you adopted was different; with my watchfulness I could not always detect the trick. I was a guest in your camp, and you my devoted, my only, brother. I cannot let you go farther in this horrid crime. You will tear down the trestlework, your flow of water will be interrupted, and you cannot repair the damage done in time. You will add another guilt upon your soul, and you will swear, as you have done in the past when you have invented and perpetrated other excuses upon him, that it was accidental. The thirty days' refusal you have given him will expire in three days. You will act your part, and he will believe you. Without waiting for the 'clean-up' he will wire his father to accept your proposition, and they will pay your company over half a million dollars for a worthless claim."

Grant knew that her soul was rent with anguish, and his wrong-doings suddenly came upon him with cruel force. Her broken, gentle voice stung him as no other punishment could have done. How did he appear in the eyes of that upright girl? The thought benumbed him. What did she think of him? The question remained unanswered; and there came before him with vivid distinction the darkness of the night—as dark as his own soul. Overhead a star shot across the sky. "A fallen star," he muttered to himself. In the distance the trestlework stood out like some gigantic ghost. The cool wind was blowing gently, and from the pine-trees that climbed the steep mountain-side there came faint sighs. Underneath his feet he crunched a poisonous weed and its pungent odor floated to his nostrils. For a long time there was a silence; then Grant spoke, and his voice was strangely calm: "Helen, I want to tell you something. I am not your brother!"

"I do not understand—I don't know what you mean," she answered in a puzzled tone.

"I mean just this—I am not your brother." He took a step nearer her. "Not a trace of the same blood flows in our veins. Your father adopted me when I was a child, and before you were born. It was his wish that you should not know the difference."

For a moment Helen was dazed, and then she said with gentle disapproval: "Why tell me now? Are you justified in violating his wishes because he is dead?"

Grant replied doggedly, "No; I tell you because I love you."

He heard the little gasp she gave at his avowal, and in the dark he had a distinct consciousness, as if he saw by the brightest light, the look of utter blank despair that swept over her face.

"Do I understand you?" she asked unsteadily. "You said that you, that you—you—"

"Yes; that I am not your brother, and that I love you! I have always loved you—I shall always love you! The terrible lonely years of my childhood, before your father took me, when as a waif, beaten and buffeted about, I was a prey for any one or anything next higher in strength—these terrible years, I say, drove me within myself and darkened my whole life. You were the first ray of gladness that shone upon me, and you became my all. You know how I loved you as a child; when I was grown, a different love came to me. These long years of isolation became bearable by the indelible picture I carried of you in my heart. I have planned like a foolish school-boy, I have lived and worked and endured, only for one hope—one end. I love you! I want you for my wife!"

He paused, but she made no answer, and he went on eagerly. "I wanted money only for you. The men who bought this mine were fooled. It was 'salted' for them, and turn about is fair play. Syndicates in mining expect this thing. The present owners offered me a hundred thousand dollars if I deceived the other company, and they in turn will do the same thing. The whole system is robbery from first to last. It goes on from generation to generation, and only the end-man at the resurrection will get the worst of it,—and it won't matter to him."

"You did not learn these tactics from my father?" she said proudly.

"Granted! But I will tell you what I did learn from him. I learned not to leave you penniless on the world, as he did."

"He left me something more precious than gold—he left me the memory of his unstained life."

Grant made no reply to this. After a while he said abruptly, "Helen, if I drop this foul business, will you marry me?"

"I could never love you in that way," she said softly, "and I would sooner die than marry a man I did not love."

"Tell me something. Do you love Irving Depew?"

She hesitated,—“Yes.”

A wave of tumultuous joy surged over Depew. But he felt as if he were taking unfair advantage of her in listening to a confession not intended for his ears; so he turned and silently followed the path to the camp.

The evil that was born with Grant suddenly came over him with resistless force. He strode to her side and took her roughly by the shoulders. "I am going to kill you!" he said hoarsely,—“kill you, and then myself! Why don't you speak?"

He tightened his fingers upon her tender flesh. The girl swayed in his grasp like a young willow, but made no answer.

"Why should n't I kill you?" continued Grant in thick tones. "What is life to me if there is no hope that you can be my wife? No aim, no end,—just to go on, on—on—" He drew his revolver, from his belt. "I will give you two minutes to decide between being my wife and death!"

In a firm but solemn voice she said: "My brother, I do not require that length of time. My poor, unhappy brother, I cannot, cannot be your wife."

Her beautiful face was as colorless as a statue, and the look upon it, expressive of great sorrow and forgiveness, awed him. The revolver fell from his hand and Grant dropped weakly to the ground and buried his face in his hands. Presently he arose slowly to his feet, and white and haggard, took the young girl gently in his arms and reverently kissed her on the forehead.

"Good-by, little sister," he said brokenly, "I am going away forever."

And he disappeared into the lonely forest of the Black Hills.

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## A LOVE-SONG

LOVE, come out in the sun-warmed air with me,  
Come out where the wind, new blown from the sea,  
Can kiss the lips o' the Love o' me.

Love, let grief slip out o' the eyes o' you,  
And joy slip in as it used to do  
Before grief housed in the heart o' you.

And Love, O my love, as this heart o' mine  
Is warmed by the touch o' your lips' warm wine,  
So shall yours be warmed by these lips o' mine.

And your blood's hot flood your cheeks shall stain,  
To the flower o' your love shall it be the rain—  
My lips that are warm and your cheeks can stain.

And Love, O my love, reach your hand to me,  
Your slim hand, white as an angered sea,  
And dwell, my love, in my home with me.

—Edna Heald McCoy.



# THE WHISPERING GALLERY

By ROSSITER JOHNSON

Some truths may be proclaimed upon the house-top;  
Others may be spoken by the fireside;  
Still others must be whispered in the ear of a friend.

ONE holiday afternoon Elacott and I strolled over to the Arbor of Abstraction; but when we snapped the twig there was no response. We walked in, however, and seated ourselves in the shade. There was just breeze enough to turn up fitfully the silver sides of the leaves on the great poplar-tree by the lake, and movement enough in the shadows of the clouds to show that somewhere over our heads there was a steadier current setting eastward. As, one after another, these shadows sailed across the lake, ascended the green slopes of the farther shore, and disappeared in the highlands beyond, upon us who sat watching them they produced an impression stronger than any dream but more dreamlike than any other reality—a feeling as if the solid earth might at any moment drop gently from beneath us and leave us to voyage on the cloud-ships to the mysterious land whither all the shadows had gone and all the sunshine would follow.

Our reverie was broken by Elacott, who whispered, "Hark!"

I listened, and soon was able to detect the sound of a voice. As it became more distinct when the breeze freshened, I recognized a certain regularity or monotony of intonation, but not distinct articulation.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It can be only one thing," said Elacott. "It is the voice of Mrs. Trenfield reading poetry while she sits at an open window—probably with her sister listening."

"I think you guess correctly," said I. "And that reminds me how few persons read poetry as it should be read."

"I think Mrs. Trenfield reads it to perfection," said he. "But what do you consider the commonest fault in the reading?"

"The one almost universal fault," said I, "is the inability to render at once both the sense and the rhythm, so that neither shall obstruct the other, and so that both shall be evident. Good prose has a rhythm of its own, but poetry read like prose makes very poor prose."

"But," said Elacott, "if the poet constructs his verse properly, will not the rhythm itself compel a correct reading?"

"To some extent it will," said I, "but not altogether; because our language—any language—was made in the first place solely for the purpose of conveying ideas, and it is the ingenuity of the poet or the musician which so manages it as to make it also express harmonies of sound. Sometimes it will happen, naturally, that they have to deal with words and collocations that do not readily lend themselves to music. In such cases, the reader who understands what they are trying to do can, with proper intonations and pauses, help them over the difficulty. And this under-

standing is very necessary to a reader. Sometimes a line or a stanza that is rhythmically perfect if read exactly as the author wrote it, is made discordant by the mere exchange of one word for another which does not change the sense, or the interpolation of an insignificant word or syllable."

"Give me an example," said Elacott.

"The one that most readily occurs to me," I answered, "is that familiar line from Shakespeare—

The course of true love never did run smooth.

"Read it as he wrote it, and you cannot help placing the emphasis on 'true' and 'did,' which gives his meaning to the nicest shade. It is true love, as distinguished from that which is shallow, fickle, or selfish; and the emphasis on 'did' brings to the reader's mind the fact that a case is now being considered in which it runs anything but smooth."

"But does any one ever read it otherwise?" said he.

"Time and again I have heard it quoted with a little insignificant 'yet' thrown in, making it—

The course of true love never yet did run smooth,—

which changes the rhythm from iambic to anapestic, robs the two emphatic words of their emphasis, and obscures or destroys all the nice points of the idea that the poet intended to convey."

"Of course, only an ignorant reader could treat poetry in that way," said Elacott, with an intonation that indicated a question rather than an assertion.

"It is not at all a matter of course," said I. "I could give you some astonishing examples to prove the contrary. I have often heard a fairly good actor spoil a line by mispronouncing a word ('Ge-no-a' instead of *Gen-o-a*, for instance) which the rhythm, without the aid of any dictionary, should have told him how to speak correctly."

"I should suppose the star would correct that," said he, "at rehearsal."

"Perhaps the star himself did not know any better, or did not attend rehearsals. I once met a lady who had had a rather brilliant, though short, histrionic career, and had supported some famous actors in Shakespearean parts; and as we were speaking of the text of Shakespeare, she asked me if some of it was poetry! Naturally I was astonished at such a question, but I kept my balance and told her it was. 'Well, what is it?' said she,—'is it what they call blank verse?' I said it was. 'And how do you tell it?' she pursued. I obtained a volume of Shakespeare, opened it, and called her attention to the appearance of the print. 'Do you not see,' I said, 'that in this column every line begins with a capital, and the lines are not all of the same length, some reaching to the full width of the column and others falling short of it?' 'I see it now,' she said; 'but I never noticed it before.' Then I called her attention to a column of prose on the opposite page, and showed her that here capitals were used only at the beginning of sentences, and every line was filled out to the full width of the column. She acknowledged that the difference was a revelation to her. She had studied all her parts without ever discovering it."

"Had she never heard of the simple science of prosody?" said Elacott.



"Apparently not. She had an imperfect idea that there was such a thing as rhythm; but she confessed that she did not know how it was formed, or how to detect it or regulate it. I explained it briefly, and showed her the construction of iambic lines; and in fifteen minutes she was able to scan them without difficulty."

"That is an amazing story," said Elacott, "and yet I can believe it, for I am told that some successful singers cannot read music."

"Perhaps," said I, "you will be more amazed when I tell you that less than three months after that occurrence I discovered a very successful public reader who was in the same state of ignorance regarding what you justly call the simple science of prosody—for indeed it is the simplest of all sciences."

"Yes," he said, "so long as it is a science it is beautifully simple; but when pursued until it rises into an art, it becomes exceedingly difficult. Where did you learn it, by the way?"

"Where no teacher ever told me to look for it—in the introduction of a school-reader. The teachers used to skip all prefaces and introductions (the very things they ought to read first and most carefully), and I do not remember that a single one of my many instructors ever mentioned the subject of rhythm and meter, or taught us how to distinguish between a correct line and an incorrect one."

While I was saying this, Elacott rose and slowly walked out of the Arbor, saying as he disappeared, "You dug it out for yourself, just as I did."

Presently he returned, bringing a dry stick as thick as a man's thumb.

"I've found a twig," said he, "which I think will snap loud enough to bring our friends."

Then he laid it across the edge of the railing, and broke it with a sharp crash, which had the desired effect.

As the ladies came down the walk, we observed that Mrs. Trenfield carried a small book, with her finger between the leaves, as if to keep the place where she had been reading.

"That looks like an illustration of a subject we were just discussing," said Elacott.

"And what may that be?" Miss Ravaline inquired.

"The reading of poetry," said Elacott; and then he repeated the gist of our conversation.

"That certainly is interesting, and in a way important," said she; "but we had just begun to discuss a more serious matter relating to the poet's art, when the snapping of your twig interrupted us."

We begged them to be seated in the Arbor and begin over again for our benefit.

"We have here," said Mrs. Trenfield, "a posthumous volume of poems, just published, by a brilliant but erratic genius who had a wonderfully varied life, which ended in wreck and suicide. The story is told at length by his friend, who gathered the widely scattered verses and edited the volume. The poet has been dead a score of years; and it appears that his own wrong-doing created a state of affairs which made it impossible to bring out the volume any sooner, and which came very near defeating its appearance altogether. We have been reading the biographical sketch and many of the poems—some of which we greatly admire—and were discussing the question of genius and morality,—that is, how far a genius may be excused for departing from the accepted rules and customs of morality and social order."

"I don't see why he should be excused at all," said Elacott. "If he is a rational human being, whose rights, liberty, and happiness, are secured by the general observance of those rules and customs in the community, why should he not contribute his part toward sustaining them? The fact that he writes poetry or paints pictures for pastime or for a livelihood, can have no more to do with the question than if he kept a grocery or cobbled shoes or practiced law."

"It appears to me that you are rather too absolute in your reasoning," said Miss Ravaline. "You ignore the variations and limitations of nature. Have I not heard you lay down the rule that no one is required to do what is impossible? And can that be disputed?"

"I don't see how it can be impossible for any rational man to behave himself," said Elacott. "The rules are simple, and he can read them; the examples are many, and he can see them all around him."

"And yet," said Miss Ravaline, "the community makes allowances in other cases which, it seems to me, are analogous, to some extent at least, to that of the erratic genius. For instance, we have a large number of blind persons and cripples among us, and we excuse them from many duties to which we hold ourselves, yet we guard their rights and liberties with special care, and we show a generous appreciation of such work as they can do. I never have heard so high praise bestowed upon a piece of embroidery as was received by one that was executed lately by a woman in the Blind Asylum; and it was mainly because it appeared wonderful that she could do it at all."

"The blind and the crippled," said Elacott, "are victims of accident or misfortune which they cannot help."

"So also may the genius be," she answered. "There are mental accidents and natural moral defects which the victim may be as helpless to counteract as if they were physical."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Elacott. "But if I admitted it, I should say the argument is not good, because it proves too much. Is it to be assumed that these mental accidents and natural moral defects happen only to geniuses? Why are they not quite as likely to fall to the lot of ordinary mortals? And why may not any man who does wrong plead that he is the victim of one of those accidents, albeit he neither paints pictures nor writes poetry nor does any other thing that is supposed to require genius?"

Miss Ravaline appeared to be silenced by this argument, until her sister showed that it did not, as appeared at first sight, cover the whole subject.

"The habits and customs of society," said Mrs. Trenfield, "have their force and authority, aside from demonstrable principles; just as precedents are quoted in a court of law simply because they are precedents. We have only to turn the pages of history,—ancient or contemporary, sacred or profane,—to find all sorts of crimes and misdemeanors condoned or treated lightly because the wrong-doer has in other ways rendered some service to mankind. I see no reason why the erring genius should not be permitted to plead for consideration on exactly the same ground."

"It has often occurred to me," I remarked, "that Mark Antony's oft-quoted dictum, 'The evil that men do lives after them,' etc., was the reverse of the truth. The constant tendency is to hide or minify the evil, and magnify the good; and I think I have discovered the philosophy of it. This was suggested by a saying of Solon's. He



was asked how wrong-doing in the state might be prevented, and he answered, 'By those who are not wronged feeling the same indignation at it as those who are.' I think it is the lack of such indignation that perpetuates most of the evil, making its constant repetition possible. I remember a widow in our neighborhood who had a reprobate son, and when some one ventured to speak to her of his evil doings, she answered simply, 'He is a good son to me,'—as if that settled the whole question. He did take good care of his old mother, and she had no indignation for the wrong that he was doing elsewhere. And I have heard of another case in which the same principle was applied on a much larger scale, and the element of a mother's fondness was not there to excuse it. A certain man accumulated a vast fortune by the most notoriously dishonest methods. Indirectly, hundreds of widows and orphans were robbed by his operations, and no one was benefited but himself and his family, and perhaps his partners. In one instance, he ventured beyond the limits of the law, and found himself obliged either to relinquish several million dollars or go to prison. Well, he died,—as even millionaires must,—and after a time his son gave some of the stolen money to build a beautiful church, which appeared to be dedicated to Jesus Christ and the impenitent thief; and neither the pastor nor the trustees nor the congregation made any objection to receiving the edifice, though it was just as much the price of blood as were the thirty pieces. Shylock said truly, 'You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live.' I should like to inscribe on the wall of that church a simple reference to Matthew xxvii:5, 6."

"Yes," said Elacott; "and I know a notoriously dishonest and penurious man whose friends are forever telling how kind and pleasant he is in his family. If the community will let me steal a few million dollars and go unpunished, I will promise not only to behave pleasantly in my home (should I ever have one), but to be kind to a few of the neighbors as well, and to the poor generally, and always put good money on the plate at church."

"The application of what I have been saying," I resumed, "may not be apparent without a little explanation. Those whom we consider the great ones of the earth have generally accomplished something the benefit of which lasts through all time, while their evil deeds have (apparently or really) injured only some of their contemporaries. We who are not wronged feel no indignation for those who were. The admirers of Andrew Jackson celebrate the 8th of January with great gusto, and seldom omit to mention with pride his slaughter of British soldiers before the defenses of New Orleans; but I never have known them to make the slightest allusion to the six militiamen, his own countrymen, whom he unjustly and unnecessarily ordered to execution. The argument would be (if there is any argument), that the same rule should be applied to literary and artistic geniuses as to the military and civic heroes. Where a poet, for instance, has not put any of his evil nature into the poetry which he has left to us, but has only exercised it at the expense of individuals around him, who are all dead long ago, we must—if we are consistent—give him the same treatment that we accord to the rough soldier and the smooth millionaire. And in fact we are doing that very thing. A certain American poet who has been dead about half a century was an undoubted genius, but he was also, aside from that, a contemptible character,—literally mean enough to pick a pocket, as an old man who knew him tells me,—and it is now the fashion to laud him immeasurably, raise monuments to him, and devise sumptuous editions of his works. He put none of his meanness into his poetry (though you can find enough of it in his criticisms on contemporary authors); and so long as we enjoy

that, why should we trouble ourselves to feel indignation for those whose property he tried to steal and whose reputations he did his best to smirch? Go to, Solon! We have pondered your advice for twenty-five centuries, and have rejected it. Let those who suffer from the tyranny of the soldier, the deceit of the money-getter, or the eccentricity of genius, furnish their own indignation, while we enjoy the fruits of slaughter, worship in the religious light of blood-stained glass, and sing the songs that are as clean as the mushroom that springs from the compost-heap."

At this peroration my hearers began to clap their hands; but the clouds that had been blackening in the west clapped theirs also, and we heeded the warning and broke up the meeting, promising to resume the subject some other day.

## • MUSTERING OUT

[ Read at the watch-night festival of the Authors' Club, New York ]

**H**ARK! 't is the distant bugle call;  
       Hark! to the joyous answering shout:  
       "Old Glory's" folds are beckoning all,  
       The volunteers are mustering out.

See, dude and cow-boy lead the way;  
       Rhodie and Texas swing to line,  
 As, foot by foot, in fierce essay  
       They stormed San Juan o'er hidden mine.

"Johnny" and "Yank" march side by side,  
       Their feuds forgot when dared proud Spain:—  
 And swarthy freedmen flushed with pride,  
       As cheer on cheer floats o'er the plain.

The roll-call! List! Some answer "Here,"  
       But many a one shall answer not.  
 From 'neath the trench where comrade's tear  
       Hallows the sad but glorious spot.

They're mustered in to higher call,  
       Where patriot souls hold noblest place:—  
 Our hearts beat high—uncovered all:—  
       They stand before the throne of grace.

To dim their glory some would dare;  
       The gallant dead take little heed:  
 But jealous tongues, forbear! forbear,  
       To make the hearts that mourn them bleed.

They bore our flag to fateful strife,  
       Unheeding meed of praise or blame,  
 And cheered its folds as ebb'd their life;—  
       Let us grave deep the scroll of fame.

*Henry J. Brooks.*



# LATTER-DAY SERMONS

## I.—THE DISGRACE OF RICHES

*"The man who dies rich dies disgraced."*—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

IN THE old days of literal interpretation of things Biblical, the passage of a camel through the eye of a needle appeared such an obvious impossibility, that men's hope of heaven diminished in inverse ratio to the growth of their earthly possessions. To the despair of moralists, however, it was observed that, despite this increasing remoteness of Paradise, men's greed for wealth remained stout and lusty, and no fear of hell deterred the rich from growing richer when they could. At the same time it was a visible relief to some of them when Bible students discovered that the needle was only the name of a narrow city gate, and that an exceptionally agile camel could squeeze or wriggle through it, provided his load were not very bulky. Now comes a new evangelist crying in the wilderness that though the rich man may squeeze through the celestial door to a better world, he is yet disgraced in this. Anomalous as it may seem, the new prophet of poverty is himself a rich man. Hitherto gospels of this character have come from the poor in spirit and in purse, so that their divine origin has always been questioned. But the inspiration conferred by twenty millions of dollars is not to be challenged, and the wondering world turns to listen.

"The man who dies rich dies disgraced." Such is the clarion note in which our prophet voices his discovery of a new moral principle. It is forceful, terse, uncompromising. Is it true? Let us see. Disgraced means dishonored. Are we to believe that men dying rich are promptly stripped of all honorable consideration by their fellow-men? Do their occasional good deeds, by some mystical transformation, become works of evil as soon as the physical change of death takes place? Does the praise of mankind turn to execration as soon as the lips become silent and the heart ceases to throb? Happily, it is not so on our planet, whatever it may be in the strange world of ideas where our prophet's fancy revels. Here on earth the man who dies rich dies honored. The great ones of earth flock round his bier; pompous obsequies testify to his fellows' esteem and affection; the daily press voices the general lamentation, and sets before the youth of the land his commendable example. Though his only virtue may have been that of acquisitiveness, he is honored in proportion as he has practiced it with success. If he be disgraced, it is not because of his riches, but in spite of them. This is so conspicuously true on the only planet of which we have definite knowledge, that we are forced to the belief that our prophet is either mistaken, or else that he is simply speaking prophetically.

But the idea that the prophet is mistaken cannot be entertained for a moment. Prophets and popes, as we all know, are incapable of error. Baalam, it will be remembered, could not go wrong even when he wanted to. Prophet Carnegie must therefore be speaking prophetically. He cannot intend us to understand that the man who in this day and generation dies rich dies disgraced, because that would be

nonsense. What he probably wishes us to believe is that the time is coming when the man who dies rich will be expected to consider himself disgraced—which, while suggestive of a Gilbert-Sullivan explanation, is a very different thing.

As an aid to an intelligent apprehension of what our prophet says and does not mean, consideration ought to be given to the relativity of the words used. Riches and disgrace are terms of comparison. In the days of the primitive man, when a rudely chipped flint was a valuable possession, and a handful of cowry-shells the dower of a princess, a dying man's disgrace might have been hidden in a wallet. But neo-ethically considered,—that is, according to the gospel of Carnegie,—the disgrace so easily concealed might have been as great as that of the late John Jacob Astor, which covers many acres of Manhattan Island. It might also have been an equally lasting disgrace, if it had chanced to be preserved in a museum. But if, on the other hand, his fellow-cavemen had been just as well provided with chipped flints as himself, there would have been no disgrace, because, relatively, he would not have been a rich man. Thus it appears that the disgrace of the dying primitive man is occasioned not by his own want of virtue, but by the lack of a stone chisel or two in his neighbor's tool-chest. This seems a very crude standard of conduct, appropriate perhaps to the stone age, or, what amounts to the same thing, to a Pennsylvania protectionist, but not to modern American life in general.

Then, there could be no disgrace in the dying primitive man's wealth, were it not for the presence of other primitive men. Robinson Crusoe might have done many disgraceful things in his island home had any one else been there to witness them. But as he was alone, the acts he might have committed, even to the last sad act of all, would have been just as honorable as they were disgraceful, and not a bit more nor less. And Robinson Crusoe might have died richer than Cræsus, that most disgraceful of historical phantoms, with perfect equanimity as to the esteem in which his parrot and his goats held him. It would thus again seem that the disgrace of dying rich is dependent upon conditions over which the dying man has no control. Which does not seem right, out of Scotland, despite the dogma promulgated by our prophet.

But our reasoning may be erroneous, and we must prayerfully avoid anything that may savor of arrogance and impiety in presence of a twenty-million-dollar inspiration. Reason and revelation have always been in antagonism, and to be axiomatic, will continue to be so until, in some way, they are made to harmonize. But that is no reason for rejecting revelation altogether, especially when it comes with a gold-inlaid indorsement. Moreover, in one important particular, this gospel of poverty can be apprehended by the uninspired mind. There is undoubtedly somewhere, somehow, in some cases, a connection between riches and disgrace. The optimist who sees what, for want of suitable language, he may incorrectly call an "effort" on the part of nature to advance, —a "something which makes for righteousness," as Matthew Arnold said,—has no difficulty in recognizing the disgrace of getting riches by unfair means, by crushing a weaker brother against the wall, by trickery, by treachery, by the thousand ignoble devices practiced in nearly all trades and businesses nowadays, by the sacrifice of the finer instincts of humanity, by the slaughter of conscience, by the unwholesome disregard of others' rights to live. And while he thus sees a disgrace in the wrongful use of riches, he finds little to honor in that



public philanthropy which confines its activity to benefactions that loudly proclaim the giver's generosity, which graves its own goodness in sculptured stone, while, unnoticed below, some miserable atom of humanity squirms under the philanthropic heel.

Here the gospel of poverty has room to spread itself. Here at our front door is a mission field wider than Cathay. The disgrace of the dishonest rich, of the heartless rich, of the egotistic, self-glorifying rich,—this need not wait till a man's death to become effective. To spread this kind of a gospel, reason, science, and all the humanities, stand ready to ally themselves with dogma and revelation; and happy the prophet, and powerful for good is he, who, further fortified by the inspiration of twenty millions, is wise enough to work with their aid.

B.

## ESPAÑA DOLOROSA

JANUARY 1, 1899

THERE were tears in Andalusia,  
 There was wailing in Castile,  
 Leon was dark with sorrow,  
 In Aragon the peal  
 Of dirge funereal sounded;  
 For now the flag of Spain,  
 From four hundred years of waving,  
 Would never rise again  
 O'er the Pearl of the Antilles,  
 O'er the isle of sweet delights,  
 O'er the Caribbean waters,  
 And Morro's boasted heights.

For to-day a noble Spaniard,  
 With a sad, majestic air,  
 Don Señor Castellanos,  
 Went down the marble stair,  
 From the Palace of Havana,  
 Where crime had had its sway;  
 Where the sins of generations  
 Bow the shoulders of to-day.

He looked not back in weakness  
 With a quiver for the past,  
 Nor upward to the turret  
 Where an alien flag was cast.  
 One cried, "España viva!"—  
 His heart shook with surprise;

They saw one sudden tremor,  
 One unbrushed tear-drop rise;  
 But he trod the marble stairway  
 With a martial step and bold,  
 As he left the storied palace  
 With its secrets all untold;  
 Left the Palace of Havana,  
 Where he ne'er should rule again,  
 For the ship which was to bear him  
 With his sorrows home to Spain.

Ah! woe to thee, Granada!  
 Thy sins are at thy door;  
 The suffering of the ages  
 Returns to thy own shore.  
 Hist! thy children's "Miserere,"—  
 It is history's fate-wrung chimes,  
 And the blood-sweat of their foreheads  
 Is the dripping of thy crimes.

Ah, woe is thee, Alhama!  
 The blood-stain still is there;  
 Haste, haste to purge thy spirit  
 With penance and with prayer!

Ai, España! read the writing  
 Of the hand upon the wall;  
 Ai, España Dolorosa!  
 Beware lest worse befall!

*Amelia Woodward Truesdell.*



## DECORATION DAY FOR THE MAINE

FEBRUARY 15, 1899

**G**O, TRIM the wreck with garlands,  
Where it lies in Havana's bay,  
As a monument to nations  
Of the year's historic day,  
When our men, unshrived and helpless,  
Went down from the heart of the *Maine*,  
In a moment famed forever,  
As a holocaust to Spain.

Drape the flag at half-mast o'er it,  
And the folds with laurel bind;  
Let the bay's funereal luster,  
With cypress boughs be twined;

But brighten the somber emblems  
Which breathe of death and night  
With the life of morning flowerets  
That bloom in heaven's light.

Hang the wreaths of love's red roses  
On davit and spar and beam;  
'Midst forget-me-nots and pansies  
White immortelles shall gleam.

Let the star-eyed daisy whisper  
Of hope in the midst of death,  
While our prayers arise on the incense  
Of the violet's perfumed breath:

Let each wind-wafted petal  
To the sleepers on the shore  
Bear our message of remembrance  
For the faithful part they bore:

Let the blossoms say that ever  
To our children we will tell  
Our heroes' sacred story,  
With sweet sprays of asphodel;

That ne'er shall Time's nepenthe  
Lull the nation's quickened heart;  
Of each springtime's "Resurrexit"  
Their names shall be a part.

Then bind the wreck with roses,  
And the pennons intertwine  
With amaranth undying,  
And wreaths of egplantine.

While our country's mourning banner  
Shall make this wreck a fane,  
For the nation's hallowed offerings  
In remembrance of the *Maine*.

*Amelia Woodward Truesdell.*





Madame Melba

## GRAND OPERA IN SAN FRANCISCO

By S. W. WILSON

**S**AN FRANCISCO, for a city so far from other centers of population and culture, has had far more than her share of great acting and grand opera. The expense of bringing a large company and great artists so far, would naturally seem almost prohibitive; but there has

been a succession of the very greatest of the stars in the histrionic and lyric stage from a very early day in the city's history. Forrest and McCullough, Booth and Irving, Coquelin and Bernhardt, Charlotte Cushman and Joseph Jefferson, have most of them played more than one engagement

before San Francisco houses, and hardly less brilliant have been the annals of grand opera,—Patti and Scalchi, The American Opera Company, with its wonderful productions of “Nero” and “Lohengrin,” and last but not least, the queen of the operatic stage of to-day, Madame Melba, who last year won new laurels in this far Western city.

The San Francisco public is one not easily pleased, nor inclined to accept less than the best, and its knowledge of what is best is widely admitted. The cosmopolitan character of the people is a prime cause of this. The melody-loving Latin races are here in large numbers; Frenchmen who have heard all the stars that shine in the Parisian heaven; Germans who know Baireuth and the opera of Dresden and Berlin; Italians who have heard in La Scala the greatest voices of the world of song, besides music-lovers from every great city in two hemispheres. Many of these people are not wealthy; they save up their slender means for a long time to afford the delight of a seat in the topmost gallery. There, indeed, is found the nicest appreciation, the most correct judgment, and the most valuable applause, for what is really fine.

So it is to be noted with pleasure that as this magazine for March is in the hands of its readers, the music-loving public of San Francisco—whose boundaries spread themselves far over the surrounding country on these occasions—will be reveling in another season of grand opera.

This time it is the Ellis Opera Company, with Madame Melba as its greatest attraction. Only last year, as I have said, she was here for a season; but the engagement was too short, and the public mind was too much excited by the events of the war to make it thoroughly satisfying. In this connection, it is of interest to quote an interview Madame Melba gave lately to a representative of the Boston *Transcript*:

Melba is going back to golden California again in the early spring to give the cosmopolitans of the Pacific Coast metropolis a taste of grand opera in its most complete form. Perhaps it will be more to the point to say that Melba is going back to the Pacific, as the chief singer of the Ellis Opera Company, whose ambitious performances at the Boston Theater have concentrated one of the

most enjoyable seasons of grand opera ever given to the critical Bostonians.

The cantatrice is radiant with success and a representative of this paper sought her at her abiding-place while in this city, and she is perfectly willing to engage in a talk to her friends.

“Indeed, I am glad to get back in this city,” she said, in reply to the first question of the interviewer; “but you want me to speak of San Francisco.

“San Francisco is San Francisco,” she continued, “and that is saying it is like no city in America but itself. People live there. They seem to understand that the science of living consists in appreciating the good things of existence, and that enjoyment does not mean perpetual hurry.”

In answer to an inquiry as to how she spent her summer vacation, Melba said: “I passed most of the warm season with my brother and sister at an old English house on the Thames, which I have leased for several years past. There I led an outdoor life, entertained my friends, and took a thorough rest, which I greatly needed after my long American season. Early this autumn I visited Italy and took advantage of the opportunity which presented itself to study the character of Mimi in ‘La Bohème’ with Puccini, whom I regard as one of the greatest of the young Italian composers. I first appeared in this opera in Philadelphia, and for the second time in your city, on Wednesday evening. I shall sing it in Chicago and again in San Francisco, and I may truthfully say that the role appeals to me very strongly. I think Mimi an infinitely sympathetic character.

“I gave a concert at Albert Hall, in London, the week before I sailed for America, and was made very happy by the warmth of my reception. This will probably be the most difficult season of my career, but I am in excellent physical condition and anticipate my future appearances with much pleasure.

“And you want to know something about my trip to California in the spring? Well—the least that I can say is that I was amazed at the treatment accorded me while in the Golden State. You see, I had never been to California, or even across the Rocky Mountains; but Mr. Ellis and Mr. Strine both assured me that there would be an enthusiastic outpouring of the musical spirit of the Pacific Coast, and I went. Even their predictions did not come near to the actual truth. In all my experience I have never met with a greater degree of enthusiasm.

“I made my debut before the San Franciscans on April 19th, in ‘La Traviata,’ which, you know, is one of my favorite characters, and a part I have the deepest regard for. I suppose the newspapers have long ere this told you of their generous reception to me, and of how, two evenings later (the day the United States declared war against Spain), I sung Rosina in the Spanish opera ‘The Barber of Seville.’



"That was a night never to be forgotten. When Campanari, the Barber in the opera, came on the stage some one in the audience hissed him, and no one of us behind the scenes knew what a reception we would get as the Spanish opera proceeded. You must remember the patriotic excitement was at fever heat, and it needed only a slight rise in temperature to make an audience capable of almost any unlooked-for happening. I know how I felt myself, for only that afternoon I stood at the window of my apart-

from all parts of the house. Finally, I did manage to collect myself to the extent that I was able to strike the keys of the piano and the first chords of the great war-song. How I got through the verse I shall never tell you, nor will I attempt to describe to you what followed. If you are an American, and particularly a Bostonian, surrounded by all the traditions of your country's independence, you will certainly know better than I can tell you.

"Yes, we are to repeat 'La Bohême' on



Mlle. Zélie de Lussan

ments at the Palace Hotel and watched the noble Boys in Blue start away for war.

"In the second act of the Barber you will remember the Lesson scene occurs. I had sung 'Sevillana,' by Massenet and 'Matinale,' by Tosti, which I usually interpolate at that point, and for an encore had sung the 'Suwanee River,' but the audience waited for something else, and continued their applause.

"Suddenly some one called, 'Sing the Star-Spangled Banner,' and before I could think the house was in a tumult. I was so frightened I scarcely knew what to do, but the audience had taken up the cry and it came

Monday of next week, and if the second hearing of the opera is as successful as the first—what more can I ask?"

And no San Franciscan who was fortunate enough to hear the wondrous burst of feeling that followed Melba's rendering of the national anthem will fail to join in the quotation from the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet,"—

An I should live a thousand years  
I never should forget it.

So Madame Melba will come to greet a

public not strange to her, not cold nor critical, but friends who come again to be stirred by the clear notes of that sympathetic voice to something of the same enthusiasm.

A recent article in the *Strand* magazine tells of Melba's early days. She is a gift to the world from far-away Australia, that land of promise, as we have been accustomed to think of it, rather than of present performance. True, it has given us Peter Jackson in pugilism, and other stars in athletics. And at the present moment there is in a San Francisco gallery an exhibit of water-colors by McComas, an Australian artist, who handles the primary colors with a freshness and vigor, a seeming carelessness of touch which is but the concealment of painstaking conscientiousness, that cause his exhibit to be the artistic event of the day. But after all, Melba is the greatest gift of the antipodes to the world. She comes honestly by her talent. Her mother, father, and aunt, were all musicians, instrumental or vocal, and her earlier days were spent in an atmosphere of music. It is said of her that frequently when her mother sat at the piano dreamily improvising, the child found no more delightful place to lie and listen than underneath the massive instrument. She made her debut when six years of age in the town hall of Richmond, a suburb of Melbourne, singing "Shells of the Ocean" and "Coming thro' the Rye." That was a great occasion, and, as she says to this day, she never, in her after career, felt prouder of any ovation given her than of the plaudits she won at that time.

Of the other stars who are to appear here with the diva, there can also be said much. The head and front of the Ellis Opera Company is the gentleman whose name is borne in the title. He has been in San Francisco before and knows the requirements of its critical cosmopolitan audiences. They are just such audiences as he likes his people to face, hence the class of artists with which he has surrounded his star for the three weeks season, beginning March thirteenth.

Here is what has been said of some of them:—

Frau Johanna Gadski probably is the most highly gifted of all German lyric sopranos.

Her faultless intonation and tone production, allied to a voice of rare natural beauty, and a deep knowledge of the art of singing, makes Gadski one of the most prominent figures in the great sphere of lyric German opera. Gadski was born in Stettin, Prussia, June 15, 1871. When a child of nine years her voice was discovered, and from that time she studied singing with Mme. Schroeder Chalouple, in her native town. She first appeared, as a child of twelve, in a concert at Stettin. Her debut in Berlin at nineteen was a great triumph. Then, as now, the crystal purity of her voice was remarkable. Walter Damrosch first engaged Gadski for a number of American appearances in 1895. Her success in this country is a matter of such gratifying continuance, that the announcement that she will be the leading soprano of her department in Mr. Ellis's company is sufficient.

Zelie de Lussan returns to the United States for the approbation of her countrymen, with a European reputation enhanced by the superior merit of her performances. Her voice is larger and finer than ever, and if report be true, her acting (always an admired department of her art) imbued with new authority. De Lussan altogether occupies a station abroad that should entitle her to most cordial welcome on her reappearance in Buffalo. She was born in New York City of French parents, and represents the fourth generation of a family of singers. Her musical education was begun under the eye of her mother, Eugenie de Lussan, a noted singer. She first appeared in a concert for the benefit of charity at the age of nine. She made her operatic debut in Boston as Arline in the "Bohemian Girl." Colonel Mapleson heard her sing "Carmen" in Philadelphia, on one occasion and immediately engaged her for a London season. Since then her success in grand opera has never been a matter of doubt. No singer from the shores of the Western World is held in more eminent esteem in Europe than De Lussan.

Glitzka is one of the most renowned of German contraltos. She will make her first appearance in America, as a member of the Ellis Opera Company, as Ortrud in "Lohengrin," on December 26, at Philadelphia, with Gadski as the heroine of Brabant. Glitzka is from the Royal Opera of Berlin, from which institution she comes directly to assert her station in dramatic roles. The breadth and power of her low voice are remarkable, when the quality of her upper register is considered. Glitzka is a fine exponent of her line for Wagnerian character and will unquestionably be received with the respect due an artist of her renown.

Marie Mattfeld, one of the younger mezzo-sopranos in Mr. Ellis's organization, is equal to all the demands made upon her. Though a Bavarian, born in Munich, Mme. Mattfeld sings in French, English, German, and Italian. Mme. Mattfeld is a graduate of the Royal Conservatory in Munich, from whence



she came to begin her career in this country as a concert-singer during one of Anton Seidl's tours. After this she became a member of the Damrosch Opera Company, and from year to year has been re-engaged. Her appearances this season have proven that Mme. Mattfeld has advanced rapidly in the pathway of art.

Marie Van Cauterer finds many of her warmest admirers in this city. Van Cauterer was the prima-donna soprano of the organization conducted by Gustav Hinrichs in this city, and is likewise remembered as one of the most capable members of the great companies assembled at the Metropolitan Opera House, by Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau. Since the advent of Mr. Ellis in the operatic field, she has been under contract with this gentleman. Her pure voice and agreeable stage presence are supplemented by broad experience and an ability to assume almost any part in the repertoire of grand opera at shortest notice.

M. Bonnard, the leading French tenor of the organization, who made a triumphal debut in Philadelphia at the opening of the season there, had great success at Covent Garden during June and July, in the parts usually sung in London by Jean de Reszke. Bonnard is from the grand opera at Brussels, and his standing as a tenor of unusually



Mme. Gadski

fine attainments is unquestioned in European musical centers. Bonnard is tall, handsome, and of graceful carriage. The critics assert that he is a fine actor. This tenor was intended for the law,—in fact was a member of the bar when he decided to abandon legal practice and enter upon a stage career. He made his debut in Lyons, in 1889, and has sung all the principal roles in the standard repertoires. He has been singing for six years during the season of opera at Covent Garden and is the principal tenor of the Theatre de Monnaie at Brussels. Bonnard has created numerous roles, notably the tenor role in "La Navarraise," "Djamileh," "Ami Robsart," and "L'Attaque du Moulin." He understands singing opposite parts to Mme. Melba perfectly. It was largely on account of his success with her at Covent Garden that Mr. Ellis engaged him for his company.

Singers praise each other so rarely that some unusual qualities must be the fortune of Franco Pandolfini, who sings the leading Italian roles with the Ellis organization. Signor Campanari, beloved in this city, and an absolute master of the art of singing, when Mr. Ellis engaged Pandolfini, said, "If he does not achieve a triumph, I will never offer judgment upon a singing artist again." Pandolfini is, to-day, regarded as one of the



M. Bonnard

finest young tenors in Italy. He is a Sicilian, the son and pupil of the famous baritone Pandolfini. Franco Pandolfini was not intended for the stage. He studied in Paris, where he obtained first honors in mathematics. Preferring art to science, he resolved to follow in the pathway of his father and sister (the latter one of the best artistes known to the public of Florence), and entered upon a course of vocal study. In due time he made his debut in Milan, in "La Traviata." His success was so pronounced that he appeared in almost every leading opera house in Italy. He is already such an eminent artist in his own country, that if he fulfills but a portion of the promises made for him, he will at once assert the right to an exalted station.

Armando Seppilli, the youngest and one of the most talented of all Italian directors, has been engaged by Mr. Ellis as the principal conductor of the French and Italian performances. One can pay him no greater tribute than to say that the artists of Mr. Ellis's organization are perfectly happy over the choice. The most cordial artistic sympathy has always existed between them and the talented maestro. In Italy Seppilli enjoys the reputation of being one of the strictest of masters, and every performance under his baton is sure of a conscientious interpretation. So complete was the confidence of Puccini in this young conductor, that he intrusted the direction of "Nanon Lescaut" to his care, upon the occasion of its premiere at Covent Garden. Seppilli is a pupil of the Conservatoire at Milan, where he studied under Mazzini and Ponchielli. He belongs to the talented edition of young Italian composers which comprises Mascagni, Puccini, and Leoncavallo.

Among the most promising of the younger German conductors is Richard Fried, who will conduct the performances of many important operas given by this organization, and under whose especial care the splendid chorus of the Ellis organization (against which unfavorable criticism has yet to be uttered) has been trained. Herr Fried was born in Berlin, and became at the age of sixteen years a pupil of Joachim, then the most celebrated violinist of the Royal Academy of Music in Berlin. He won several prizes at the college, and studied harmony

and counterpoint with the best masters in Germany. Three years ago, he was engaged as assistant conductor of the German operas by Walter Damrosch. Herr Fried is under a yearly contract with the new opera house at Berlin and comes to America on leave of absence granted by the directors of the opera there.

Mr. Ellis regards the stage department of his operatic machinery as one of the most important of all divisions of the organization. His announcement that he has engaged William Parry as principal stage-manager of the Italian and French operas, will be the strongest assurance that they will be finely presented. William Parry was for years the chief stage-manager at the Metropolitan Opera House. His thorough understanding of every detail of the operas in which Mme. Melba appears, and his entire command of every resource of stage department, makes his engagement one of extreme value.

Besides these, there are Ellison Van Hoose, the rising young American tenor; Mario Del Sol, also tenor; the baritones, Maurice Bensaude, Chevalier de Vries, and Gerard Stehmann; the basses, Bonderesque, Leon Rains, and Ludovico Viviani. Alfonso Rosa is to do the leading comedy roles. All these people have won praise from leading critics, not alone for their singing, but also for their acting. Armando Seppilli is to conduct in Latin and French operas, and Richard Fried, in German. The repertoire has not been officially announced, but as will be seen, there is provision for the presentation of a wide range, covering French, Italian, and German, as well as the English schools. Undoubtedly Madame Melba will be heard in her favorite role of Mimi in Puccini's "La Bohème," and it will be strange if "The Barber of Seville" is not asked for by San Francisco people to recall again Melba's triumph of last year.





## A Matter of Climate

WHILE the "Sunny South" is blowing its fingers and practicing on snow-shoes, the Golden West is basking in the glory of early spring. While the highest reading of the thermometer in twenty-three towns in Kentucky is thirteen degrees below zero, California from end to end is watching the trees break into leaf in a balmy air that trills with the melody of song-birds, and is fragrant with the scent of flowers. The hills are soft with verdant down, and the placid waters reflect the warm serenity of the sky. A golden sunlight suffuses all, and Nature sings her annual *Lobgesang*. Eastern cities are buried under a mantle of snow,—the ever-beautiful,—or ankle-deep in grippe-breeding slush; while here birds are mating, flowers blooming, and the poets of spring throng our threshold. If on that eventful morning in December, 1620, the Pilgrim Fathers had landed here instead of on the bleak coast of Massachusetts, the Eastern States would have remained an uninhabited wilderness, and California would have acquired two hundred years earlier the supremacy to which she is, and always has been, destined. And if the descendants of those same Pilgrims could even now be translated from their bleak environment and suddenly dropped into our fragrant land, there would be such a fall in New England real-estate values, that an upward jar would be given to those on this end of the continent.

## A Lesson in Colonization

THE importance to American commerce of maintenance of the "open-door" policy in China is well illustrated by a study of French methods of "colonization" as revealed in the recently-published blue book on Madagascar. This shows that in July last Lord Salisbury addressed a serious protest to the French Government against the abolition of the rights of English commerce in the island. Special complaint was made about the same time of a circular instructing

officials to induce the natives to use only goods of French manufacture. An instance is given in the paper of a French administrator who informed the native traders of his district that they must only buy and sell with French merchants, and that, if they did not obey, they would be imprisoned in irons. In November a protest was made among several other complaints against the decree which the Governor-General issued in September with the object of reserving for French vessels the coasting trade, and that between Madagascar and neighboring islands. The British Ambassador in Paris was informed that the decree had never been acted upon, and that it has now been revoked. It does not appear that the other protests have had any result,—except the somewhat unexpected one of causing the French press to regard them as fresh indications of Great Britain's persistent endeavor to pick a quarrel!

## Trusts and Legislatures

IT HAS been thought by some that the motto which encircles Liberty's head on a silver half-dollar was prophetic of the trade monopolies which a high tariff has stimulated into a comprehensiveness which now threatens extinction to all ancient and honorable industrial methods. Be that as it may, it is certain that the nation has become trust-ful to a degree that none but prophets could have foreseen. Every day we read of a new trust; and now these great aggregations of capital control every important manufacture in the country. The evils involved in the destruction of individual enterprise are too well known to call for enumeration here: they have been set forth in every newspaper, in every pulpit, in every college classroom, in many a gubernatorial message, and more than once by the President of the United States. But with the fatuity which so often blinds reformers to the real cause of an evil, law-makers in a dozen different States are now trying to legislate monopolies out of existence by passing laws that

they shall not be allowed to exist. They might as well try to legislate sin out of the world by demanding its legal substitution by virtue. If an attempt is made to straighten a bent sheet of iron with a hammer, it "cockles" in one place as fast as it is flattened out in another. If a trust is hit with a legal club in Indiana, it "gets a bulge" in New Jersey; and it grows more crooked the oftener it is struck. Legislators can no more kill trusts by legal enactment than they can cure drunkenness by legislative fiat. They can make it harder to "monopolize," or they can delay intoxication; but they can prevent neither. The only way to kill monopoly is to restore competition; and legislators can only do this by the removal of old restrictions, not by the creation of new ones. The fiscal system first known as McKinleyism, and later as Dingleyism, is the cause of trusts, and the people are finding it out. The capitalists who are now combining to control the various "protected" industries of the country, are doing more for the cause of free trade than a dozen Cobden clubs could do. A protective tariff which compels Americans to pay more for American manufactures than foreigners pay for them, will not be tolerated forever, even by our easy-going and easily-befooled people.

### Our Brave Western Boys at Manila

OUT of the murk of Algerism, Eaganism, and the cloud of recrimination enveloping the War Department, looms the majestic figure of American manhood as seen in the volunteer soldier. What this amateur warrior, fresh from the plow, the workshop, and the office, did at San Juan, we all know. Now we are hearing of the soldier qualities of our Western troops in Manila. These boys from the backwoods and the prairie are compelling the admiration of veteran war-correspondents, and exciting the wonder of the nations who have hitherto believed that years of training were necessary to make a soldier. Here are a few graphic sentences describing the courage and dash of our Western boys, taken from the report of a *Herald* correspondent:

"The Nebraska men made their way over the bridge, crouching in pairs, amid the hissing and pattering of bullets."

"The Colorado volunteers rushed block-houses Nos. 4 and 6 and the villages beyond."

"The Washington troops swam the estuary under fire."

"The Wyoming troops waded the stream and marched into the open under heavy fire as if on parade."

"Up the hill the artillery and infantry scrambled, digging with their hands and feet. Nothing could stand before them. It was magnificent!"

In view of the outcome of the supreme test of manhood which our young American men have just undergone, the political scandals growing out of the conduct of war shrink into insignificance. The future of our country is safe in the hands of the beardless boys who have known no fear in the crash of battle. With such a display of national vigor, the buzzing politicians seem no bigger than horseflies on a thoroughbred.

### Subsidies to Ships

THE Democratic minority of the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries has presented a report on the Subsidy Bill, prepared by Mr. Irving Handy, the only Congressman of the ship-building State of Delaware. The conclusions reached in this report are briefly as follows:—

The twenty-year bounties are put in the bill in the language of "cents," but when the arithmetical calculation is made, we find that the Government will be obligated, by the contracts likely to be entered into during the first twelve months under this bill, to pay bounties amounting to more than \$165,000,000. This bounty of \$8,250,000 a year does not include any estimate for supposed increase of our merchant marine due to stimulation incident to a bounty system. . . . Of this enormous bounty, the lion's share will go to a single company. The International Navigation Company will be entitled to receive, in the aggregate, more than \$57,000,000.

Mr. Handy further states that the bounty promised is more than the entire cost of the ships to receive it! Protection could not go further than this.

### A Word for Agúinaldo

FOR three hundred years the Filipinos have suffered a tyranny to which that of the American colonists under George III was a paternal beneficence in comparison.

This fact is so well known amongst us that it has become a commonplace; the horrible



cruelties of Spanish rule have been lost in newspaper generalizations. Before the outbreak of the war Aguinaldo himself thus described the condition of the Filipinos to an American naval officer in Hong Kong:—

"There will be war between your country and Spain," he said, "and in that war you can do the greatest deed in history by putting an end to Castilian tyranny in my native land. We are not ferocious savages. On the contrary, we are unspeakably patient and docile. That we have risen from time to time is no sign of bloodthirstiness on our part, but merely of manhood resenting wrongs which it is no longer able to endure. You Americans revolted for nothing at all compared with what we have suffered. Mexico and the Spanish republics rose in rebellion and swept the Spaniards into the sea, and all their sufferings together would not equal that which occurs every day in the Philippines. We are supposed to be living under the laws and civilization of the nineteenth century, but we are really living under the practices of the Middle Ages.

"A man can be arrested in Manila, plunged into jail, and kept there twenty years without ever having a hearing or even knowing the complaint upon which he was arrested. There is no means in the legal system there of having a prompt hearing or of finding out what the charge is. The right to obtain evidence by torture is exercised by military, civil, and ecclesiastical tribunals. To this right there is no limitation, nor is the luckless witness or defendant permitted to have a surgeon, a counsel, a friend, or even a bystander, to be present during the operation. As administered in the Philippines, one man in every ten dies under the torture, and nothing is ever heard of him again. Everything is taxed so that it is impossible for the thriftiest peasant farmer or shop-keeper to ever get ahead in life. The Spanish policy is to keep all trade in the hands of Spanish merchants, who come out here from the peninsula and return with a fortune. The government budget for education is no larger than the sum paid by the Hong Kong authorities for the support of Victoria College here. What little education is had in the Philippines is obtained from the good Jesuits, who, in spite of their being forbidden to practice their priestly calling in Luzon, nevertheless devote their lives to teaching their fellow-countrymen. They carry the same principle into the church, and no matter how devout, able, or learned a Filipino, or even a half-breed, may be, he is not permitted to enter a religious order or even to be more than an acolyte, sexton, or an insignificant assistant priest. The state taxes the people for the lands which it says they own, and which as a matter of fact they have owned from time immemorial, and the church collects rent for the same land upon the pretext that it belongs to them

under an ancient charter of which there is no record. Neither life nor limb, liberty, nor property, have any security whatever under the Spanish administration."

Against the tyranny thus eloquently described, the Filipinos had been fighting for three years before the destruction of the *Maine* involved us in the conflict. The sympathy of the world was with the insurgents; and more than once a thrill of horror swept over Christendom at the barbarities practiced by the Spaniards on their unlucky captives. Aguinaldo was the most prominent of the insurgent leaders, as he was probably their most able general. Before the outbreak of hostilities, the American consul, Pratt, and probably other of our representatives, entered into such relations with Aguinaldo and his friends as to commit us, more or less, to a recognition of the insurgents as allies, with all that that implies. That our representatives were not authorized to enter into such relations does not alter the fact. We held conferences with them as with allies, we became the trustee of their funds, we carried them from Hong Kong to Manila on our warships, we used them as pilots and spies, and accepted their service and aid in many other ways. While our ships were lying off Cavite, Aguinaldo's army captured almost as many of the enemy's troops as Shafter did at Santiago, besides driving them completely out of some of the islands. Then came a period of waiting,—waiting for the recognition promised by Pratt on the side of the insurgents, and waiting for the development of a definite Philippine policy and a reasonable action by the Senate on ours. Habituated only to Spanish indirection, shiftiness, and treachery, the Filipinos were completely misled by our indecision. To them it could mean but one thing, the repudiation of all the fair promises which had been made in our name, just as time and time again the promises of the Spaniards had been broken. "What have we been fighting for anyway?" was Aguinaldo's natural question at this period. The suspicious nature of the Malay was stimulated by the changed attitude of our officials, which, if not arrogant, was at times arbitrary, and inconsiderate of the just rights of men who had fought and bled and suffered in a cause as truly patriotic as that which inspired Washington's ill-fed

hosts. In this condition of mutual distrust the American army and the Filipinos watched each other across embattled walls for weeks, while our wretched Senate gabbled about abstract rights and constitutional difficulties. A chance shot, and suspicions, recriminations, threats, at once turned to musket volleys and shrapnel, and the grim work of reconciliation by the sword had begun. And now, that some sixty of our soldiers are dead, and a thousand of the Filipinos slain, there is not a dog from Maine to California too mean to howl at Aguinaldo's treachery. But our shouts of anger should be directed nearer home. The blame is not that of the poor deluded Filipino, but the men who misled him. And greatest of all is the blame of those babblers in Washington who prolonged a dangerous condition in order to hear themselves talk. The blood-

guiltiness is on them. For Aguinaldo there should be but pity, and when the time comes, mercy.

### "'Ceptin' Ike"

THE poem "'Ceptin' Ike," which appeared in our last number, was given to a member of our staff by the person whose name is signed to it, as an original contribu-

tion. Several readers have written drawing our attention to the fact that this poem was published some years ago in a volume of verse entitled "Jim Marshall's New Pianner, and Other Western Stories," by William De Vere. We have asked Mr. Langan, who sent the verses to us, for an explanation, but up to the time of going to press he has made no reply.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### Thompson's Animal Stories.<sup>1</sup>

FROM out the ruck of cheap, machine-made lies about wild animals,—the same old annual parade of toothless and decrepit stories of fierce wild-cats, aggressive pumas, dueling bears and alligators, and child-stealing eagles, that have been going the rounds ever since Shem and Ham first invented them to kill time in the ark,—there emerges a collection of animal stories that are fresh as a prairie breeze, new in manner, true in matter, and altogether fine. For those who love to come close to the heart of Nature, a treat is now ready. Ernest Seton Thompson, artist, naturalist, and born story-teller, has written and illustrated a book of animal biographies; and he has struck twelve.

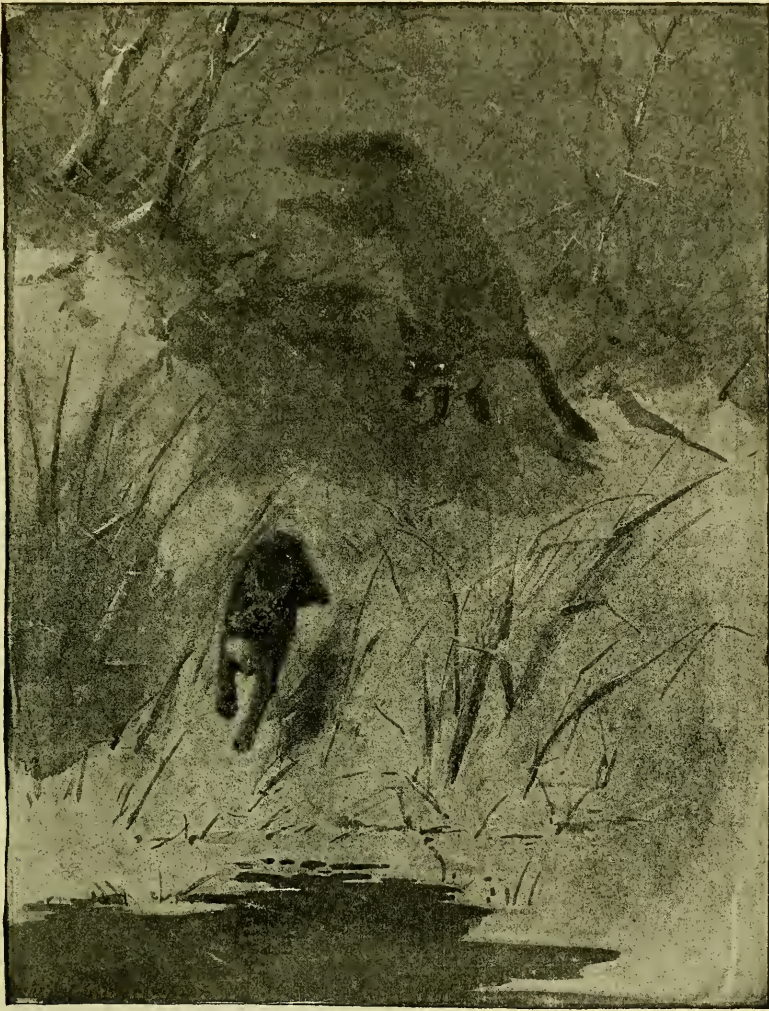
It is not often that a first-class artist is also a satisfactory author; but Thompson is an exception. His wonderful success as a delineator of birds and quadrupeds is largely due to the fact that he is also a diligent naturalist; and in *Wild Animals I Have Known* we learn that he can paint with words as

well as with India ink and oil-colors. When you have finished reading "Lobo, the King of Currumpaw," you are ready to declare it *hors concours*—until you have read "Raggylugg." At the end of the volume you meet "The Pacing Mustang," and then you are tempted to pronounce this breezy story of the Southwest the best of all. For dramatic power, and literary "go," it really is; but it is not unique. Other writers have written brisk stories of hunting things, and with the same kind of photographic dissolving-view vividness; but "Raggylugg," "The Springfield Fox," "Redruff," and "Silverspot," represent something new under the sun. These are works of art; and when I think of the imitators who will quickly take up Thompson's trail, noses to the ground, and without his personal acquaintance with wild creatures, I shudder.

These eight stories are the life histories of eight animals and their satellites, brute and human. "Lobo" was a famous wolf, with a thousand dollars reward on his head. "Silverspot" was a crow, "Raggylugg" was just a common cottontail rabbit (but what a story he makes!), and "Bingo" was

<sup>1</sup> *Wild Animals I Have Known*. By Ernest Seton Thompson. Two hundred illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.





From "Wild Animals I Have Known."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

the author's dog. "The Springfield Fox" furnishes us a rich bit of animal-life history; "The Pacing Mustang" and "Wild Joe" thrill us with many a thrill. "Wully," the yaller dog, dies not a moment too soon, and brave "Redruff," the ruffed grouse, reminds us all too sadly that this beautiful species is doomed to early extermination. The life-stories of the five really wild creatures are crowded full of facts in natural history—mostly new—which are so charmingly set forth we are fain, like Oliver, to "want some more." They are simply irresistible.

The beautiful full-page plates, of which there are twenty-eight, and the one hundred and seventy-five margin pictures, add to these stories a wealth of interest that amounts to luxury. In the vernacular of the cattle plains, the artist-author has simply "turned himself loose" to produce a book in which his readers can revel. No wonder the volume has made a hit, or that it has already enjoyed the distinction of being twice actually out of print since its first appearance in October.

There is but one thing that it lacks of perfection. What a pity it is that an other-

wise perfect book should be handicapped with the ragged and unkempt edges,—unsightly to the eye, and disagreeable to the touch,—that in everything else produced by man or nature is the badge of poverty and dirt! How much longer will this abominable fad be thrust upon a patient and long-suffering public? It is a conundrum; and I give it up.

W. T. Hornaday.

### Ashes of Empire.<sup>1</sup>

THE second novel of Mr. Chambers's trilogy of the Franco-German war, *Ashes of Empire*, covers the period of the Siege of Paris by the Germans. The early days of the war, the times of Sedan and Metz are past, and the red days of the Commune are yet to come. It is rather a gray and depressing scene, beginning with the flight of the Empress and the closing in of the foreign army, carrying its length of endless and fruitless sorties, and ending with the terrors of the bombardment. Amid these scenes, Mr. Chambers plants an idyllic love tale of the ways of two war correspondents and two unprotected convent-bred French girls. There is plenty of action, abundant hairbreadth escapes, and many impossible feats. Miraculously opportune appearances are so frequent as to make the reader doubt if there could have been any people in Paris but the characters of this book; for they and they only, turn up in every scene. It is easy, too, to pick flaws in the possibilities, as, for instance, to question the verisimilitude of the last scene, where a pet lioness is taken on a honeymoon trip. But when all is said of this kind, there is a large residue of praise; the stirring scenes are vividly portrayed, the atmosphere is heavy with gunpowder, and in it the great events unroll themselves in a real Paris. No reader of flesh and blood will ever content himself short of the very last page.

### French Revolution.<sup>2</sup>

ELIZABETH WORMLEY LATIMER, whose previous work in historical study has well qualified her for the task, has reproduced a series of vivid pictures of the

<sup>1</sup> *Ashes of Empire*. By Robert Chambers. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *My Scrap-Book of the French Revolution*. Edited by Elizabeth Wormley Latimer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.50.

French Revolution which may well supplement many a pretentious history. For the author confesses that her scrap-book is but a compilation of the material collected in the preparation of a series of parlor lectures; but much of this material, being in manuscript form, is now published for the first time. The popularity of the compilation is shown by the fact that a second edition was called for before the plates of the first were well off the press.

### Saintsbury's English Literature.<sup>3</sup>

PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY, of Edinburgh University, has outlined, in a volume of eight hundred pages, the nature and progress of English prosody and the periods of prose style from the earliest Anglo-Saxon times down to our own days. It is a careful and apparently accurate summary, yet comprehensive enough to enable the student to pursue any line of historical development. The table of contents and index are very complete, and make the volume a handy one for reference as well as a textbook of the subject.

### Briefer Notice.

IN *God's Prisoner*<sup>4</sup> John Oxenham has produced a weird and exciting story of crime and adventure, written in good style and with considerable originality of plot. It is not altogether a pleasant book to read, but there are enough lovers of the gruesome to make this story a probable success from the publisher's point of view.

MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT, who has done much to make natural history interesting to children, has just published another book<sup>5</sup> descriptive, in story form, of the life histories of the principal American mammals. The story is a thin thread of narrative on which the facts of animal life are loosely strung; and the interest thus created is enforced by the many excellent illustrations which Mr. Seton Thompson has supplied.

<sup>3</sup> *A Short History of English Literature*. By George Saintsbury, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. New York and London: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

<sup>4</sup> *God's Prisoner*. By John Oxenham. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.00.

<sup>5</sup> *Four-Footed Americans, and Their Kin*. By Mabel Osgood Wright. New York and London: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.



EASTER NUMBER



THE MAGAZINE OF CALIFORNIA  
AND THE GREAT WEST

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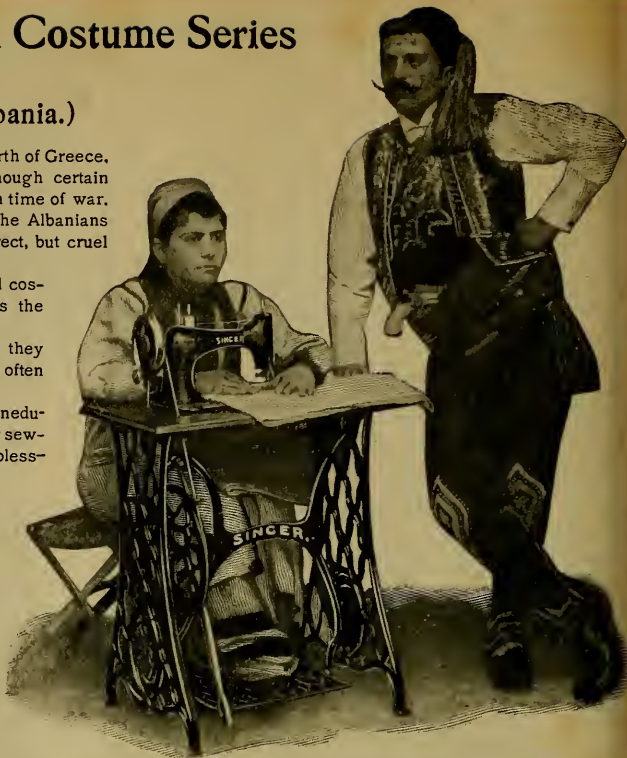
The men are seldom without pistols, which they thrust through their wide girdles, and which are often masterpieces from the jeweler's hands.

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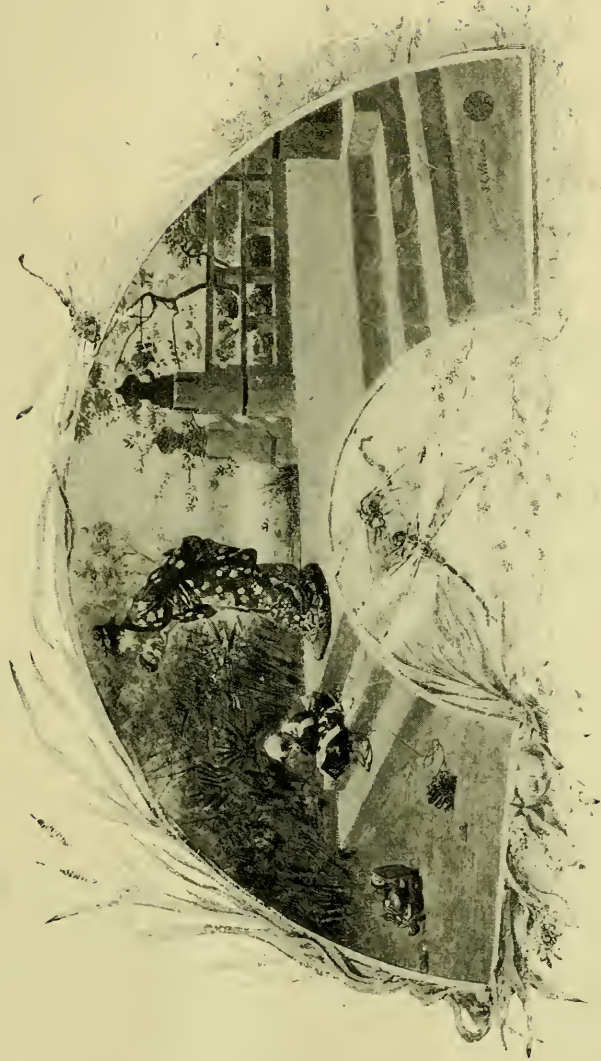
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# Overland Monthly

VOL. XXXIII

April, 1899

No. 196

## THE PAGODAS AND OTHER ARCHITECTURE OF CHINA

By R. W. SHUFELDT

**A**LTHOUGH history goes to show that the Chinese have always stood far behind the majority of other Asiatic nations in the matter of architecture, yet for all that there is a something that attaches to the extremely ancient and quaint buildings of these people that must ever have a great charm for us. Notwithstanding the fact that an eminent authority upon this subject has said, "China possesses scarcely anything worthy of the name of architecture," we may ask, In what country do we find structures offering a greater interest to the student of either ancient or modern designs in this science than the

marvelous Great Wall of China, or her pagodas, her Temple of Heaven at Peking, or her ruins in tombs, temples, and towns? Of all these, however, none have as great an attraction for the traveler in the Emperor's dominions as do those famous towers called in China *taas*, but by all English-speaking people *pagodas*.

These striking as well as beautiful buildings occur at various points all over the empire, and upon some of her off-lying islands; and wherever one has been erected it forms the most characteristic feature of the landscape. Some of those upon the mainland often tower to a height of two



I. Bricks from the Ruins of the Nanking Pagoda and Great Wall of China



2. Flowery Dragon Pagoda, near Shanghai

hundred feet or more, while in every instance they have been built upon the plan of a polygonal pyramid, with an odd number of stories, and very frequently have been conspicuously decorated exteriorly by facings composed of gaudily colored blocks of the finest of porcelain. Sometimes glazed tiles were used instead of these, while the famous tower at Nanking was faced with blocks of both these kinds.

At the present writing I have two of these in my private collection, taken a number

of years ago by an American party visiting Nanking; they also secured a brick from the Great Wall of China. These valuable relics I recently photographed, and they are here reproduced in figure 1. The upper block appears to be composed of a dense tiling, being glazed a brilliant green upon its exterior, with an embossed figure upon it, the flower portion of which is a rich orange. It measures approximately 12 x 6 x 2 inches, its long sides being beveled at an acute angle. Below this we see in the





3. Pagoda on the Island of Chusan,  
at Tinghae

their country; for they felt certain that they could only have the effect of disturbing the course of these pagodal currents, and thus bring misfortune to the entire empire.

In so brief an article as the one I am now writing, it is obviously out of the question to offer anything at all upon the history of the famous and very ancient city of Nanking and the celebrated wall that surrounded it; while on the other hand a reference to its once magnificent porcelain tower, now in ruins, will hardly be considered out of place. This, it will be remembered, was the design of the Emperor Yung-lo during the first quarter of the fifteenth century, and was destroyed by the Taiping rebels in 1853. When finally completed, few of the world's great buildings were more unique in appearance, or possessed such singular beauty. Octagonal in form, the edifice was carried up to a height of two hundred and sixty feet, its outer walls being cased in white porcelain bricks, of which the one shown in figure 1 is an example, while the overhanging eaves of its nine stories were composed of green-glazed tiles like the specimen seen in the same illustration. A gilt ball,

illustration a rather smaller brick ( $10 \times 6 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$  ins.) that is right-angled, and composed entirely of a fine white porcelain, glazed over exteriorly. It also came from the ruins of the Nanking tower. Under these two bricks in the figure is an adobe one ( $10 \times 8 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  ins.), rough and abraded that was taken from the Great Wall of China, and some inclosed Chinese characters are seen upon its narrow face in front.

Whenever the Chinese built a pagoda, they built it to endure for generations, and its walls were always very thick and solid. As is well known, they entertained, as a people, some very peculiar notions about these buildings. Indeed, the superstitions in regard to them stand among their very strongest, being closely connected with the Fung-shui doctrine. Nearly all China believes that a pagoda exerts a most potent influence over certain terrestrial and aerial currents, which they are supposed to modify, either favorably or the reverse, which currents directly affect many of man's material interests, actions, or surroundings. It was this superstition, so deeply seated in the Chinese mind, that caused those people so violently to oppose the introduction of the telegraph and railroads into



4. Pootoo Pagoda—Over eleven hundred  
years old



5. Bridge over the Lily-Pond, Pootoo

fixed to the extremity of an iron rod, projected from the summit of this pagoda, and the rod was encircled by nine iron rings (See Fig. 2.) Stretching from the apex

of the rod to the eaves of the roof were a number of chains, and to these were fastened five great pearls, which the inhabitants of the city believed protected the



6. Bridge near Flowery Dragon Pagoda

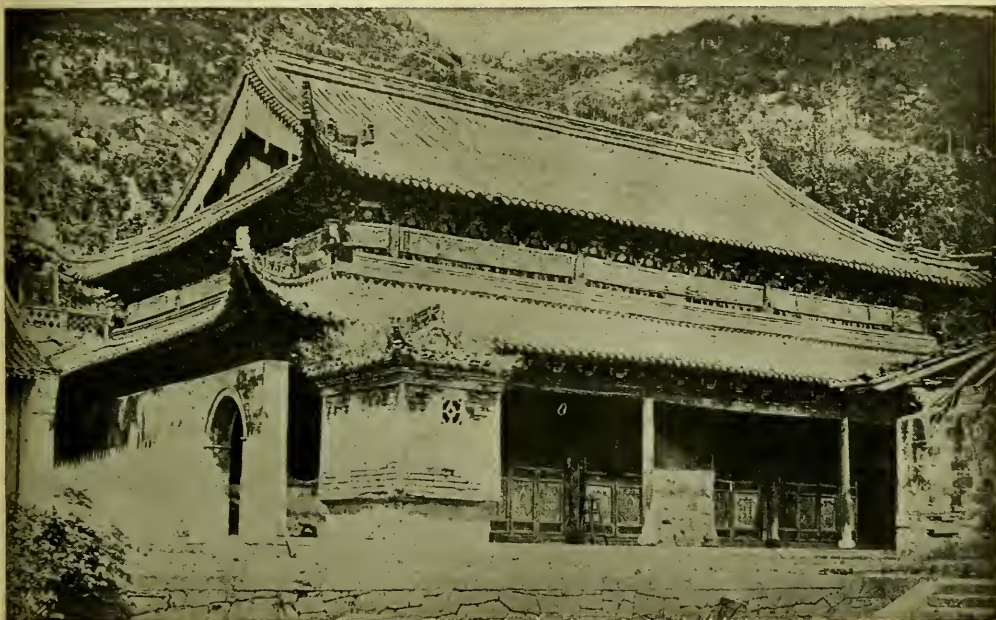


latter from floods, dust-storms, fires, tempests, and riots. Over one hundred and fifty bells and a legion of lanterns were also suspended from the eaves of this extraordinary edifice, the designing of which had occupied nineteen years in the life of its royal architect.

One of the most perfect, and at the same time picturesque, pagodas now standing in China, is that of the Flowery Dragon, five miles above the city of Shanghai. It has seven stories and a finial somewhat of the usual pattern. It also has the sagging

proud, and that is her Temple of Agriculture. In design it is something after the order of the Temple of Heaven, but not as imposing. Each spring the Emperor upon its grounds performs the ceremony of turning over the earth with a golden plow, after the fashion of the ancient Incas of Peru.

One of the pagodas in Peking, I understand, is used as an observatory. Often they have been erected simply to bring good luck to the country they overlook; and sometimes they stand as memorials, as in



7. Temple in Second Group, Pootoo

roofs projecting, one over each story, with their salient, upturned angles, the apices of which commonly support the bells, and these keep up, in those pagodas where they are found, an incessant jingling whenever the air is in motion.

Brilliant azure-blue tiles were used in constructing the three roofs of the Temple of Heaven at Peking, which, in the bright sunlight, lend to this most magnificent structure a gorgeous effect, further enhanced by the great gilded ball that ornaments its summit.

Peking possesses still another superb structure, of which she may be justly

the case of the Nanking pagoda, the Emperor having in view the commemoration of the virtues of his mother when he built it.

Frequently when a pagoda is built upon a hill or other commanding situation, its builders have been influenced thereby, and have not carried the edifice up to such lofty proportions. A good example of a pagoda of this description is to be seen at Tinghae, the capital city of the island of Chusan, of the province of Che-Keang. (See Fig. 3.)

Chusan is the principal island of a group lying off the eastern coast of China, and presents many points of interest for the

historian as well as the traveler. It will be seen from my illustration, in figure 3, that the Tinghae pagoda has but three stories, and the ground story has a height nearly equal to the second and third taken together. The projecting roofs and eaves are of the same general style of architecture seen in the Flowery Dragon pagoda, but the galleries, with their handsome iron railings, so conspicuous a feature of this last, are entirely absent in the pagoda of Tinghae. Nevertheless, of the fifty thousand

and other buildings of the two groups at Pootoo. Many of these show excellent examples of Chinese architecture, and further along some of them are here reproduced. Among the various structures composing the first group of temples at this place, we meet with a pagoda, of which it is said that it was erected over eleven hundred years ago. (See Fig. 4.)

It will be seen from the illustration that in every particular it departs from the buildings of this kind of more modern



8. First Group of Temples, Pootoo—Front View

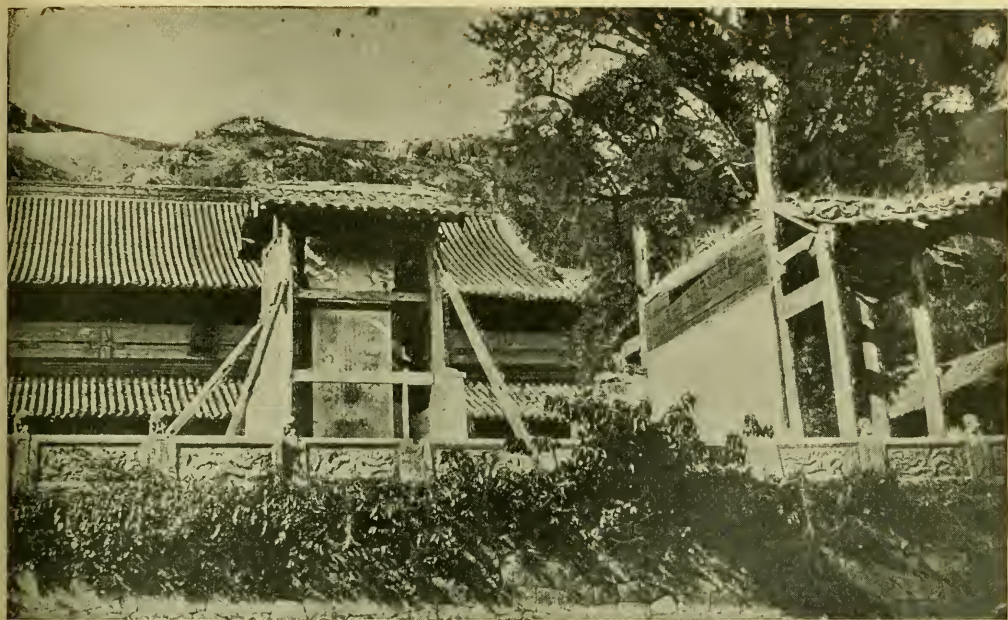
people inhabiting this place, doubtless a large proportion of them firmly believe that their modest pagoda on the hill is quite as capable of controlling those invisible currents of earth and air, so essential to their welfare, as is the loftiest and most pretentious *taa* in all China.

At Pootoo, another island off the coast of this country, is to be found a very remarkable group, or rather two groups, of temples. This place is one of the Chinese Meccas, and at certain times many perform the pilgrimage there in vessels and boats. In the event of storms occurring, hosts of these pious people frequently are drowned. I have a very complete series of the temples

date. Little, I believe, is known of its history; but to judge from its appearance, one would be inclined to suspect that it had been erected to commemorate either some important event or the memory of some person of distinction. Many of its parts are now overgrown with various kinds of plants, and some destruction of its ornamentation has taken place, especially at its summit; still the majority of the joints of its brickwork are yet very close, a feature apparently that has for all time characterized what has been done in this way by the Mongolian masons and builders.

As one passes in the direction of these





9. Tablet at Second Group of Temples, Pootoo—Erected to Commemorate the Visit of an Emperor

two groups of temples at Pootoo, and at no great distance from them, there is a bridge to be gone over, spanning as it does a wall-bound lily-pond, which latter is quite clear of plants upon one side of the bridge, but crowded full of them upon the other. This bridge is solidly built of heavy stone slabs, its span at the center being of no great size, and semi-cylindrical in form. There is a hand-rail upon either side on top, constructed fence-fashion, as shown in my photograph of this interesting example of bridge architecture in figure 5.

It is very different in design, however, from another well-known bridge in China, or the one spanning the creek leading from the Wampo River to the Flowery Dragon pagoda. This has spans of light timbers, supported by two substantial stone piers that stand in the bed of the creek, and by two very light stone piers, one upon either bank of the stream. These last have the width of the bridge, but are hardly of any thickness in the other direction. Either end of the bridge rests upon stone abutments, composed simply of flat slabs of stone. Above, a hand-rail traverses the entire length upon either side, it being built

of wood, with pickets and finishing-rail, as shown in figure 6, which is a reproduction of this well-known point of interest, occurring as it does, only a few miles above the city of Shanghai.

Sir W. Chambers has described one of the Buddhist temples—that at Ho-nang, which is not unlike those of India in arrangement; nor in other particulars, those I shall presently refer to of Pootoo. Sir William has said there—

is an extensive court, with avenue of trees, leading to a flight of steps and portico of four columns. In a second vestibule behind this are four colossal figures bearing various emblems. Beyond this is a very large second court, entirely surrounded by colonnades and small sleeping cells for the priests, or bonzes; in other words, a huge cloister, much like the Indian viharas. In the same ranges are four pavilions filled with idols, and large rooms for refectories, behind which are the kitchen, courts, etc. At the extreme corners of the grand court are four other pavilions, the dwellings of the higher order of priests. At equal distances behind each other, down the center of the court, are three larger pavilions, called *tings*, entered on each side by a flight of steps, and a fourth engaged in the cloister itself, and having a front portico and one flight of steps only. The first three are square, two stories in height, the lowest surrounded by

fourteen columns, each face or front showing six. They have rude caps, composed of eight brackets, projecting various ways. There are four species of *tings*,—three used for temples and the fourth for gardens; some having a gallery and fretted railing round the first floor on the outside, and the upper story being set back. The roofs all have the peculiar hollow dip which leads one to suppose their prototype was the tent, the sag of the cloth of which would suggest the form. They are frequently surmounted with a sort of cresting and finial, and each angle is turned up sharply, and ornamented with a dragon. Sometimes the columns have a frieze perforated in the form of frets; sometimes

steps, while tiled walks pass not only in front of the buildings, but also about the ponds. Knarled old cedar-trees grow upon the terraces and elsewhere, and much of the stonework is overrun with vines. To the rear of these temples, rounded, bald hills are seen, made the more forbidding by the outcroppings of rough rocks that they display. (See Fig. 8.)

In China, we also meet with another class of buildings, called *Toov Tang*, or ancestral halls, and any city worthy of the



10. Entrance to First Group of Temples, Pootoo

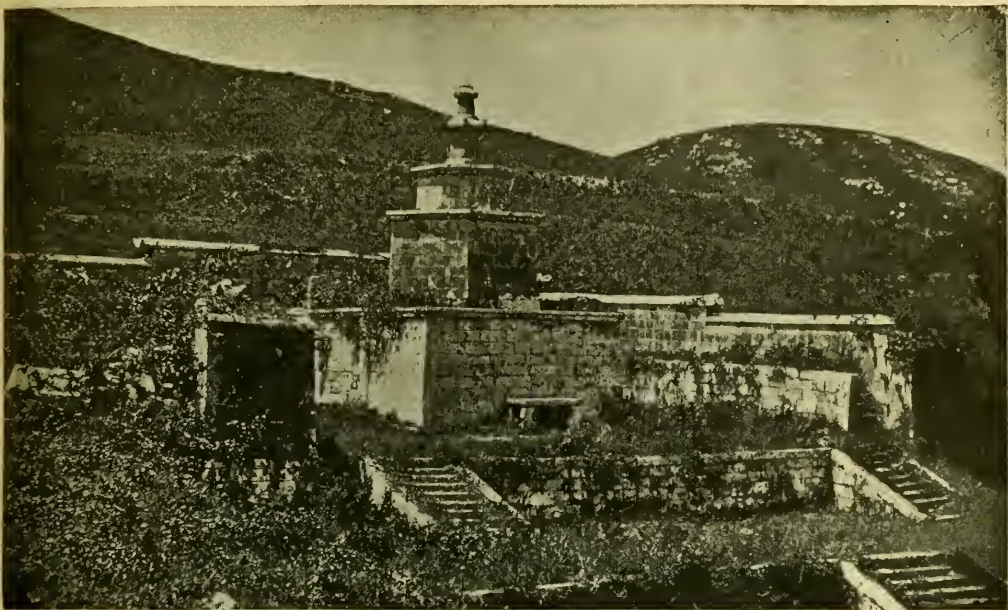
the same is also under the eaves of the upper roof. Examples are also seen of smaller octagonal *tings*, intended to cover the large vessels in which the Chinese burn gilt paper to their idols.

At Pootoo some of the temples are in ruins, some are in bad repair, while others are in fairly good condition; but they all have the general character of those on the mainland. The first group face the artificially inclosed ponds, presenting a most picturesque appearance. The buildings are upon a low, raised terrace, faced with stone, the ascent to which is by stone steps at three different points. A large image of a lion is seen upon either side of the central

name has one or two. Architecturally, they resemble the temples; but instead of containing the idols, they are erected for the purpose of preserving the great deeds of famous men, which are here inscribed upon memorial tablets and set in appropriate niches. Sometimes the acts of the emperors are thus recorded, and often upon tablets without the buildings, simply having a separate roofed shelter erected for them, of a suitable size. (See Fig. 9.)

Other means of honoring great men are seen in the erection all over the empire of monumental memorials, having the appearance of gateways, and others somewhat





11. Tomb at First Group of Temples, Pootoo

after the order of triumphal arches (*Pai Loo*, or *Pai Fang*). Frequently the smaller class of these are made of wood, while others are in stone. Nearly four thousand of these structures are recorded upon the official Chinese annals. (See Fig. 10.)

Large arches of this description have three entrances placed side by side, and the carvings and inscriptions stand out in bold relief upon the panels intended for them. Great uniformity of design characterizes the dwellings throughout the towns and cities of China. By law they are built to a scale to correspond with the rank of the occupant, and the rule is invariable for all classes. It has been told of a mandarin who built a house upon a scale too fine for his rank, that the Emperor compelled him to pull it down and erect one of more modest design.

In building the Chinese have a great preference for the light and strong bamboo, and from its convenience rarely employ squared timbers when round are at all available. Many of the illustrations to this article show the peculiarities of their roofs, with their exposed timbers and curious shapes. As everything in China seems to be performed in the very reverse order from the Caucasian, so it is with their

house-building, for they erect their roofs *first*, supporting them with temporary up-rights until the rest of the house is built beneath them. Stone and brick are both used; and, as I have said above, the jointings done with these materials are wonderfully close and perfect. Bricks are glazed in gorgeous colors, the summer palace at Peking being all in rich yellow (with marble base), the color reserved to royalty, while blues and vermilions are not altogether rare.

Often the main entrance to a house is a subcircular aperture, while they fill in their windows with the transparent lining of the oyster-shell.

An ordinary house will frequently measure two hundred and fifty feet by sixty; it being equally divided for nearly its entire length by a wide hallway. The front room upon either side of this is the shop, and each of these has its back shop. Then follow studies and small bedrooms; then a large reception-room upon either hand, looking on a garden which is made attractive with its fish-pond, fountain, and lilies. A couple more saloons follow, with additional bedrooms; then comes the great dining-hall, running the entire width of the house, supported by seven or eight col-

umns. To the rear of all this are set the kitchen and rooms for other purposes.

On the second floor there are two front bedrooms, one upon either side of the hallway, for the use of the shop-keeper. Back of this are the family bedrooms and living-rooms, between which is the small hallway designed for the household idol, and place of worship. Then follow more saloons and bedrooms, and, finally a great transverse hall over the dining-room, which is used for visitors. Should the house become crowded at any time, additional rooms are improvised by the use of movable screens and partitions. These are invariably found in every well-appointed Chinese household, and are first used in

subdividing the more sizable apartments. Tombs of almost every imaginable variety constitute other interesting features of the ancient and modern architecture of China. Some are very plain and unpretentious, while some are upon the grandest possible scale. Those of the Ming dynasty were truly of magnificent proportions, especially those built at Nanking and at Peking. Many in the latter city are now in ruins, as are an immense number of her dwelling-houses and ancient buildings. Indeed, history has few sadder chapters for us of this nature than the notice of the decay and disappearance of the remarkable buildings and structures of all kinds seen in the cities of the Orient.

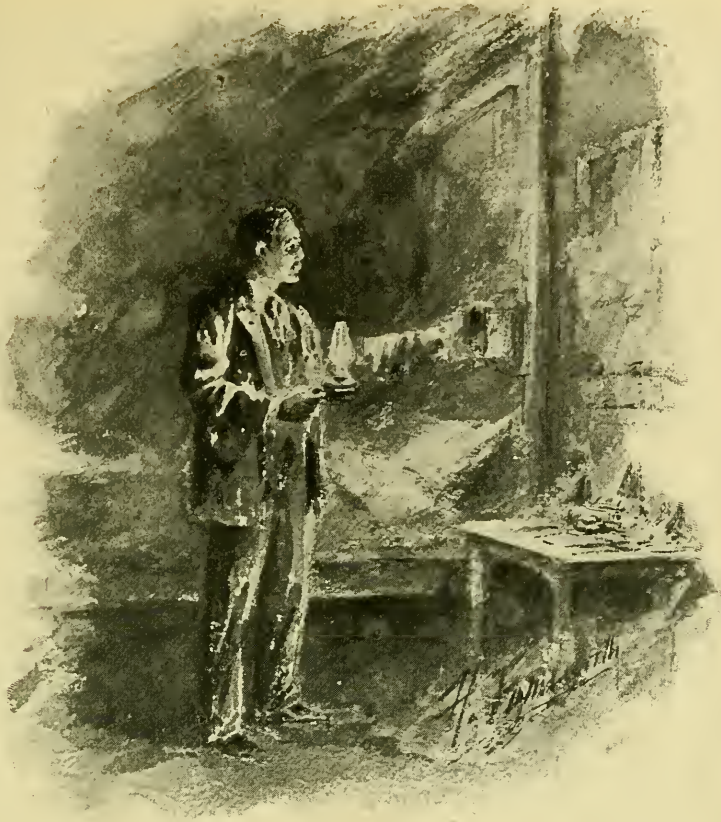


## IN POPPY TIME

THE sun has Midas-touched  
the earth. Behold,  
The hills, but yesterday so  
brown and bare,  
Transformed as if by magic.  
Everywhere  
The land's ashine with red,  
red poppy-gold.

*J. Torrey Connor.*





"It gave him a sick shudder"

## AN IMPROVED EXIT

By WILLIAM JOSHUA PHELPS

**J**OHN COLLINGSWOOD had decided to commit suicide, and now it only remained to select the method and perfect a few ante-mortuary details.

If serene old age may welcome death reverently, and not be thought wrong, may not younger life be justified, under some circumstances, in stretching out a hand to secure release? What a rest there is to the weary nerves in the thought of coming to the double bar—the end! When we were boys, you remember, and had filled the big slate quite full of figures over some very perplexing problem,—one of those prodigious hard things, as they then seemed,—

you remember, we gave it up for that day and rubbed the slate quite clean. The same impulse comes over us when we have filled twenty years full of hard work and the problem—our life's equation—remains perplexing still. What a rest, some day, just to rub it out!

The common conception of self-destruction includes a mind distraught with tempestuous passions or a body torn by disease. When we read that "stickful" of Associated Press which announces that Judkins C. Judd, aged thirty, shot himself last night, we ask, "Was it love, ill-health, or business?" And the common concep-

tion is most commonly right. John Collingswood, however, was not distraught; and his tranquil mind lived in one of those happy, healthy, unconscious bodies. He was not suffering from business reverses; for he had never known want, and business with him had so long been reversed that it could scarcely be said ever to have gone in a contrary direction.

No; suicide with John Collingswood was the simple logic of his destiny. It was a proposition to be proved by *x*, *y*, and *z*, and then to be acted upon with as little play of emotion as might be elicited in taking an indicator-card from one of his engines. "Given, a man who believes, or thinks that he believes, that death ends all, and that whatever of rewards or punishments come to us come in this material life. Let him be free of every obligation to kindred or society. If such a man should discover that the coming years would bring him much more of sorrow than of happiness, and if he have the strength to overcome the instinct of self-preservation, he may, and has the right, to end his life."

So reasoned John Collingswood, and reasoning still, the impulse to suicide grew into conviction and decision. Considering his duties, his rights, his privileges, his chances, temporal and spiritual, he could find little objection and much in favor of suicide.

John Collingswood was a tall, rather angular, rather stooped, and rather nervous chief engineer of the electric light and power station in a small Western city. His deep, mellow voice spoke in accents which betrayed a birth somewhere just about down in Maine. Though one could not call him handsome, his eyes were fine, with the alertness, the sparkle, the responsiveness of a child, and an expression of mirth which acquaintance failed to reveal in his nature. After a short conversation, the man, his clothes, the slide-rule or the monkey-wrench which he might be twirling in his hand, were all lost in the novelty and the strength of the thought which he would lavish upon any listener with the simple frankness and faith of a child.

John Collingswood was not accounted a hero in any sense. He had not sold papers and sawed wood to earn his way through college. He had gone through the small

Western institution, on the bounty of an uncle, with an average grade of scholarship, in a very average, normal, and uneventful way. Afterward, he had taken a course at a polytechnic, and was now entitled to write his name Collingswood, A.B., M.E.

Following advice and precedent, he had taken the first mechanic's work which offered, in order to gain practical experience; and there he had stayed, year after year, as the chief engineer of the electric light and power station in a small Western city. The high-sounding title meant, in fact, sixty dollars a month, long hours, and some pretty taxing greasy-glove work.

Taking account of stock, then, and finding, as he put it, that the "get-there" element had been left out of his make-up, and since to "get there" is the sum of pleasure in living, John Collingswood decided to die. There were none dependent on him, and no one to grieve for his loss except the blue-eyed girl back East to whom he had become engaged in the ambitious days when an engineering practice seemed just around the corner. True, the case of Mabel had presented some difficulties at first, but they had been thought out and overcome.

He realized that to take one's own life is not in America considered a brave thing to do, and he had just remaining pride enough to avoid such a disgrace—the disgrace of being found out. Since there was no special hurry about the departure, he was at liberty to select a method which would be free from pain and disgrace, and which, at the same time, would give him the pleasure of working out one more mechanical problem.

John Collingswood lived in the two upstairs front rooms of Widow Patterson's house, just two blocks from the station. The location had been selected so as to be handy to the plant; but as Collingswood said, it had proved altogether too handy, for the night-shift were forever calling him out to hunt trouble which they ought to have handled without help. However, his natural propensity to "stay put" kept him in the rooms where he had first landed on coming to the town.

Here there were gathered together the treasures which might be expected of ten years devoted to engineering enthusiasm. The book-shelves held, besides the general



reference-books and the sixty-three works in mathematics, electricity, and steam, some good fiction, a little history, and several of the essayists, but no poetry except "The Lady of the Lake." A pipe-rack and a majolica bowl of tobacco revealed the engineer's one indulgence. The room contained a draughtsman's table, a microscope, and a binocular such as travelers use, with the dust of years and the price-tag still on it. Except for its size, you might have thought yourself in the engineer's stateroom of an Atlantic liner. There was a recorder which traced in a wavering line of red ink the boiler-pressure for each minute of the twenty-four hours, and another recorder, similar in appearance, but arranged to "keep tab" on the volts or pressure of the electric current. A row of six small colored electric lights told which of the six dynamos were running, while a telegraph sounder clicked off every revolution of the big Corliss engine. The chief engineer was always at home when not on duty, and always on duty when at home,—always within sound of his telephone-bell,—till his very heart learned to beat in step with the engines. He dreamed of a vacation when he would spend two weeks out on the wide sea, for once away from the reach of telephones and telegraphs. No; he would extend the idea of a vacation, and amend the two weeks to include all time.

The decision had been reached one Saturday evening, between puffs of smoke which hung in the quiet autumn air as if loath to launch into untried space. How like the soul, Collingswood thought, clinging to the vile certainties of life, because *certainties*! The next day, being the second Sunday in the month, was theoretically a holiday for the chief engineer. He carted over from his treasure-house at the station, a high-voltage transformer, an old cup-anemometer, and an eight-day-clock movement. The transformer was to be the instrument of death. Connected to the regular electric-lighting circuits, it would produce a voltage two hundred times as great as that used to dispatch the murderer at Sing Sing. Sticks of wood, placed between its terminals, could be riven with miniature bolts of lightning.

Working in spare hours for several weeks, first at the drawing-table and later at the bench, Collingswood completed his

improved scientific suicide machine. The details of the apparatus were an absorbing joy to him down to the design of the smallest screw; and the blue prints, which are still preserved, attest the care and skill which he put into the work.

The bed which the chief engineer occupied had once been decked out with sham pillow-covers, and there was still on the headboard a kind of patent iron bail which had once served to lift the "shams" out of the way; but which now seemed to be expressly arranged to test temper, from its propensity to fall down in the middle of the night. The headboard also carried a pair of wires and a switch for the electric lights in the room. Rubbing off a little of the insulation from one of these wires, a very pretty "accidental" contact was made with the metal support of the sham-holder. Another "accidental" connection between the high-voltage transformer in the garret and the house-wiring completed one side of the electrocution circuit. The other arm of the circuit ran from the high-voltage transformer to the disused gas-pipes. From one of these pipes, which happened to be behind the bed, connection was made with the woven-wire spring mattress by means of a bare wire, tied as if to prevent the bed from being pulled too far away from the wall. The anemometer, on the roof, and the clock, in the outer room, were connected in local circuit with a magnet controlling a switch in the primary circuit of the transformer.

Complicated as these arrangements seem, Collingswood found them very simple, and amused himself by imagining the evidence at the coroner's inquest which would be held over him and the verdict of "accidental death."

It will be understood, that if the sham-holder should, "quite by accident," fall down, extending its iron rod across the chest of the sleeper, his body would be the connecting link between the mattress, on one side, and the sham-holder, on the other, each connected to opposite poles of the high-voltage transformer. That electrical Juggernaut, holding in its copper heart, within its massive iron chest, all the death-dealing powers of the bolts of Jove, reached out through iron and copper arms to the bed, and grasped the sleeping engineer between two iron hands which awaited



"John, dear," her last letter had begun

only the closing of a knife-blade switch to become alive with death.

Who was to close that switch?

The clock and the anemometer. The responsibility was to be divided between the suicide and Divine Providence. The suicide would point the gun; Divine Providence, as exemplified in the wind, would pull the trigger. Whenever, at precisely 3:10 A. M. (the hour at which Collingswood was born), the wind should be blowing at precisely thirty-two miles per hour (thirty-two his age) the blow would fall.

Having tested the electrocution circuit on a stray dog, decoyed to his room with a treacherous bone, the inventor approved his work, and gave himself a certificate of inspection. The anemometer began its ceaseless revolution in the wind.

The idea of terminating his life had now

so thoroughly taken possession of Collingswood that it required much schooling to avoid taking it into account in all his little every-day plans. Why should he buy a new suit of clothes? He would be buried in black, and the money would be of more use to his executor than the clothes. However, he was determined to write no farewell letters and to leave no appearance of having expected death. Therefore, he drove himself to commence a long series of experiments on the magnetic fatigue of iron. He commenced elaborate dynamo designs, and wrote several of his friends about plans for a vacation in the summer. It needed little acting to appear happy and normal, for he thought he had solved the question of his destiny; and the thought gave him content.

In one particular Collingswood changed.



Where before he had been careless of public opinion, he found himself anxious that people should think well of him and remember him pleasantly, even gratefully. Since each day might be his last, he checked the angry word and lost no chance of doing a kindness. His letters to Mabel, always punctual and methodical, but painfully matter-of-fact, were now tender and sentimental as they had never been before.

The men noticed the change in his temper. When things went wrong there were no more of those explosions which had been such a terror to all hands from the president down to Jimmie the wiper. Self-control and placidity had not been among the Collingswood virtues. Ben Brooks, the colored fireman, used to say that when the boss had one of those "short-circuits," he got so hot you could smell burning shellac anywhere within ten feet of him. "But Lawd!" he would continue, "there ain't no better-hearteder or fairer man dan Misser Collingswood in dis here county."

It must be owned that the first few nights under the pillow-sham-holder were not restful. Sleep was only secured by the use of an opiate; and Collingswood laughed to find himself taking so much pains to avoid an overdose. Why should he, self-sentenced, care whether there might be too much morphia in that powder? Too bad he was not writing a comedy so as to use the situation!

When we study, even carelessly, the various conditions under which man lives and works, under which man *has* lived and worked, we ask, is there anything to which the human cannot grow accustomed? Danger certainly loses its terror on a very short acquaintance. The engine-driver goes to his post, unmindful of the statistics which show, beyond a peradventure, that so and so many of him go through bridges and roll down embankments every day. Men work calmly enough in powder-mills, with the detonation of the explosion which has just sent eleven men to "kingdom come" scarcely gone from their ears.

So Collingswood in time grew to wear his daily expectation like an old coat with which one has become very well acquainted. As the days wore on, each one full of hard work, each one very like another, the

death-dealing pillow-sham-holder became an old story. He ceased to watch the record of wind-velocity, and slept, with the iron rod on his chest, as only the man who adds physical to mental exertion can sleep.

One night he remembered that his improved suicide machine would be all the better for a little cleaning. Perfunctorily, he opened the anemometer-case and began to wipe the wheels and levers. Suddenly, his eye caught the red line where it crossed the abscissa corresponding to a velocity of thirty-two miles per hour, and it gave him a sick shudder to note that the wind had blown with that velocity precisely at 3:10 A. M. Why was he alive then?

Looking through the record sheets of the recording volt-meter for a month back, he found that on the date of that wind from 3:00 to 3:15 A. M. the current had been turned off from the lightning circuits. Now he remembered complaining about it at the time, as the only break in an otherwise clean record of continuous service for eighteen months. How little he had suspected what that fifteen-minute shut-down had meant to him! He began to wonder whether, after all, he was really tired of life. Certainly he seemed to be losing interest in suicide, scientifically conducted. Mabel's letters, too, gave him a tight feeling around the heart, and he almost seemed guilty to write to her as he did.

John, dear, [her last letter had begun,] do you remember what day this is? It is our engagement anniversary. Eight years ago to-day we said we would get married so soon as you had established yourself in business. When life is so very short, is not eight years almost too long to spend in getting ready to live? I do not complain, John, but I think we both may have made a mistake in being so ambitious. You have said all along that you wanted to be able to keep me as well as I have lived at home; and yet I have wondered sometimes whether you loved me as much as you love your engines. I have wondered why it was that I kept on writing to you. I know why. It was because I could not help it.

In the last six months, though, your letters have changed. Did you know it? You seem often to write that which all along I have hoped was in your heart. And yet you do not understand me. You do not understand women. Do you know that I would marry you to-morrow if you were only making *half* as much money and were only *half* as noble? You say we can be very happy simply as engaged; and that it is nearly as good as being married, just to love and know that you are loved. It may be for you, but it never can be enough for me. I want to

be with you all the while, and to be part of your life, and I will give up much—for *you*.

Don't you suppose, if you asked them, they would give you ten dollars more. Ever so many people live on less than we would be having then. I have enough saved to furnish a rented house respectably, and I can surely continue to make some money teaching music, even in the West.

Last time you wrote about this you said you did not want to take a girl out of a nice, comfortable home and introduce her to poverty and a squalling baby. John, dear, a little squalling baby is what I want, is what would make me happy. You remember my schoolmate, Daisy Jackson, who married a Mr. Convers in Washington. She has just been home for a visit, bringing the sweetest little baby I ever saw. You know they have not more than a hundred dollars, which is not much in a big city, and they have to do without some things which they both had before they were married; but yet they are so happy! You can just see it in everything they do and say.

And then, there is the future. We would not always have so little money. You take always the gloomy outlook, John. It seems as though your motto was, "I won't see anything good in this world." It seems as though you were blaming God for not sending that which, perhaps, you have never asked Him for. I just can't help telling you all this, if it *does* sound like a sermon. Don't be angry with me. I tell you this because I love you, and because I want to be with you.

Let us be as happy as we can with your present salary, and if you never can make any more than that, be sure I will never complain. Have I spoken too plainly? I long to see you and say all that I cannot write.

MABEL.

The letter came in windy March when Collingswood was more than usually busy putting in some new machinery. The increasing business of the station had forced this work in an unfavorable season, and though the brunt of it all fell on the chief engineer, he had the satisfaction, than which, for the average man, there is none greater, of saying, "I told you so."

Wrestling through long hours with spirit-level and chalk-line and pipe-tongs, Mabel's words kept getting mixed up with the feet and inches. When he went home at night they were there in the lonely room to rebuke him.

It was on one of these nights when he had gone to bed late, dead tired, and unhappy, that the telephone called him up. Johnson, the night fireman, was talking:—

"We've lost a coil on the Number Two arc-machine, and the street lights are out. Becket has hurt his hand; so I guess you

will have to come over and help us get going."

Cursing his luck for having "hired a lot of helpless nincompoops," Collingswood jumped into his clothes and hurried, more from anger than from haste, to the station. There the familiar smell of burning shellac told its own story, while the moral atmosphere was no less redolent. All the lines were working badly in the high wind, and it was almost one man's work to tend the circuit-breakers. By the time Collingswood had pulled out the faulty armature and had put back the old "pumpkin type," which they kept on hand as an extra, he had worked himself into comparative docility, he had everything and everybody working sweetly, and went home promising himself an extra morning nap.

What was that as he approached the door? Something very like the sound of a fuse going. The light in his window flashed and went out. Then he knew the truth as he tremblingly struck a match to consult his watch. It was 3:10 A.M. That last half-hour's work, which he had not really been obliged to do, had given him another respite while the wind touched the thirty-two mark. What chance protected him?—or was it God's hand?

Hurrying up to his room, he was just in time to dash the contents of his water-pitcher on the flaming bedding. The work had been very well done. There it was—a great jagged hole in the mattress, just under the place where his heart would have been, except for that blessed burned armature. There would be no more sleeping that night; so he lit his pipe and sat down in the dark to think.

"Three weeks leave of absence, Collingswood?" Mr. Anthony McFarlane Mitchell, president and treasurer of the Blankburg Electric Light, Heat, Power, and Street Railway Company, looked up from his morning paper and took his feet down from the desk. "Three weeks to get married? Can't you make it two? Well, yes, certainly. I dare say we can manage to get along,—very glad to hear you are going to take a mate. And Collingswood," as the engineer turned to go, "in that case, I rather reckon we shall have to raise your salary twenty or twenty-five dollars when you get back."



# COLLEGE EDUCATION

## FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

By JOHN S. WHITE

THE American college of to-day is passing through a chrysalis-like transition, out of which it will shortly emerge as the full-fledged university. Three decades hence the word *college* may even require definition to be understood by the younger generation. This evolution of the American university presents an interesting study, and is fraught with deep significance to secondary education. The leading preparatory schools of the present time are doing practically the same work that was covered by Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, and other colleges, forty years ago, when the boy entered at fifteen years of age and was graduated before he was twenty. Some smattering there was, to be sure, of philosophy, natural theology, and logic, but it served only as a veneer upon a substructure that could rarely exhibit the breadth and thoroughness now attained in the work of the best secondary schools: Barring this, one may fairly state that the school has supplanted the college of the old days, and the college has developed into a higher school, which receives its candidates at an average age of almost nineteen years and carries them on with varying success through four years more of general education before they are permitted to attack the subjects proper to the intellectual training for a professional life.

Harm has therefore come to be wrought in two respects,—first, by postponing so long the date of entrance into the actual battle of life; and second, by developing that dilettanteism incident to false notions as to study and that attenuation of intellectual vigor and grasp so characteristic of the modern college life.

Under the elective system of some of our colleges, a deal of jockeying is done in the selection of what are called among the students "soft courses," in order to secure some object totally foreign to the legitimate purposes of the student's education and training; and in a large majority of cases the course of four years could, with ambition and steady application, be just as

well covered in three. Not long ago I heard two Harvard sophomores talking over their electives, and discovered that one had chosen his subjects in such a way as to secure the whole of every Wednesday free from recitations, and the other had made up his group to include a disconnected and uninteresting course in history and an easy course in French, in which subject he was proficient before entering college, for the sole reason that by this arrangement all his recitation periods would come before one o'clock, a consummation he greatly desired, as it left his afternoon hours free for athletic training. These evils could be largely remedied if election were allowed only from a number of groups of subjects to be arranged by the college faculty, who are far better competent to combine the various courses than is the average student, and who could thus eliminate or make impossible such incongruous, not to say preposterous, combinations.

In England and in Germany the great public schools and gymnasia retain their students until they are nearly twenty, and then present them for their professional studies in the university. Surely the elimination of the American college or the substitution of the university for it, with a consequent further enlargement of the sphere of the secondary school, is bound to be the outcome of our present illogical method of acquiring a liberal education. It is a question whether better men—better soldiers in the warfare of life—were not evolved from the old system, under which at twenty-two years of age the lawyer was pleading at the bar, the minister speaking from his pulpit, and the physician beginning his actual practice, than at the present time, when the candidate for the professions is only entering the college at nineteen, the professional school at twenty-three, and the work of life at twenty-seven. I am not depreciating the broader education we have aimed at and the far profounder learning which is possible; but I claim that for the mass of students three of these years of preparation may wisely

be saved for the business of life. If the student cannot win his spurs before he is twenty-five, he had better not ride!

Some years ago a score of the head-masters of preparatory schools were invited to meet a committee of the Harvard College faculty in Boston to discuss the requisitions for admission to college. It was expected that this session might occupy three or four hours; but an entire day proved all too short for the discussion of the many questions which were raised; and President Eliot himself acknowledged that those hours of fruitful discussion had contributed more to the solution of the difficulties which had faced the committee than had as many weeks of investigation and theorizing upon their part. Shortly after this time a convention of representatives from the various New England colleges met to decide upon a uniform system of requisitions for admission, a consummation which had long been earnestly begged for by the preparatory school-masters of the country. But, alas! this uniformity was secured in name and not in reality, the most marked feature being the adoption of a uniform list of text-books and authors for reading in English literature; and from that day to this the diversity and complexity of the requisitions have increased to an alarming extent. This fact is, of course, of little importance to those schools whose students are all fitting for the same institution; but in the case of a school which sends its students annually to a number of colleges, the labor of preparation becomes no sinecure.

Years ago Harvard College—always in the van in the march of improvement—gave notice that all candidates for admission, whether in classical or scientific course, must be thoroughly prepared in physics, with practical work in the laboratory, although no other college committee has ever dreamed of making such a requisition. Ten months ago word came from Columbia University that hereafter all students intending to enter the School of Mines must present themselves for examination in chemistry upon an amount of work which would require careful instruction, with laboratory practice, covering at least one year of five hours' recitation each week; and now comes the notice from Yale University that hereafter all students

presenting themselves for admission to the Sheffield Scientific School must be thoroughly prepared in the study of botany (!) and I am aware from the refusal of my earnest personal application that the faculty will not permit a student to offer any equivalent—not even the two years' work in physics asked for by Harvard, nor the year in chemistry asked for by Columbia. Again, the Sheffield Scientific School demands a knowledge of Latin almost equivalent to that in the classical course, while the Columbia School of Mines asks for no Latin, but for such a thorough knowledge of the modern languages as will enable the student to pursue his studies in both French and German text-books. These are but a few out of a dozen instances which almost any head-master of a preparatory school could readily cite; but even this statement does not half tell the tale, for where the requisitions are nominally alike, the method, variety, and thoroughness, of examination vary between the widest extremes. Take, for example, the subject of geometry. A student may be thoroughly prepared to pass the Harvard examination yet fail to pass the examination presented the same year for admission to Yale, and *vice versa*. This remark is applicable to almost every study in the preparatory curriculum; in other words, the colleges are persistently accumulating difficulties for the preparatory schools by increasing the diversity in their requisitions, without permitting an election of subjects upon the part of the candidate for admission, no matter how fully the elective system is carried out after the sacred precincts of the college have once been entered. Subject after subject is now demanded, without rhyme or reason, because these same studies need not be pursued in the college one hour after the examination has been passed. It has become not only a work of special refinement and difficulty to prepare a student to enter one of the leading colleges with credit, but the wide diversity in the requisitions, and in the kind and quality of the examinations, entails an enormous expense upon those preparatory schools which are not "feeders" for special colleges.

To better illustrate my meaning, I recall a graduating class of twenty-eight boys in a preparatory school of one of our leading



cities whose students were sent to entrance examinations at thirteen different institutions,—upon the classical side, to Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Williams, University of New York, University of Michigan, and University of Cincinnati; upon the scientific side, to Columbia School of Mines, Sheffield Scientific School, John C. Green School of Science, Lawrence Scientific School, and Lehigh University. What was true of this senior class obtained, no doubt, in other institutions, and it is easy to see that under such conditions satisfactory results can be reached only in a school largely endowed, or where the charges for tuition are comparatively very high; for at least three times as large a teaching force is required to present twenty-eight students thoroughly prepared for admission to thirteen different colleges and scientific schools as would be the case if the students were all in one course preparing for the same institution. A class must be cut into several divisions, and in some instances the work must necessarily be given to a single individual. Besides, thoroughly equipped chemical and physical laboratories must be the possessions of every such school.

Now, what are the horns of this dilemma which faces the preparatory schools of America to-day? Either the acquisition of ample endowments or the introduction of the elective system into the school three years before graduation, which can only be done by an agreement upon the part of the colleges to allow a variety of equivalents for the subjects demanded.

The present situation proves conclusively that the college authorities ignore the fact (with which every practical schoolmaster is conversant), that the mind of the growing child passes through three distinct stages. Up to eleven years of age he learns almost entirely from imitation. Abstract reasoning is beyond his power. I have rarely met a child of ten years who knew any more of arithmetic than I could readily have taught him in four weeks. At eleven he begins to reason logically, and should during the next five years be drilled in those subjects which he finds it difficult to acquire, in order to round out his intelligence and perfect his training, just as the knife is made sharp by whetting its edge against that which it cannot

cut. At sixteen the principle of election should come in, and the student's work should be differentiated for him. It is folly to force all pupils through the same cast-iron course, whether classical or scientific, from sixteen to nineteen years of age. Here is a boy who is quick at language, strong in history, but who has no special talent for mathematics. By his side sits one to whom mathematics and the sciences are as child's play, and yet another who is perhaps a genius in music and art, while the day may never come when he will be able to crack the orthographical nuts of the vernacular.

If the college will permit the schoolmaster to arrange for each of his pupils the course which he deems best suited to the boy's talents and capabilities during his last three years in school, a far better quality of preparation, a stronger generation of students,—a better set of men for the warfare of life,—will be secured than could possibly be hoped for under the present system of forcing all minds into the same unyielding mold, and the average age of graduation from the preparatory school into the college will be reduced from nineteen to below eighteen years of age. Another solution is that at which I have hinted above—the probable disappearance of the American college proper, or, in other words, the organization of the genuine university. Let us keep our boys until nearly twenty in the preparatory school. Let us give to them, as is done in the public schools of England and in the gymnasia of Germany, that broader culture in the classics which may be developed in another year with the Latin and Greek poets; let us give to the scientific boys more intelligent training in physics and chemistry, the broader courses of history, civil government, and English literature,—and to all a greater thoroughness of drill in the modern languages, with compulsory practice in the speaking of both French and German; and then let us send them to the university with a certificate of preparation, and not to a series of examinations which have never yet been, and will never become, the tests which the college examiners so fondly believe them to be. The schools will not abuse this privilege, have no fear, and many a student who is

now presented with confidence for admission to college in subjects upon which he has been crammed, but of which he has no real understanding, will find himself, to the great advantage both to himself and to the college, compelled to devote an additional year to his work of preparation.

To illustrate the point, twenty per cent of every senior class of eighteen years of age in the preparatory schools can never be *really taught* algebra, and yet all may be made to pass the college examination—even that one in which the conundrum idea prevails to the greatest extent; in other words, the boy may be crammed upon those pet forms of problem and question which the college is known to select for its examination, who ten weeks later could not, to save his life, answer intelligently a series of questions, oral or written, which would accurately test his knowledge. I contend that such a student, having no special capacity for the study of algebra, could far better have devoted at least one half the time which he must have given to this study to subjects suited to his natural abilities, and from which he would doubtless have derived far more valuable mental training.

The most pernicious effect of the present system of examinations for admission to college lies in the stimulus which it gives to this very practice of "cramming," which is a perpetual menace to real education. At the conference of schoolmasters referred to above, the preparatory schools came in for a large share of blame, because the majority of candidates for admission to college murdered the Queen's English, wrote an illegible or unformed hand, spelled like schoolboys of ten, and were careless in their figuring in mathematics. But what else could logically be expected when the colleges were demanding examinations in eighteen or twenty different subjects, embracing physics, mathematics, history, modern languages, and an ability to read Greek and Latin authors at sight, but did not ask the candidate to present himself for examination in spelling, writing, English grammar, or arithmetic,—the four fundamental subjects of an ordinary education. In order to pass without conditions in the twenty required subjects, a tenth of the senior class in any school must, from the nature of the case, be

"crammed" in mathematics, another tenth in Greek, and so on, inasmuch as a dull mind and memory cannot be developed by the ordinary processes of recitation so as to retain for the final test so diversified a range of subjects. The teacher is therefore practically helpless when he attempts to secure good work from such a student in still other subjects upon which the college asks no examination. In the matter of English, to be sure, this weakness has been largely remedied by the newer, though not altogether judicious, requisitions which the colleges have come to demand.

As a teacher of the classics, I often have occasion to recall an incident which occurred when I was a boy in the Boston Latin School. The head-master, Dr. Francis Gardiner, who had become greatly provoked by the poor showing made by his class one day in Vergil, exclaimed with indignation, "What in the world are you going to Harvard College for?"

One boy replied, "To get an education"; another, "To enjoy the refinements and pleasures of college life"; still another, "To develop my mind."

"Nothing of the sort," he thundered. "You are going to Harvard simply to get on to the list of the Boston peerage."

The spice of truth in this epigram suggests another handicap under which the preparatory school is forced to struggle,—namely, that every class contains a number of boys who must be prepared for college simply because it is the proper caper to go, although they have no special fitness for a higher education. Yet I do not wish to be understood as decrying the merits of this class of students, for to no one is a college education of greater value than to a young man of fair, or perhaps inferior, abilities, who is destined to occupy a position of trust or influence in business, society, or politics.

Most of these difficulties would vanish if the schoolmaster had the option to present his candidates upon a certificate of thoroughness of preparation, with the right to elect from specified subjects or groups of subjects, the course which each student should pursue, and he would no longer be met with the constantly recurring request, "Pray excuse my son from the further study of English grammar, [or physics,



or what not,] as it is not required for admission to the college which he must enter, and I think he has all he can do to cover the necessary subjects." On the contrary, he would be able to say to the parent, "I believe that I have determined correctly what is best for the training and development of your son, and I can give him my certificate only upon his completing the course I have prescribed."

Grant to the schools these privileges of election and the right to present candidates upon certificate, and the next five years will witness a revolution. The schools of real merit will have royally earned their right to such recognition, and the colleges throughout the land will begin to receive students possessed of a quality of training, a keenness of grasp, and a maturity of perception, to-day practically unknown.



## JAPAN, THE YOUNGEST BORN

SHE sits afar on flowery isles,  
To Europe's frowns gives beams and smiles,  
Softly uncovering China's wiles:

Gentle little Japan!

She worships her chrysanthemum;  
Makes love 'neath cherry bloom and plum,  
With sonnets for each fair Yum-Yum:

Gentle little Japan.

Marches to battle and to win!  
Nor dreams her victory a sin;—  
Thus to the world she is but kin,

Gentle little Japan.

What fate for thee, thou youngest born  
Of nations, lately held in scorn?  
Noonday more glorious than thy morn,

Gentle little Japan?

Or wilt thou bend for Teuton weal,  
To Gallic guns and Slavic heel,  
Or new-born power thy strength reveal,

Gentle little Japan?

Who, who the horoscope shall cast,  
Or gauge thy future by the past?  
Who forge the chains to bind thee fast,  
Gentle little Japan?

*Margaret A. Brooks.*

# WHY THE ELEVEN:TWENTY-NINE WAS LATE

By MARY T. VAN DENBURGH

IN the early fifties the Lucky Strike Tavern was famous for the regularity with which the stage drew up at its door each day, and for the excellence of the dinner which followed soon after this event.

Five miles down the river a shrewd Quaker was making a fortune out of the ground, not by mining, but by raising vegetables and small fruits, which he sold to the company that owned the tavern and the stage. As he cultivated his garden, he often turned up glittering yellow particles of gold; but he kept to his original plan, and also kept his money. In this he differed from many of the miners, whose wealth came so easily that they did not hesitate to spend it as quickly as it had come. They traveled for miles, to the Lucky Strike, to dine on the thrifty Quaker's fresh fruits and vegetables. On this warm July day the bill of fare was as follows:—

Meat and potatoes . . . . .	\$1 00
Square meal, including fresh butter, and pudding made from fresh eggs and milk . . . . .	5 00

## EXTRA.

Green corn, string beans, green peas, or tomatoes . . . . .	\$1 00
Strawberries, blackberries, rasp- berries, watermelon, or musk- melon . . . . .	3 00

At no other place in California could such a dinner be offered to the hungry guests.

The stage-driver was Dick James, and it was his boast that every day for four years he had pulled up his horses at the door of the Lucky Strike at exactly 11:29. He required of the company that they should keep the road in good condition, and his horses were picked from hundreds for their speed and endurance.

There were those who said that when the bridge was washed away, and Dick had been obliged to drive to the lower one, his watch showed a suspicious difference of seven minutes from the tavern clock; but it is the misfortune of all truly great men to inspire envy in those who are less talented, and as there were no passengers on that

occasion, Dick could not prove his integrity. Certain it is, that when he drew up at the tavern the hands of his big silver watch marked exactly 11:29 as usual. And so it was, day in and day out, rain or shine, until the men ceased to speak of the stage, but invariably called it "The 11:29."

At half-past ten the idlers began to assemble at the Lucky Strike; then came the miners who had business with some one they knew they should find there; and so the number grew, until at 11:25 the workers came, those who expected letters or tools, or who had come to dine at the tavern.

Thus it was on the day that came to be spoken of as "the day the 11:29 was late." The men were having a discussion as to the size and value of some recently discovered nuggets, when suddenly some one exclaimed, "Thunder and blazes! the 11:29 is going to be late to-day, sure!"

Watches were consulted, and it was found to be twenty-eight minutes past eleven o'clock, and the stage was not in sight. Immediately all was excitement and confusion.

"Don't you see her, Tom? You've got the eyes of an Injun."

Tom shaded his eyes with his hand, and gave the road a long, searching look. "Nary 11:29 on that road," was his verdict.

They weighed the probabilities of accidents or a hold-up, and the minutes slipped away until it lacked only a quarter of twelve. Then, just as a party with horses and guns was going to the rescue, Tom announced, "I see her, but she's got a queer look to her,—looks shorter'n ordinary."

While they are waiting at the tavern, let us go back to the stage, and learn what had happened.

At the start, in the cool early morning, everything promised a good run. There were several passengers and a valuable express-box, so that Dick James had listeners for the remarks he addressed to the



avored ones, and also a pleasant sense of responsibility for the safety of the treasure, and this put him in a rare good humor. When the fog had melted away, and the air grew hot, a little breeze came up, and carried the dust away from the stage. The four horses kept on a fast trot, except where Dick allowed them to gallop, and all went well until the long slanting shadows of the morning had changed to the short ones which showed the travelers that midday was approaching, and that they were nearing the end of their journey. As horses and men were thinking of the good dinner they would have at the Lucky Strike, a turn of the road revealed a man, sharply outlined against the white dust, apparently waiting for the stage.

"Queer for a road agent to show up plain, like that," muttered Dick; but he changed lines and whip to his left hand, leaving the right free for his pistol.

The passengers, seeing his preparations, also made ready for defense, but when they had driven near enough for a distant view of the man, they were amazed to hear Dick burst into a fit of hearty laughter.

"It's the Quaker!" he exclaimed. "This will be a joke on me, if the boys hear I was afraid of a hold-up by the Quaker. Hello, Broadbrim!" he continued; "there's no seeds, nor plants, nor even orders, for you to-day. Maybe you want to send along some garden truck, though. Hand it up lively, then."

"Nay, Richard James, I have nothing to send by thee to-day. The company is owing me money, and not until it is paid will they have more of the produce of my garden." As he spoke he went to the leaders, and unbuckled part of the harness.

"What's the matter?" asked the driver. "Strap twisted?"

The Quaker made no reply, but with

surprising rapidity unhitched the horses, cut the lines, and led the animals to a narrow opening in the dense undergrowth by the side of the road, saying, as he passed the astonished Dick: "Thee may tell the company that when the money which is rightfully mine is paid, I will return the beasts. Thee knows it is useless to try to take them from me by force. Drive on, or thee will be late, Richard James." And man and horses disappeared in the thick brush.

To say that Dick James was surprised is a statement that falls short of the truth. He was stupefied with amazement, and sat there with varied expressions of anger, mirth, and helplessness, following each other on his sunburnt face. Then he found relief in speech:—

"The Quaker it was, after all. To think that Dick James owes his first hold-up to a broadbrimmed Quaker! He's the only man who could have done it, for he's the one man here who will not fight. He's right when he says I can't take my horses, for he's obstinate as a mule, and he won't give them up unless he is made to, and Dick James never yet fought a man who won't fight back, and never will. Those horses can't be replaced in a hurry, and the company will have to pay up and get them back, or I stop driving. I would rather be shot than to bring the 11:29 up late to the Lucky Strike, and all the boys there waiting for me." And Dick groaned as he cracked the whip over the backs of the wheelers.

They traveled well, but two horses cannot do the work of four; and so it happened that the hands of the silver watch and those of the tavern clock agreed in giving the time as thirteen minutes to twelve when the stage stopped at the Lucky Strike and the men overwhelmed Dick with questions on the day that the 11:29 was late.



# THE LITERARY DEVELOPMENT OF THE FAR NORTHWEST

By HERBERT BASHFORD

THE development of art and literature in the New Northwest, and I speak more especially of the Evergreen State, is of but recent origin. Fifteen years ago, in fact, comparatively nothing had been accomplished in this direction. The great Emerald Land was almost a wilderness then. Fifteen years is a short time, and yet within this brief period alone huge forests have been felled, and in their stead strong young cities have risen as if by magic, and in their matchless harbors, where but a few years before only the canoe of the Indian was seen, great steamships cast anchor from every portion of the globe. When the tide of immigration turned toward this new empire, every train brought its load of fortune-hunters—men eager to acquire sudden wealth. Almost fabulous tales are told of riches gained in a single day or hour by investments in corner-lots, which, as Whittier has said, were “staked for sale above old Indian graves.” What a mad rush for wealth! Such a frantic struggle of tossed and tumbled humanity! As an illustration of this, when some land company had platted a new townsite or addition, and the sale of lots was to begin on a certain morning, men were known to remain all night at the company’s office in order to secure the choicest locations. Shrewd investors made their thousands. Those who were forced to borrow a few dollars on their arrival in the new land often became millionaires within a year. No one seemed to escape the feverish desire for gain. “More gold! more gold!” was the one thought on which the minds of men were concentrated, and to the accomplishment of which they bent every energy. The Far Northwest was a vast whirlpool of speculative excitement.

With this greed for gain a veritable passion, art and literature, those flowers of civilization, found no soil in which to grow. The intense materialism of the New Northwest at its early settlement did not inspire the thought that elevates mankind. There was no “literary atmosphere” in this re-

gion. On the contrary, the air was filled with plots, plans, and subtle schemes, and

In alien ways remote the Muse went wandering.

We have all heard that familiar phrase, “The boom dropped.” This meant a great deal to those of the Evergreen State. It meant fortunes lost, hopes shattered, and despair—even suicide. The boom dropped,—or, in other words, the growth of the country became normal, as any growth should be healthful. For a while all were stunned at the sudden collapse of things. People found time to look about them and contemplate their surroundings. With minds diverted from speculations in corner-lots, the impressive character of the scenic beauty of the region appealed to them—many of them, at least. Nature in all of her wonderful majesty had been hidden from these people by the blinding glare of their golden idol. When that which they so worshiped had been taken away, they beheld for the first time the real glory of their cloud-capped peaks and sapphire seas. The imagination now began to assert itself, and to many eyes which had previously seen only shining dollars, the landscape took on an added beauty. Mt. Rainier, that great white pyramid of the Creator, that awe-inspiring stairway to the stars, became the subject for the versifier and the artist. Paintings in oil and sketches in water-colors of this king of peaks were to be seen in the parlor and in the show-window. It is true the greater portion of these attempts in art were extravagant and oftentimes very crude, but they showed unmistakably that the spiritual qualities of the people were awakening to the beauty of their surroundings. Universities and art museums were founded, and libraries were established in the cities. Literary societies were formed in various sections for the study of the great masters of literature, and lectures on literary topics were attended with interest. A magazine was founded in the



city of Portland. It bore the title of *The West Shore*, and flourished for a time. It published the first writings of several Northwest authors whose names to-day are familiar to readers of current literature.

It is not to be expected that a newly-settled region such as this should so soon command special attention in the arts. We have scores of young men and women devoting themselves to art, one of whom has within the past three years gained a world-wide reputation as a cartoonist. He is an Oregonian, and his name is Homer Davenport. Other artists, having identified themselves with the country early in its settlement, yet no longer residents, are looked upon by the people as one of their own. Among the most noteworthy of these lovers of the beautiful is Mr. J. E. Stuart, whose paintings of Mount Rainier and Mount Hood, with their sunset hues and purple-mist effects, have never been excelled. Mr. W. E. Rollins is an exceptionally talented marine artist, his pictures having attracted marked attention in Eastern exhibits.

The literary pioneer of the Far Northwest, who began writing long before the "boom" days, as we term them, is Mr. Joaquin Miller, whom California now claims for her own. In 1868, Mr. Miller published, in the town of Portland, a book of verse entitled "*Joaquin et al.*," the first volume of poetry this region gave to the world, and of the remarkable achievements of the poet in after years the Emerald Land is justly proud.

Another of the earlier writers is Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor, who possesses a rare versatility in the various branches of literature. She has devoted much of her time to writings of an historical nature, prominent among her books being "*The River of the West*." She has also contributed to the magazines poems, sketches, and novelettes, and under the pen-name, "Florence Fane," she long assisted to maintain the popularity of California's magazine, *The Golden Era*. The late Elwood Evans may also be mentioned as a pioneer historian, and one whose writings are of inestimable value, to the State of Washington in particular. Among more recent of the literary guild who from their long residence in the Northwest will always be associated with its history, are the two

humorists, Mr. Lee Fairchild and Colonel Will Visscher. They have drifted away from the North Pacific shore, and the Evergreen State has lost two of its most versatile lights.

Those who are devoting themselves to literary pursuits, and who have won recognition, are by no means numerous. Harry T. Wells, who edited the *West Shore*, is the author of an excellent history of Oregon, and has written many charming descriptions of mountain scenery. Carrie Blake Morgan is a poet and short-story writer of acknowledged ability, and Batterman Lindsay is delighting lovers of fiction with her admirable studies of Western character. Mrs. Carrie Shaw Rice is the poet of childhood, many of her verses having found their way into the school text-books. Frank Carleton Teck writes finished verse for Eastern and Western journals, and gives promise of a bright future.

The foremost writer on economic and social problems is the present Governor of Washington, Hon. John R. Rogers, who has devoted a lifetime to those questions which form the political issues of the day. His writings bear evidence of ripe scholarship and wide research. Governor Rogers has an epigrammatic style of composition which distinguishes his work from that of all other of our writers on political economy. His papers in the *Arena*, bearing especially upon the subject of industrial freedom, have attracted wide attention and no slight discussion among those who do not agree with his views. Among his books may be mentioned, "Homes for the Homeless," "Free Land," and "The Rights of Man." He has also written a novel entitled "Looking Forward," a study of our industrial conditions, which is to appear in the near future.

An author of the New Northwest who has attained an enviable reputation throughout America, and of whom her people feel very proud, is Mrs. Ella Higginson, of Whatcom, Washington. This gifted writer has published two books, "The Land of the Snow-Pearls," and "A Forest Orchid," collections of short stories, the first containing that most exquisite tale, "The Takin'-in of Old Miss Lane," which won the prize of five hundred dollars offered by *McClure's Magazine* in the short-story competition. Everything from her pen

shows its author's ardent devotion to the great inland sea beside which she lives and the glorious snow-peaks towering above. This passionate love of nature in all its wildness is the most delightful feature of Mrs. Higginson's work. Her portrayal of Northwest life, with its hard-worked rancher, its rough yet tender-hearted logger, and its aspiring type of girlhood shut away from young associates by the dark-green forest walls, is exceptionally vivid. Her men and women are of real flesh and blood, and are drawn with a firm hand. If "art is selection," Mrs. Higginson's success in fiction shows it to be selection of first-hand material. We frequently hear the novelist derided who writes wholly of a particular section of the country. It is sometimes said that he has fenced off a little field of his own, and intends to work it so long as it proves productive. If our writers of fiction are to give us truthful pictures of life, they must know the regions they describe and the exact conditions which surround the people. In other words, the writer must come into contact with the life he pictures or the portrait cannot be a true one. It seems to me that authors devoting themselves to studies of certain sections seldom fail in presenting true pictures, and in this fidelity to life Mrs. Higginson has certainly distinguished herself. Her poems, a collection of which the Macmillans have in press, possess an exquisite grace and charm of expression. Especially successful is she in that difficult form of poetic composition, the sonnet.

Concerning the attainments of the New Northwest in the field of art and letters, I feel that they are at the least worthy of consideration. Certain hardships confront our writers. The remoteness from literary markets is frequently a source of annoyance. Again, our authors sometimes assert, and it would be difficult to convince them otherwise, that the editors of Eastern periodicals discriminate against them; that the wares they offer are not regarded with the same favor as are those coming from New York or Boston. While this is doubtless a false belief, it is a fact that our writers are often subjected to unjust criticism, simply for the reason that those who find fault with their productions have never seen the region described, and consequently are ignorant of its peculiar features.

To them the poem or picture naturally appears extravagant and unreal. Joaquin Miller's lines, for instance, are often thought to be too highly colored to give an accurate conception of the Sunset Land.

Where the plants are as trees,  
Where the trees are as towers,—

sings the Poet of the Sierras, and the far-away New England critic questions the assertion that plants are as trees, and terms the expression "extravagant description." But in the great wilderness of the Far Northwest a man can lose himself among the dense forests of ferns. They grow much higher than one's head, and form such a canopy of green that the sky is shut from view. The plants are as trees, and the poet's picture is not overdrawn. The peculiar coloring of this region is unappreciated by the majority of those who have not seen it for themselves.

Once, when visiting an exposition, and while passing through the art department, I came upon an artist friend who was apparently enjoying the caustic remarks of the passers-by concerning one of his paintings, entitled "An Alaska Lake." The color of the water might be properly called an ultramarine blue, and in contrast with the surrounding hills of snow it was strikingly brilliant, and brought forth from ready critics much adverse comment. And yet it was an exact reproduction of nature's coloring, and of course the artist was perfectly satisfied with his work, and took the scathing criticism in the very best humor.

The vastness of the West is misunderstood in the same way as was the coloring of this Alaskan lake. O, the noble majesty of these mountain ranges! White with everlasting snow; with cloudy turbans wound about their rugged brows and a veil of purple haze across their breasts, they look down in solemn grandeur upon the undulating green of those trackless forests of fir. No pen can describe the marvelous splendor of these peaks, and no brush can portray their peerless beauty to the world. The eye never tires of looking at their awful chasms and gleaming pinnacles. They roll and toss in the violet heavens as billows upon the sea; they lift a robe of purity to the dawn, and burst into rosy bloom at the touch of the sinking sun. Cold and gray under a lowering sky, aflame



with the golden light of noon, or half seen through the rents of rolling clouds, these peaks are ever a source of admiration and wonderment. Why should not such scenes produce artists and poets?

The mighty mountains of this new land are not more beautiful than its Puget Sound, the greatest of America's inland seas, which winds its way into the very heart of earth's most magnificent forest of fir. Puget Sound is irresistibly fascinating. It has a singularly indescribable charm. Every glimpse of shore, every winding bay and inlet, is a picture throbbing with color. And such color! Such sunsets on its waters! A sky aflame with poppies and a sea that burns like the fire in the heart of an opal, soft-winged gulls in silver clouds drifting above, each fir upon the shore a flaming torch, each peak reflected in the glassy tide a tower of burnished gold, and the million ever-changing, ever-shifting hues of sky and water. What radiance! What unspeakable beauty! Is it to be wondered at that many seize palette and brush and attempt to reproduce this mass of color on canvas, or that others should strive to describe in verse the entrancing grandeur of the scene? Then, too, the woods—the miles upon miles of unbroken forest, with its varied shades of green. In these deep woods there is eternal twilight. The sunshine never enters this dim abode of Solitude. The winding forest aisles hold the silence of centuries. Such silence — impressive, profound! The very boughs seem weighed down with its intensity. Long banners of moss, gray as from age, hang from the massive limbs of the firs, and the earth beneath wears a robe of perpetual green. Somewhere in the gloom a white lily drowns like a slender taper burning dimly in the majestic halls of sleep. It is here, in the solemn cathedrals of nature's fashioning, that "man owns up his littleness to God"; for in their holy silence the heart is ever in prayer. O, the sublimity of these dim old forests of the Far Northwest! Would that a Milton might give them voice!

It may be that I have dwelt too long upon the scenic grandeur of the North Pacific region; but this majesty in nature has much to do in determining its possibilities in art and literature. As a general rule, environment molds the mind. Lofty peaks inspire lofty thought. A man dwelling

upon a desolate plain sees no poetry in the surrounding landscape, nor does the painter thrill with ecstasy as he views the arid levels of a desert land. As Philip Gilbert Hamerton has said:—

All sights and sounds have their influence upon our thoughts. We are like blank paper, that takes a tint by reflection from what is nearest, and changes it as its surroundings change. In a dull, gray room, how gray and dull it looks! but it will be bathed in rose or amber, if the hangings are crimson or yellow.

The history of the Old World shows us that it is in those countries where nature is most majestic that art has found its inspiration and attained its greatest perfection. The shore of the sea, the flashing peak of a mountain range, the river leaping through its rocky gorge, and the vast slow-breathing forest, with its impressive dignity, are potent factors when considering the possibilities of a country in art and letters. Why should the Emerald Land not give birth to poets and painters? Surely it possesses those elements which inspire men to high thought and lead them to holier heights.

A rare field here awaits the novelist—a field rich in material. Every peak and every waterfall has its poetic legend. There are mountain ranges yet unexplored, rugged cañons which tradition veils in haunting mysteries. The life in the mines, among the fishermen, and in the logging-camps, with all its hardships, joys, and sorrows, has never yet, one might say, been portrayed to the world. And what entrancing picturesque and dramatic strength it contains! It is a fascinating freedom these people enjoy in the mammoth woods of this new land—a freedom not easily comprehended by those who have known nothing but the conventionalities of an older civilization. This spirit of freedom breathes through all the writings of Western authors—poets and novelists—who do not draw their inspiration from the world of books, but from the life that surrounds them. And in the dawn of Northwest literature it is most encouraging to note the creative power exhibited, the getting away from Old World restrictions and stereotyped forms. It is not so much a question of culture, but of wisdom—the ability to do or say something that is not a mere imitation of Old World models. And herein lies the

literary strength of the entire West, regardless of its particular section. No mere imitator ever yet gave the world a great poem, and perhaps this may have prompted the Eastern critic to assert that we are now in the twilight of the poets. I can take no such gloomy view; and if I may be so bold as to prophesy, the morn of the poets has just begun, and the great singer of the West that is to come will pipe neither of Trojan wars nor of Greek mythology, but will celebrate in immortal song the land of his birth. He will not find his inspiration in the tombs of the Past. He will be the interpreter of Nature, and the glory of her colors will be reflected in the fountain of

his song. The Emerald Land as described from a car-window by some literary tourist has never yet recognized the portrait drawn of her, and she never will.

Perhaps I am too sanguine as to the literary promise of the New Northwest. It is true there needs must be a channel for utterance or the author remains in shadow; but magazines and publishing-houses are on their way. Of course, to the conservative critic of the Far East, the assumption that the Northwest could be otherwise than crude and illiterate might seem one of the improbabilities; and yet to me the future of this land in art and letters is as bright as the snows of its glorious peaks.

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## VIA CRUCIS

GRIEVED a poet in his fame's high splendor,  
 For his fair wife sleeping in the mold;  
 "Never was a heart so true, so tender,"—  
 Thus he mourned, and would not be consoled.

And the burden of his plaint was ever,—  
 "She had shared my struggles and my care  
 When the world frowned on me, but she never  
 Lived to see the laurel wreath I wear."

Till to him from out the fields Elysian  
 Came she as the vesper bells were rung,  
 Saying to him softly in a vision,—  
 "Had I stayed with thee, thou hadst not sung.

"Earth is full of pain it can but mutter,  
 Each man hath an ache he dare not name,  
 And the one who findeth tongue to utter  
 All this pent-up anguish—his is fame.

"In thy youthful joy thou couldst but borrow  
 Notes of sympathy, which reached but few;  
 Now, thy sorrow makes thee voice all sorrow."  
 And the poet woke and knew it true.

*Laveine R. Sherwood.*



## AMERICA'S MISSION

**B**RED to the White Man's burden —  
Exiles from native land  
By stormy seas were driven  
On a bleak and hostile strand,  
To fix a nation's moorings  
In unknown regions wild,  
Filled with fierce, painted people,  
"Half devil and half child."

Bred to the White Man's burden —  
Defending home and hearth  
From savage tribes, and Despot —  
The greediest of Earth,  
Through years of bloody warfare  
To victory—and yet,  
"Take up the White Man's burden!"  
He saith, "lest we forget."

Bred to the White Man's burden —  
With fortitude to wait  
Christ's promise to the humble,  
Despite oppression's hate,  
Until o'er plains and mountains,  
Reaching from sea to sea,  
Extends, at last, one Nation —  
"Home of the brave and free."

Bred to the White Man's burden —  
Alike through war and peace  
Who "filled the mouth of famine,  
And bade the sickness cease," —  
Who smote the heartless tyrant  
In sea-girt isles and fair,  
To break the bondsman's fetters  
And plant God's freedom there?

Bred to the White Man's burden —  
Why sings our British bard  
To lead untutored statesmen,  
In lines untried and hard?  
Nor England's lust for treasure  
Nor Spain's blind, cruel pride,  
Shines forth in cloudless splendor,  
Meet for Columbia's guide.

Not haughty pomp of empire,  
Not greed of shining gold,  
May guide our Ship of Freedom  
Through ages yet untold;  
'Tis but time-serving folly,  
This "judgment of our peers,"  
The King of kings in judgment  
Doth sit through all the years.

Not by the curse of Noah  
Can Japheth's sons reclaim  
Their dark-eyed, down-trod brothers,  
From sloth and heathen shame;  
But through Christ's new commandment,  
With Justice, Truth, and Right,  
The blood-stained, sea-girt islands  
Shall bask in Freedom's light.

*R. K. Beecham.*

# THE LAST DAYS OF OLD JOHN BROWN

By LOU V. CHAPIN

(Illustrated mainly by Merle Johnson, from photos in the possession of Mrs. Ruth Brown Thompson)

**N**EARLY forty years ago, on the day (December 2, 1859) when John Brown, the hero of Osawatimie and Harper's Ferry, looked his last upon the earth and sky, Edmond Sears wrote these prophetic lines:—

Not any spot six feet by two,  
Will hold a man like thee;  
John Brown will tramp the shaking earth,  
From the Blue Ridge to the sea,  
Till the strong angel comes at last,  
And opes the dungeon door,  
And God's great charter holds and waves,  
O'er all his humble poor.

No man was ever more misunderstood by the majority of his compeers than was Old John Brown; but in the clearer perspective gained by added distance from those troublous days when he was an actor in the drama of history we of this generation are able to gain the true aspect of this grand figure in the struggle against oppression, and to recognize in him a relation to those pivotal men who by nature and environment are predestined historic characters. As Cromwell appeared upon the stage of England's story at the proper moment for Anglo-Saxon freedom, so John Brown, that later Puritan, came at the right time to strike his great blow and die his great death for American liberty.

Many persons still believe that "Old Brown of Osawatimie" was one of those vulgar ruffians who delight in blood and the spectacular, and others class him with cranks of the Guiteau stripe, whose thirst for notoriety leads them to crime. Nothing could be farther from the truth; and those who knew him well and appreciated his character while he lived hold him in increasing veneration as time goes on. John Brown himself had a clear view of the future, and while in prison at Charleston, Virginia, repeatedly declared that his death would be of more value to his beloved cause than his further existence could be, and that the time would come when none would blush to acknowledge relationship to "Old John Brown."

Ruth Brown Thompson, the eldest

daughter of John Brown, lives at Pasadena, California, with her aged husband, Henry Thompson, an actor in the Kansas Free-Soil agitation. She was a mature woman when John Brown first became known as the champion of the slave, and her memory of her father is very vivid. Those aspects of his character which could be known only to members of his own family are the ones most revered by Mrs. Thompson, who relates incidents of her childhood with a lucidity that indicates that she has the family gift of expression. Old John Brown's letters are models of clear diction, and remain as perfect refutation of the charge that he was a crazy fanatic.

Ruth Brown Thompson lives in a rose-embowered cottage on the edge of a little mesa, with a view of blue hills and distant mountains through the foliage. Oranges ripen near her sitting-room windows, and the humming-bird builds his nest in the eucalyptus-trees shading her piazza. Giant live-oaks, festooned with flowering creepers, shade the roadway leading to her door, and the mocking-bird sings the whole year round amid the roses that perfume this sylvan retreat. Her home is a shrine of sacred memories; and after the storms of those bitter years when her brothers were hunted as criminals, and her father's name was execrated as that of a traitor, she sits in the afternoon sunlight of a peaceful old age, honored as the daughter of the one man who dared to raise his hand against a nation's crime and prove the Arnold Winkelried of a new era.

I took in my hands the Bible bequeathed by John Brown to this, the best-beloved of his daughters, and as I turned its pages and read the passages marked by his hand, I understood the pabulum on which he nerved his soul to lofty deeds. It is a common old book, bound in dingy calfskin, worn and battered, but it is more precious to Ruth Brown than would be the costliest volume that money could buy, for it so-laced the last hours of her father. It bears the names of his children, written by his own hand, and in that record stands these





John Brown — The Family's Favorite Photograph

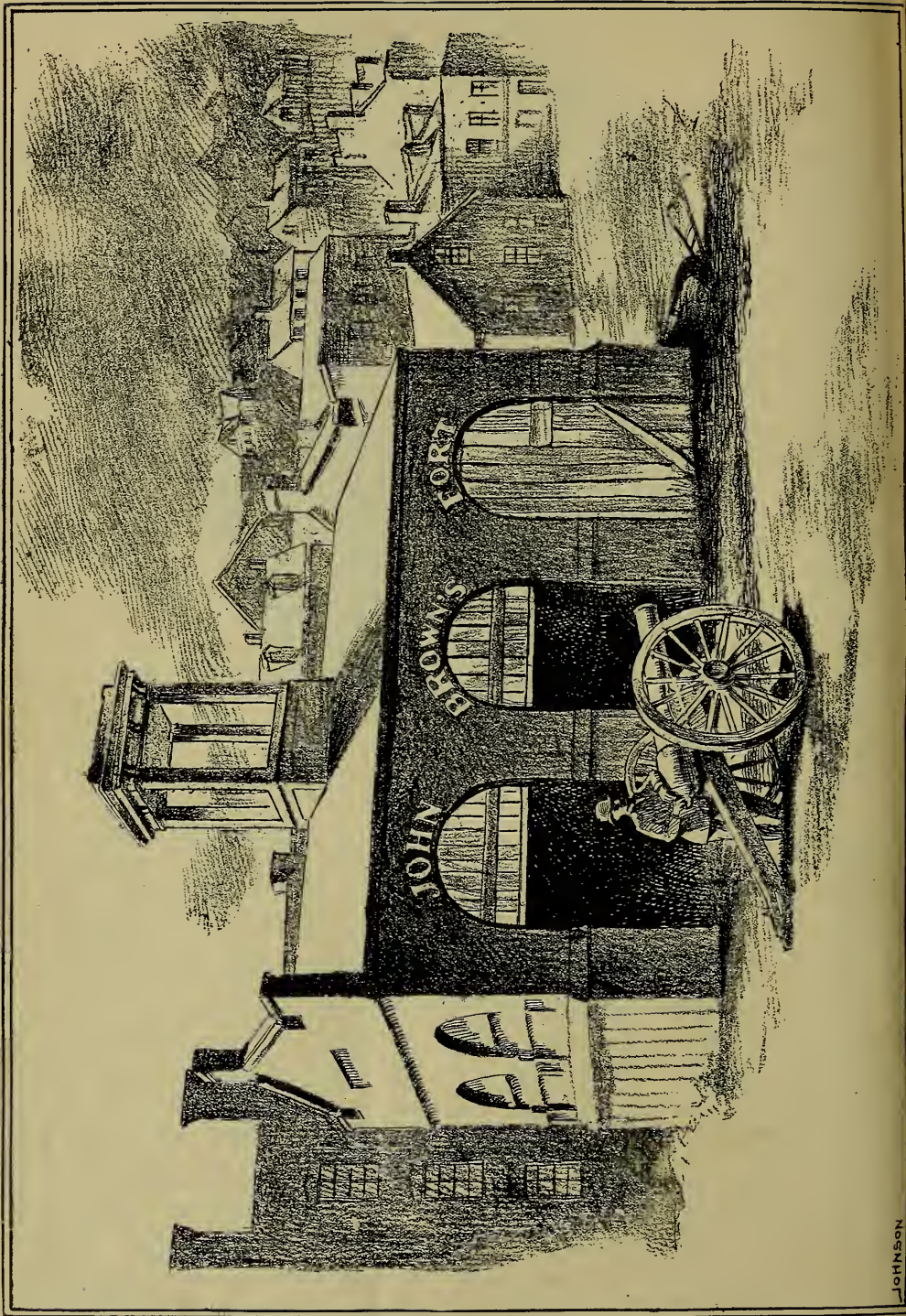
words written after Osawatomie and Black-Jack : "Frederick Brown, murdered at Osawatomie, in Kansas, October 30, 1856." It was upon the teachings of Christ that Brown founded a political creed which repudiated slavery as a crime against God and civilization.

Historians in writing of John Brown do not dwell upon those personal traits which so largely aid us to color character and make a living picture of the dead hero, and it was, therefore, with the deepest interest that I listened to Mrs. Thompson's relation of her recollections of her father.

"John Brown," she said, "was the most humane, tender, loving, and just, of men. I have known him to sit up all night to nurse a sick lamb, and no suffering creature but claimed a share of his compassion. It was this trait of his character that made him hate slavery so intensely,—for he had witnessed the awful sufferings of slave-

women from whom their children had been separated, and had seen strong men writhe under the brutal lash.

"When he was quite a little boy my father's favorite playmate was a negro child, and one day he saw the little fellow brutally beaten with a fire-shovel. When he remonstrated against the cruelty he was contemptuously reminded that the lad was 'nothing but a slave.' He ruminated deeply over the question whether or not God was the Father of the slave, and having settled in his mind that there could be no distinction of color in divine love, he began to feel that animosity to slavery which increased with his years and intelligence. He inherited a love of liberty, too,—for his grandfather fought against oppression in the Revolution, and his father, who lived with him, tenderly cared for, until 1855, and died at a ripe old age, was always an Abolitionist.





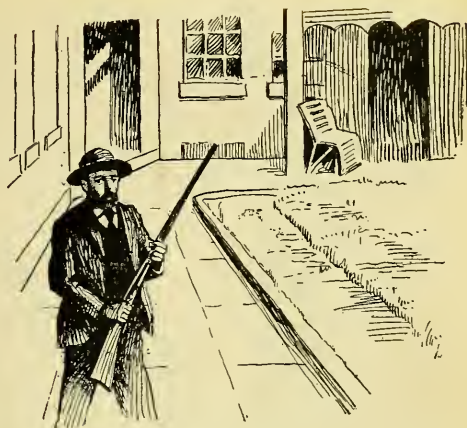
"Twenty years before Harper's Ferry father had solemnly pledged himself—and his family took the vow with him—to do everything and suffer everything to wipe out slavery. His wife was in full accord with him, and was no less courageous, and in the periods of his long absence, bore all the cares of the large family and had much to contend against.

"My own mother died when I was a very little child, and father mourned her sincerely. I remember one day that my brother John, in rambling about the fields, came to the graveyard where our mother was buried, and was greatly frightened to find father lying face downward on the grave in an agony of grief. John stole away without making his presence known; and when he told us children what he had seen, we began to have some idea of the depths of father's nature, for in our presence he was always self-contained and quiet.

"I remember vividly a punishment my father gave me when I was about five years old. He abhorred lying, and I was given to telling little fibs. Upon this occasion I came home with my shoes dripping mud and water,—for I had waded a wintry brook to secure some early pussy-willows,—and prevaricated when he questioned me. He was post-master then, under Andrew Jackson. I wonder what Jackson would have thought had he known what an Abolitionist he was aiding and comforting!

"Father let me pass on, and I thought I had fooled him; but that night, when his work was done, he took me upon his knee, talked to me kindly and tenderly about my fault, and then switched me with the willow that had caused my sin.

"It was but a short time after this that father 'reckoned up' with brother John. He conducted a tanning business, and John helped to grind the bark, but was often rather idle. Father noted down John's faults, telling him that he would settle for them all at one time. Various disobediences and omissions were added to the list until it was exceedingly formidable, and then, one day, Jason, Owen, and I, were summoned by father to accompany him and John to the woods behind the tannery to witness the 'reckoning up.' In fear and trembling for the 'awful licking' our brother would probably receive, we children formed a melancholy procession. I



A Corner inside the Fort

can see myself now, a little figure in a linsey frock and a sun-bonnet, sitting upon a stump, trembling with nervous apprehension while father peeled a good-sized rod and John stood with eyes cast down and pale face, sullenly twiddling his feet.

"When the instrument of torture was ready, father explained to John the importance of faithfulness in the small matters of life, the moral result of disobedience, and his own love for him that led him to use the rod. 'And now, my son,' he said, stripping off his own shirt and kneeling upon the ground, 'there are twenty-five lashes due you, and I will take them in your stead. When you know that I suffer in body as well as in mind for your faults, perhaps you will learn to be more careful.' Poor John wept and begged, but father was inexorable, and amid our lamentations,—for we all shrieked every time a blow fell on father's back,—John laid on the whip. He was very gentle at first, but father compelled him to strike harder, and I am sure that John never forgot this practical lesson on vicarious atonement.

"During my childhood," continued Mrs. Thompson, "and through the childhood of all the children by the second marriage, whenever there was illness in the house, father was the tender and resourceful nurse, always patient and gentle, and caring for the little ones at night that mother might rest. When the neighbors were ill, he would cheerfully aid in nursing them. When we lived at North Elba, where father took his family that he might assist in the

colonization of freed slaves on the land given by Gerrit Smith for that purpose, he was the rock of comfort for the distressed and needy. No storm was too severe and no night too dark for him to render a service to the suffering, and we were all taught that it was our duty to succor the oppressed, even though we did it at personal peril."

I asked Mrs. Thompson to relate to me some of the particulars of the last sad homecoming of John Brown, and the feelings of the family when they knew his plans had failed. She said that when Annie and Martha Brown, the latter Oliver's lovely young girl-wife, returned from the Kennedy farm, near Harper's Ferry, three weeks before the attack, the family were fully apprised of what was to be attempted. The Kennedy farm was isolated, but there were some neighbors, and a natural curiosity would have been excited had Brown and his sons occupied the place without the presence of any women to give the household the semblance of an ordinary family. It was this place that was a rendezvous for his men and a storehouse for their arms. Annie and Martha rendered valuable service in disarming suspicion. The design of Brown was not to rouse an insurrection, but to carry off the slaves of the neighborhood and to retreat rapidly to encampments in the mountains, forwarding them from place to place until they reached Canada. This plan would have succeeded, had not John Brown been entrapped into a conference with his hostages, and yielded to a delay of twelve hours proposed by them, and in this interval United States troops were brought upon the scene, and the only thing that remained was to die fighting.

The family at North Elba did not know the exact date of the attack, which was hastened for fear of exposure. Martha went to the post-office on the Tuesday after the fatal Sunday night, and heard there a rumor that Brown and his men were under arrest; but such news had often come to the Browns, and they did not credit it. Saturday evening Martha again went to the post-office, and received a New York paper in the mail. When she opened it, the first thing upon which her eyes rested was the head-lines announcing the death of her husband and Watson Brown, the capture of John Brown, and the failure of the raid.

She returned to Mrs. Thompson's house almost beside herself with grief, and the news was sent to Mrs. John Brown.

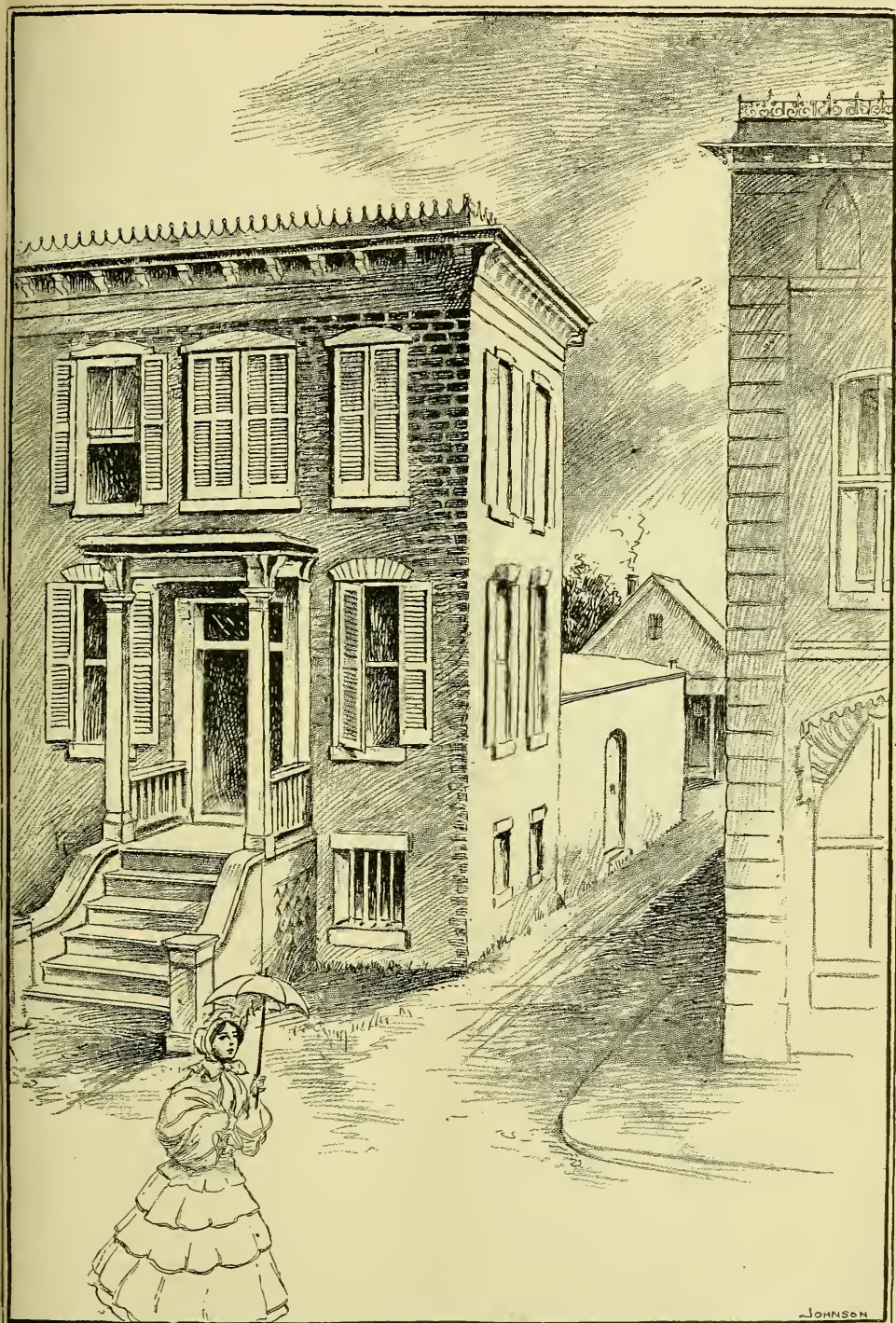
"The next morning early," said Mrs. Thompson, "my husband hitched up the team and we went to mother's. I had not slept at all during the night, and had not shed a tear. My father had often spoken of the possibility of failure and the certainty of his being hanged in such an event, and had endeavored to prepare our minds for it, but I did not think failure possible. I felt that God had proven unfaithful; that it was bitterly unjust that father should be brought low after all his sufferings and unselfish struggles, and that the wicked slave-power should triumph. The eyes of my soul were near-sighted, but now I understand that his death was really a victory.

"I was rebellious and hard," Mrs. Thompson went on, after a brief pause, in which she gazed lovingly at the picture of her father hanging on the wall; "but when mother, pallid as death, opened the door of the living-room, and I saw Watson Brown's widow, William Thompson's widow, and Oliver's wife—poor Martha!—sitting by the family fireside bowed with grief, and remembered that mother had lost both husband and sons, the tears came and I felt softened. You know that my husband's two brave brothers were killed at Harper's Ferry.

"Our grief was heavy, but we did not feel humiliated nor disgraced; and even though my father died a felon's death, none of us ever felt but that he was a noble martyr, and we never loved him so well as when, in chains and disgrace, he was traduced by hundreds of newspapers and denied his constitutional rights by a partisan judge.

"Annie's grief was terrible to see. She had known every man who fell in the fight, had been present at all their conferences, and was like a sister to many of them. She had acted as outside guard when they drilled, and among those who died that bloody night was her first lover. She went about the house pale, silent, and tearless. She neither slept nor ate, and I feared for her reason. In the colony there was a fugitive Haytian, a music-teacher who sang with wonderful power. Annie's condition continued several days, and finally I persuaded her to come to my house, when, as





The Charleston Jail, where Brown was Confined

if by chance, this old friend happened in. After playing the organ for some time, he sang a mournful melody, 'The Dying Warrior,' and the pathos of this sweet old song broke up the fountain of Annie's grief, and she cried with a passion I shall never forget. She often said afterward that had it not been for that song she would certainly

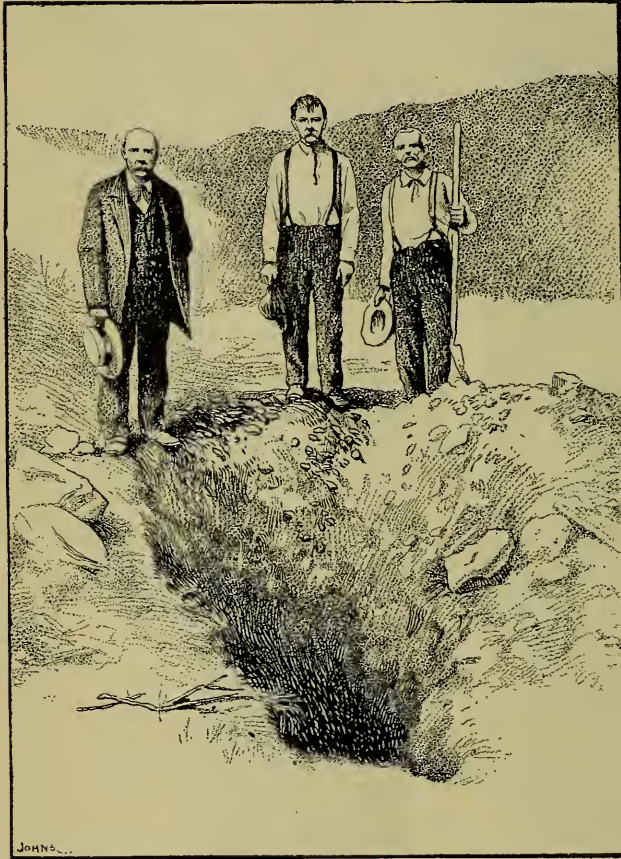
the surface of the ground, and a dry-goods box was found. Into this the bodies had been cast in any position in which they happened to fall. Identification was impossible, and it will never be known whether there rested gallant William Thompson (who with his last breath told the cowards who were murdering him that Virginia should yet suffer in atonement for his murder, and predicted retribution for those who would shoot down an unarmed man), and whether amid those bones was the dust of the brave young man beloved by Annie Brown. Christian burial was given these poor relics of mortality, the first-fruits of the mightiest civil war ever fought in a righteous cause.

Mrs. Rebecca Spring, now a resident of Los Angeles, was the only woman except Mrs. Russell and Brown's own wife who was permitted to visit him in prison. Mrs. Spring is now a handsome and hale old lady of eighty-seven, and remembers all the incidents of that time vividly. She is the daughter of the first president of the Boston Anti-Slavery Association, and was then a woman of large means.

I visited Mrs. Spring the other day in her quaint and pretty home, and the conversation turned naturally to that memorable time.

"When I heard that a man had actually done something — had dared to raise his

hand against the iniquitous slave-system," said she, "I believed that it marked an epoch, and would lead eventually to freedom for the negro. You can have no idea of the intense excitement that the news of the Harper's Ferry raid created, both North and South. I determined to go at once to visit John Brown, and see if I could do anything to make his last days comfortable. My friends attempted to dissuade me by telling me that such an enterprise would be

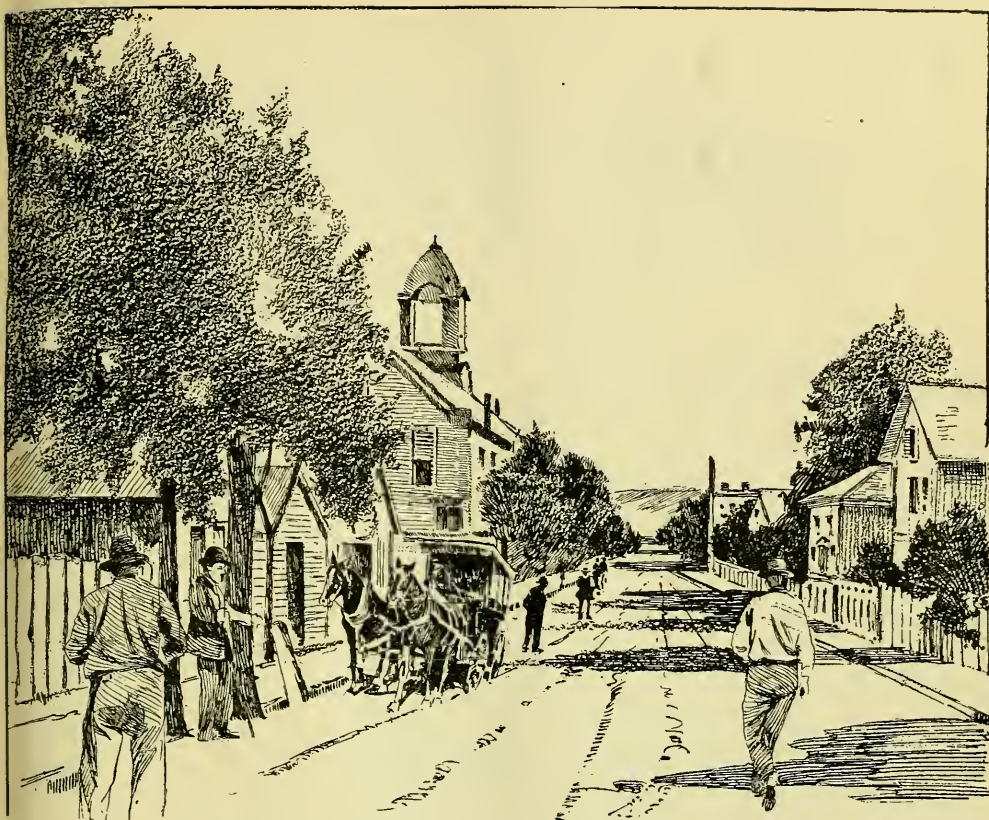


Grave of John Brown's Followers — Opened Sept. 16, 1859

have gone insane, but the fit of crying relieved the tension of her feelings."

Eight of the men who were with Brown at Harper's Ferry were killed, and for some years the place of their burial was not known. Terence Byrne, one of the hostages taken by Brown, declared that he knew where four of the bodies were interred, and a Washington gentleman caused him and his son to accompany him to the place. They dug about three feet below





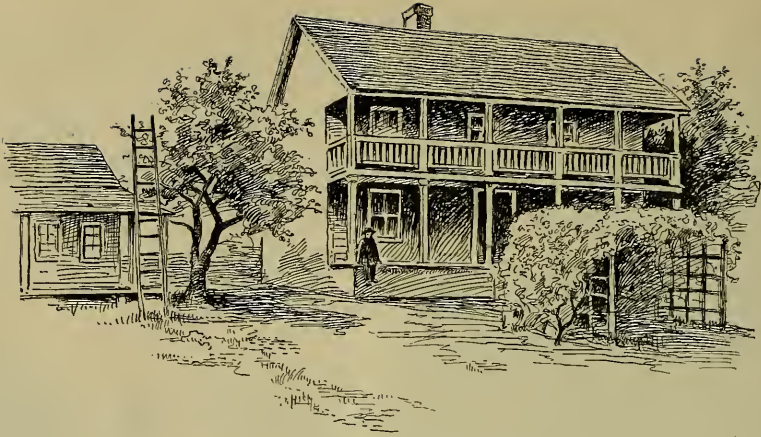
Charleston—Showing Court-House and the Road to the Gallows

dangerous in the state of public feeling in Virginia, but accompanied by my seventeen-year-old son, I set out from New York for Charleston.

“My appearance in the town created intense excitement. When it became known that a Northern woman was at the hotel, and had asked the sheriff for admission to the prison, the people were convinced that I must be a secret agent of some powerful Abolition society, and that I intended mischief of some sort. I stayed quietly indoors and paid no attention to the popular ferment, but wrote the sheriff pleading for the desired permission to see Brown. He would not grant it, and when I wrote asking him to call and see me, as he would not receive me himself, he returned the reply that he ‘had urgent business in the country.’ I finally appealed to the judge who sentenced Brown, and he gave me the privilege of visiting him. I had already

made the acquaintance of Mr. Avis, the jailer, whose humane treatment of Brown called forth the most severe criticisms from the Virginians, and when at last I was admitted to the jail, I was told that the jailer was obliged to be absent for half an hour and could not admit me to Brown for that length of time. I was asked whether I would return to my hotel or wait there; but I was inside the prison and had made up my mind to accomplish my object, and so waited in the guard-house among a lot of drunken ruffians, who used the most insulting language to my son, who accompanied me.

I had sent some linen in for Brown’s bed, and he had spread a clean pillow-case over the dirty pillow, and attempted to make things as presentable as, in his weak state, was possible, in the interval while I waited; but the room was dreary and dirty enough to which the jailer took me, although large



The Kennedy Farmhouse

and lighted by one window. Brown was lying on the bed, his hair matted with blood, for his wounds had received no attention, and he still wore the same clothes, soiled with dirt and blood, in which he was captured. Aaron D. Stevens was in bed in the same room. Poor fellow! he had been wounded in five or six different places; and weak and suffering though he was, they loaded him with chains, manacled his hands and feet and chaining him to the floor.

"I had expected to meet in John Brown a rude and uncouth fellow, egotistical and blatant, though earnest, and was surprised to find him modest, quiet, refined in speech, with a charm of manner and dignity of bearing that bespoke the gentleman. His simplicity and grand and unostentatious courage made a deep impression on me, and I never conversed with a man more sane and reasonable. He spoke of his trial and approaching execution with the utmost calmness. I learned his needs, and from that time until his death did what I could to supply them. I sent him medicines and bandages, toilet articles and small comforts, at once, and he was deeply grateful to me. I saw him once after my first visit, but neither time, of course, in private, and it was I who bore to his family that last letter whose calm and noble utterances are now a part of history.

"Yes, I furnished him the clothes in which he was executed," Mrs. Spring said in answer to my question. "When I went

back home I sent for Mrs. Brown, who was in Philadelphia waiting for permission to see her husband, and for a week we worked together preparing a trunk of clothing and other things for the prisoners. One day Mr. Spring brought home a beautiful suit of brown cloth to be sent to John Brown; but his wife told me that it would grieve him to receive so expensive a present, as he never wore fine clothes, and Mr. Spring exchanged it for a coarser suit of the same color, and this, with everything else he wore on the gallows, we furnished."

Thomas Wentworth Higginson went to North Elba and escorted Mrs. Brown to Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. McKim went with her to Harper's Ferry, but the authorities would not permit them to accompany her any farther. The authorities furnished a company of United States soldiers to take Mrs. Brown to the prison the day before her husband's execution, and on the way the officer in charge harangued the heart-broken wife on the justice of her husband's sentence, and expressed his own opinion of what he would have done to Brown instead of giving him a trial at law. Arrived at the prison, when her eager heart was almost bursting, these same soldiers were put through a drill, to give her, it is presumed, an awe of the power of the State. She found her husband calm and even cheerful, though chained to the floor with such heavy chains that he was obliged to wear thick woolen stockings to prevent the iron from eating into his flesh.

The day of the execution Mrs. Brown



spent at Harper's Ferry with Mr. and Mrs. McKim. As the dreadful moment approached, all sat silently together. The sky was dark and lowering, but suddenly there was a burst of brilliant sunshine. Mr. McKim had his watch in hand, and stepping over to Mrs. Brown, said: "It is finished. Your husband's soul has been taken to heaven on the wings of light." The next instant the sun was again obscured and shone no more that day.

Brown's body was delivered to his widow, who started at once for home. On the way to New York the train was forbidden to stop at many of the stations, so intense was the excitement and fear of an insurrection among the colored people. When they arrived in New York, an undertaker sought and obtained the privilege of removing the body from the plain coffin and placing it in the handsomest casket in his establishment. The funeral party was accompanied by Wendell Phillips and many noted Abolitionists, and funeral services were held throughout New England for the martyr.

"We expected them early in the day," relates Mrs. Thompson; "but when at nightfall the party was not in sight, father's old friends and neighbors took lanterns and went far across the mountains to guide the funeral cortège. At last it arrived; and when the coffin was placed in an upper room, mother and I stood beside the casket, which was opened at my earnest request, unknown to the rest of the family, whom we did not wish to agitate that night with the sight. I never saw my father look more peaceful. There was a smile upon his face, and the features were as composed as though he had died surrounded by his friends and in the course of nature. The unnatural redness was hidden by a piece of thin white gauze which the undertaker had stretched across the top of the coffin before placing the cover. I felt that I

would gladly lie down beside that still figure, and be buried in the grave with him; for in his death justice seemed to me to perish from the earth and wrong to reign triumphant."

Of all those who participated in the attempt on Harper's Ferry, Annie Brown alone survives, and she, too, is a resident of California. Oliver Brown's fair young wife survived him but three months; but Watson's widow lived many years, revering



Residence of Mrs. Spring, Los Angeles

his memory as that of a hero. Mrs. Brown, who is remembered by Mrs. Spring as a woman of splendid physical beauty and sublime courage, died in San Francisco a few years ago, and Mrs. Thompson and Jason Brown, who lives with his sister Annie, are the only living children of the seven born to John Brown and his first wife. The prophecy of their father has been literally verified, and to-day none of the friends of "Old Brown of Osawatimic" blush to own their relationship.

John Brown's grave in the shadow of the everlasting mountains, in the solitude that was eloquent to his soul when he yet lived, is a shrine of patriotism, and the

unprejudiced realize that it was the torrent loosed by his hand that swept out of existence the mightiest error of the centuries. Slavery was inherited from the republics of antiquity, and was not America's peculiar crime; but as it sapped the foundation of

the Roman state, it was slowly undermining the fabric of American integrity, and Brown was the John the Baptist of that great movement which was the beginning of the new era for the American republic.

## NIGHT

**B**LIND Sphinx of Nature, set in desert Time!  
 Rising from day's red sands, her voiceless tone  
 And solemn visage question every clime;  
 Not changeless like the carved Egyptian stone,

But stirred with shifting moods of strangest phase;  
 And oft she sits in pomp of princely state,  
 With retinue of stars and moon's white blaze,  
 And sometimes garbed in gloom and sad as fate.

But late she moved mysteriously through  
 Pale zones of twilight, and her measured pace  
 Shadowed their gray tints till the last wan hue  
 Purpled to starless dark and left no trace.

And now she hath high pageant, and the sky  
 Is white with the unsteady radiance of stars  
 And race of meteors; far off spaces lie  
 Quivering with mist, an unseen host that jars

The æoned distance with dim twinklings. Low  
 In western skies which the deep sunken sun  
 Still stains with gold, a planet floats, its glow  
 Shading the dimmer space to hues of dun.

One perfect moment on the carven lines  
 Of yon high summit hangs the golden moon,  
 Unclasping the laced fingers of the pines  
 That reach above its crest, and without boon

Of lingering touch at parting, swings aloof,  
 With hingeless motion rolling height on height,  
 Spreading the arches of a silver roof  
 Over the august presence of the night.

On the broad swell of upland, and the vale  
 That drifts below, softly and saintly fair  
 The light falls, chastening t'he pale,  
 Still faces of the fields upturned in prayer,

And holding the rapt valley in a trance  
 That yields a vision of transparent wings,  
 Whose silver rustlings silent airs enhance  
 And move, still leaves to holy whisperings.





From Painting by H. L. A. Culmer.

But in that hollow where the cañon breaks  
 From loosening shadows of the tired hills,  
 And the wild mountain stream is stumbling, wakes  
 The moonlight from her pious trance, and thrills

The charmèd place with thousand witcheries;  
 Kisses the pouting ripples on the stream;  
 Beguiles the sullen tension of knit trees,  
 And wraps the grasses in a languorous dream

With her caresses. Where slim willows keep  
 Their vigil by the ambushed stream, she slips  
 Among the restful shadows, and their sleep  
 Startles with sudden prickling; slyly dips

A ghostly finger in the shivering dark  
 Where the meshed waters lie; or fluttering through  
 The huddled willows, with a silver spark  
 Kindles the foliage hid from outer view.

But rayed by wide-orbed moon and twinkling star,  
 Or robed in shadows of her sablest dye,  
 Night, like the figure in the sands afar,  
 Is prescient with Life's soul of mystery.

*Josephine Spencer.*



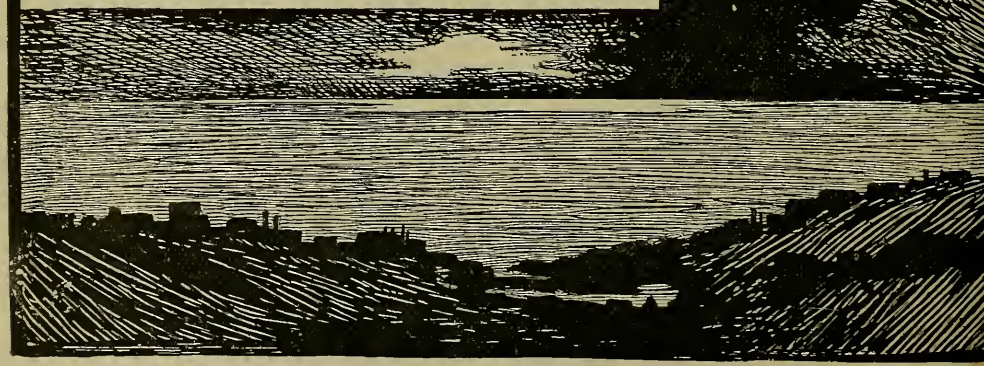
## THE LIGHT UPON THE SEA

O LOVE, thy spirit led me forth  
To where the mist hid land and sea,  
And a tiny light pierced through the gloom,  
Shedding an air of mystery.

Thy love dwelt with me as the light  
Disclosed the poor sad homes of men,  
And Beauty gained upon the sight,  
Lifting the shroud of sorrow then.

And soon thy face with its tender light,  
Made all that ever was seem right ;  
And perhaps the light upon the sea  
Is even within men's hearts to be.

*Lelia L. Leonard.*





# THE SON OF THE WOLF

## THIRD OF THE "MALEMUTE KID" STORIES

By JACK LONDON

MAN rarely places a proper valuation upon his womankind, at least not until deprived of them. He has no conception of the subtle atmosphere exhaled by the sex feminine, so long as he bathes in it; but let it be withdrawn, and an ever-growing void begins to manifest itself in his existence, and he becomes hungry, in a vague sort of way, for a something so indefinite that he cannot characterize it. If his comrades have no more experience than himself, they will shake their heads dubiously and dose him with strong physic. But the hunger will continue and become stronger; he will lose interest in the things of his every-day life and wax morbid; and one day, when the emptiness has become unbearable, a revelation will dawn upon him.

In the Yukon country, when this comes to pass, the man usually provisions a poling-boat, if it is summer, and if winter, harnesses his dogs, and heads for the Southland. A few months later, supposing him to be possessed of a faith in the country, he returns with a wife to share with him in that faith, and incidentally in his hardships. This but serves to show the innate selfishness of man. It also brings us to the trouble of "Scruff" Mackenzie, which occurred in the old days, before the country was stampeded and staked by a tidal-wave of *che-cha-quas*, and when the Klondike's only claim to notice was its salmon fisheries.

"Scruff" Mackenzie bore the ear-marks of a frontier birth and a frontier life. His face was stamped with twenty-five years of incessant struggle with Nature in her wildest moods,—the last two, the wildest and hardest of all, having been spent in groping for the gold which lies in the shadow of the Arctic Circle. When the yearning sickness came upon him, he was not surprised, for he was a practical man and had seen other men thus stricken. But he showed no sign of his malady, save that he worked harder. All summer he fought mosquitoes and washed the sure-things bars of the Stuart River for a double grub-

stake. Then he floated a raft of house-logs down the Yukon to Forty Mile, and put together as comfortable a cabin as any the camp could boast of. In fact, it showed such cozy promise that many men elected to be his partner and to come and live with him. But he crushed their aspirations with rough speech, peculiar for its strength and brevity, and bought a double supply of grub from the trading-post.

As has been noted, "Scruff" Mackenzie was a practical man. If he wanted a thing he usually got it, but in doing so, went no farther out of his way than was necessary. Though a son of toil and hardship, he was averse to a journey of six hundred miles on the ice, a second of two thousand miles on the ocean, and still a third thousand miles or so to his last stamping-grounds,—all in the mere quest of a wife. Life was too short. So he rounded up his dogs, lashed a curious freight to his sled, and faced across the divide whose westward slopes were drained by the head-reaches of the Tanana.

He was a sturdy traveler, and his wolf-dogs could work harder and travel farther on less grub than any other team in the Yukon. Three weeks later he strode into a hunting-camp of the Upper Tanana Sticks. They marveled at his temerity; for they had a bad name and had been known to kill white men for as trifling a thing as a sharp ax or a broken rifle. But he went among them single-handed, his bearing being a delicious composite of humility, familiarity, *sang-froid*, and insolence. It required a deft hand and deep knowledge of the barbaric mind effectually to handle such diverse weapons; but he was a past-master in the art, knowing when to conciliate and when to threaten with Jove-like wrath.

He first made obeisance to the Chief Thling-Tinneh, presenting him with a couple of pounds of black tea and tobacco, and thereby winning his most cordial regard. Then he mingled with the men and maidens, and that night gave a *potlach*. The snow was beaten down in the

form of an oblong, perhaps a hundred feet in length and quarter as many across. Down the center a long fire was built, while either side was carpeted with spruce boughs. The lodges were forsaken, and the fivescore or so members of the tribe gave tongue to their folk-chants in honor of their guest.

"Scruff" Mackenzie's two years had taught him the not many hundred words of their vocabulary, and he had likewise conquered their deep gutturals, their Japanese idioms, constructions, and honorific and agglutinative particles. So he made oration after their manner, satisfying their instinctive poetry-love with crude flights of eloquence and metaphorical contortions. After Thling-Tinneh and the Shaman had responded in kind, he made trifling presents to the menfolk, joined in their singing, and proved an expert in their fifty-two-stick gambling game.

And they smoked his tobacco and were pleased. But among the younger men there was a defiant attitude, a spirit of braggadocio, easily understood by the raw insinuations of the toothless squaws and the giggling of the maidens. They had known few white men, "Sons of the Wolf," but from those few they had learned strange lessons.

Nor had "Scruff" Mackenzie, for all his seeming carelessness, failed to note these phenomena. In truth, rolled in his sleeping-furs, he thought it all over, thought seriously, and emptied many pipes in mapping out a campaign. One maiden only had caught his fancy,—none other than Zarinska, daughter to the chief. In features, form, and poise, answering more nearly to the white man's type of beauty, she was almost an anomaly among her tribal sisters. He would possess her, make her his wife, and name her—ah, he would name her Gertrude! Having thus decided, he rolled over on his side and dropped off to sleep, a true son of his all-conquering race, a Samson among the Philistines.

It was slow work and a stiff game; but "Scruff" Mackenzie maneuvered cunningly, with an unconcern which served to puzzle the Sticks. He took great care to impress the men that he was a sure shot and a mighty hunter, and the camp rang with his plaudits when he brought down a

moose at six hundred yards. Of a night he visited in Chief Thling-Tinneh's lodge of moose and cariboo skins, talking big and dispensing tobacco with a lavish hand. Nor did he fail to likewise honor the Shaman; for he realized the medicine-man's influence with his people, and was anxious to make of him an ally. But that worthy was high and mighty, refused to be propitiated, and was unerringly marked down as a prospective enemy.

Though no opening presented for an interview with Zarinska, Mackenzie stole many a glance to her, giving fair warning of his intent. And well she knew, yet coquettishly surrounded herself with a ring of women whenever the men were away and he had a chance. But he was in no hurry; besides, he knew she could not help but think of him, and a few days of such thought would only better his suit.

At last, one night, when he deemed the time to be ripe, he abruptly left the chief's smoky dwelling and hastened to a neighboring lodge. As usual, she sat with squaws and maidens about her, all engaged in sewing moccasins and beadwork. They laughed at his entrance, and badinage, which linked Zarinska to him, ran high. But one after the other they were unceremoniously bundled into the outer snow, whence they hurried to spread the tale through all the camp.

His cause was well pleaded, in her tongue, for she did not know his, and at the end of two hours he rose to go.

"So Zarinska will come to the White Man's lodge? Good! I go now to have talk with thy father, for he may not be so minded. And I will give him many tokens; but he must not ask too much. If he say no? Good! Zarinska shall yet come to the White Man's lodge."

He had already lifted the skin flap to depart, when a low exclamation brought him back to the girl's side. She brought herself to her knees on the bearskin mat, her face aglow with true Eve-light, and shyly unbuckled his heavy belt. He looked down, perplexed, suspicious, his ears alert for the slightest sound without. But her next move disarmed his doubt, and he smiled with pleasure. She took from her sewing-bag a moosehide sheath, brave with bright beadwork, fantastically designed. She drew his great hunting-knife,





"The Bear has spoken"

gazed reverently along the keen edge, half tempted to try it with her thumb, and shot it into place in its new home. Then she slipped the sheath along the belt to its customary resting-place, just above the hip.

For all the world, it was like a scene of olden time,—a lady and her knight. Mackenzie drew her up full height and swept her red lips with his moustache,—the, to her, foreign caress of the Wolf. It was a meeting of the stone age and the steel; but she was none the less a woman, as her crimson cheeks and the luminous softness of her eyes attested.

There was a thrill of excitement in the air as "Scruff" Mackenzie, a bulky bundle under his arm, threw open the flap of Thling-Tinneh's tent. Children were running about in the open, dragging dry wood to the scene of the *potlach*, a babble of women's voices was growing in intensity, the young men were consulting in sullen groups, while from the Shaman's lodge rose the eerie sounds of an incantation.

The chief was alone with his bleary-eyed wife, but a glance sufficed to tell Mackenzie that the news was already old. So he plunged at once into the business, shifting the beaded sheath prominently to the fore as advertisement of the betrothal.

"O Thling-Tinneh, mighty chief of the Sticks and the land of the Tanana, ruler of the salmon and the bear, the moose and the cariboo! The White Man is before thee with a great purpose. Many moons has his lodge been empty, and he is lonely. And his heart has eaten itself in silence, and grown hungry for a woman to sit beside him in his lodge, to meet him from the hunt with warm fire and good food. He has heard strange things, the patter of baby moccasins and the sound of children's voices. And one night a vision came upon him, and he beheld the Raven, who is thy father, the great Raven, who is the father of all the Sticks. And the Raven spake to the lonely White Man, saying: 'Bind thou thy moccasins upon thee, and gird thy snow-shoes on, and lash thy sled with food for many sleeps and fine tokens for the Chief Thling-Tinneh. For thou shalt turn thy face to where the midspring sun is wont to sink below the land and journey to this great chief's

hunting-grounds. There thou shalt make big presents, and Thling-Tinneh, who is my son, shall become to thee as a father. In his lodge there is a maiden into whom I breathed the breath of life for thee. This maiden shalt thou take to wife.'

"O Chief, thus spake the great Raven; thus do I lay many presents at thy feet; thus am I come to take thy daughter!"

The old man drew his furs about him with crude consciousness of royalty, but delayed reply while a youngster crept in, delivered a quick message to appear before the council, and was gone.

"O White Man, whom we have named Moose-Killer, also known as the Wolf, and the Son of the Wolf! We know thou comest of a mighty race; we are proud to have thee our *potlach*-guest; but the king-salmon does not mate with the dog-salmon, nor the Raven with the Wolf."

"Not so!" cried Mackenzie. "The daughters of the Raven have I met in the camps of the Wolf,—the squaw of Mortimer, the squaw of Tregidgo, the squaw of Barnaby, who came two ice-runs back, and I have heard of other squaws, though my eyes beheld them not."

"Son, your words are true; but it were evil mating, like the water with the sand, like the snow-flake with the sun. But met you one Mason and his squaw? No? He came ten ice-runs ago,—the first of all the Wolves. And with him there was a mighty man, straight as a willow-shoot, and tall; strong as the bald-faced grizzly, with a heart like the full summer moon; his —"

"Oh!" interrupted Mackenzie, recognizing the well-known Northland figure,— "Malemute Kid!"

"The same,—a mighty man. But saw you aught of the squaw? She was full sister to Zarinska."

"Nay, Chief; but I have heard. Mason—far, far to the north, a spruce-tree, heavy with years, crushed out his life beneath. But his love was great, and he had much gold. With this, and her boy, she journeyed countless sleeps toward the winter's noonday sun, and there she yet lives,—no biting frost, no snow, no summer's midnight sun, no winter's noonday night."

A second messenger interrupted with imperative summons from the council. As



Mackenzie threw him into the snow, he caught a glimpse of the swaying forms before the council-fire, heard the deep basses of the men in rhythmic chant, and knew the Shaman was fanning the anger of his people. Time pressed. He turned upon the chief.

"Come! I wish thy child. And now, see! Here are tobacco, tea, many cups of sugar, warm blankets, handkerchiefs, both good and large; and here, a true rifle, with many bullets and much powder."

"Nay," replied the old man, struggling against the great wealth spread before him. "Even now are my people come together. They will not have this marriage."

"But thou art chief."

"Yet do my young men rage because the Wolves have taken their maidens so that they may not marry."

"Listen, O Thling-Tinneh! Ere the night has passed into the day, the Wolf shall face his dogs to the Mountains of the East and fare forth to the Country of the Yukon. And Zarinska shall break trail for his dogs."

"And ere the night has gained its middle, my young men may fling to the dogs the flesh of the Wolf, and his bones be scattered in the snow till the springtime lay them bare."

It was threat and counter-threat. Mackenzie's bronzed face flushed darkly. He raised his voice. The old squaw, who till now had sat an impassive spectator, made to creep by him for the door. The song of the men broke suddenly and there was a hubbub of many voices as he whirled the old woman roughly to her couch of skins.

"Again I cry—listen, O Thling-Tinneh! The Wolf dies with teeth fast-locked, and with him there shall sleep ten of thy strongest men,—men who are needed, for the hunting is but begun, and the fishing is not many moons away. And again, of what profit should I die? I know the custom of thy people; thy share of my wealth shall be very small. Grant me thy child, and it shall all be thine. And yet again, my brothers will come, and they are many, and their maws are never filled; and the daughters of the Raven shall bear children in the lodges of the Wolf. My people are greater than thy people. It is destiny. Grant, and all this wealth is thine."

Moccasins were crunching the snow with-

out. Mackenzie threw his rifle to cock, and loosened the twin Colts in his belt.

"Grant, O Chief!"

"And yet will my people say no."

"Grant, and the wealth is thine. Then shall I deal with thy people after."

"The Wolf will have it so. I will take his tokens,—but I would warn him."

Mackenzie passed over the goods, taking care to clog the rifle's ejector, and capping the bargain with a kaleidoscopic silk kerchief. The Shaman and half a dozen young braves entered, but he shouldered boldly among them and passed out.

"Pack!" was his laconic greeting to Zarinska as he passed her lodge and hurried to harness his dogs. A few minutes later he swept into the council at the head of the team, the woman by his side. He took his place at the upper end of the oblong, by the side of the chief. To his left, a step to the rear, he stationed Zarinska,—her proper place. Besides, the time was ripe for mischief, and there was need to guard his back.

On either side, the men crouched to the fire, their voices lifted in a folk-chant out of the forgotten past. Full of strange, halting cadences and haunting recurrences, it was not beautiful. "Fearful" may inadequately express it. At the lower end, under the eye of the Shaman, danced half a score of women. Stern were his reproofs to those who did not wholly abandon themselves to the ecstasy of the rite. Half hidden in their heavy masses of raven hair, all dishevelled and falling to their waists, they slowly swayed to and fro, their forms rippling to an ever-changing rhythm.

It was a weird scene; an anachronism. To the south, the nineteenth century was reeling off the few years of its last decade; here flourished man primeval, a shade removed from the prehistoric cave-dweller, a forgotten fragment of the Elder World. The tawny wolf-dogs sat between their skin-clad masters or fought for room, the firelight cast backward from their red eyes and dripping fangs. The woods, in ghostly shroud, slept on unheeding. The White Silence, for the moment driven to the rimming forest, seemed ever crushing inward; the stars danced with great leaps, as is their wont in the time of the Great Cold; while the Spirits of the Pole trailed their robes of glory athwart the heavens.

"Scruff" Mackenzie dimly realized the wild grandeur of the setting as his eyes ranged down the fur-fringed sides in quest of missing faces. They rested for a moment on a new-born babe, suckling at its mother's naked breast. It was forty below,—seventy and odd degrees of frost. He thought of the tender women of his own race and smiled grimly. Yet from the loins of some such tender woman had he sprung with a kingly inheritance,—an inheritance which gave to him and his dominance over the land and sea, over the animals and the peoples of all the zones. Single-handed against fivescore, girt by the Arctic winter, far from his own, he felt the prompting of his heritage, the desire to possess, the wild danger-love, the thrill of battle, the power to conquer or to die.

The singing and the dancing ceased, and the Shaman flared up in rude eloquence. Through the sinuosities of their vast mythology, he worked cunningly upon the credulity of his people. The case was strong. Opposing the creative principles as embodied in the Crow and the Raven, he stigmatized Mackenzie as the Wolf, the fighting and the destructive principle. Not only was the combat of these forces spiritual, but men fought, each to his totem. They were the children of Jelchs, the Raven, the Promethean fire-bringer; Mackenzie was the child of the Wolf, or in other words, the Devil. For them to bring a truce to this perpetual warfare, to marry their daughters to the arch-enemy, were treason and blasphemy of the highest order. No phrase was harsh nor figure vile enough in branding Mackenzie as a sneaking interloper and emissary of Satan. There was a subdued, savage roar in the deep chests of his listeners as he took the swing of his peroration.

"Aye, my brothers, Jelchs is all-powerful! Did he not bring heaven-born fire that we might be warm? Did he not draw the sun, moon, and stars, from their holes that we might see? Did he not teach us that we might fight the Spirits of Famine and of Frost? But now Jelchs is angry with his children, and they are grown to a handful, and he will not help. For they have forgotten him, and done evil things, and trod bad trails, and taken his enemies into their lodges to sit by their fires. And the Raven is sorrowful at the wickedness

of his children; but when they shall rise up and show they have come back, he will come out of the darkness to aid them. O brothers! the Fire-Bringer has whispered messages to thy Shaman; the same shall ye hear. Let the young men take the young women to their lodges; let them fly at the throat of the Wolf; let them be undying in their enmity! Then shall their women become fruitful and they shall multiply into a mighty people! And the Raven shall lead great tribes of their fathers and their fathers' fathers from out of the North; and they shall beat back the Wolves till they are as last year's campfires; and they shall again come to rule over all the land! 'Tis the message of Jelchs, the Raven."

This foreshadowing of the Messiah's coming brought a hoarse howl from the Sticks as they leaped to their feet. Mackenzie slipped the thumbs of his mittens and waited. There was a clamor for the "Fox," not to be stilled till one of the young men stepped forward to speak.

"Brothers! The Shaman has spoken wisely. The Wolves have taken our women, and our men are childless. We are grown to a handful. The Wolves have taken our warm furs and given for them evil spirits which dwell in bottles, and clothes which come not from the beaver or the lynx, but are made from the grass. And they are not warm, and our men die of strange sicknesses. I, the Fox, have taken no woman to wife; and why? Twice have the maidens which pleased me gone to the camps of the Wolf. Even now have I laid by skins of the beaver, of the moose, of the cariboo, that I might win favor in the eyes of Thling-Tinneh, that I might marry Zarin-ska, his daughter. Even now are her snow-shoes bound to her feet, ready to break trail for the dogs of the Wolf. Nor do I speak for myself alone. As I have done, so has the Bear. He, too, had fain been the father of her children, and many skins has he cured thereto. I speak for all the young men who know not wives. The Wolves are ever hungry. Always do they take the choice meat at the killing. To the Ravens are left the leavings.

"There is Gugla," he cried, brutally pointing out one of the women, who was a cripple. "Her legs are bent like the ribs



of a birch canoe. She cannot gather wood nor carry the meat of the hunters. Did the Wolves choose her?"

"Ai! ai!" vociferated his tribesmen.

"There is Moyri, whose eyes are crossed by the Evil Spirit. Even the babes are affrighted when they gaze upon her, and it is said the bald-face gives her the trail. Was she chosen?"

Again the cruel applause rang out.

"And there sits Pischet. She does not hearken to my words. Never has she heard the cry of the chit-chat, the voice of her husband, the babble of her child. She lives in the White Silence. Cared the Wolves aught for her? No! Theirs is the choice of the kill; ours is the leavings.

"Brothers, it shall not be! No more shall the Wolves slink among our camp-fires. The time is come."

A great streamer of fire, the aurora borealis, purple, green, and yellow, shot across the zenith, bridging horizon to horizon. With head thrown back and arms extended, he swayed to his climax.

"Behold! The spirits of our fathers have arisen and great deeds are afoot this night!"

He stepped back, and another young man somewhat diffidently came forward, pushed on by his comrades. He towered a full head above them, his broad chest defiantly bared to the frost. He swung tentatively from one foot to the other. Words halted upon his tongue, and he was ill at ease. His face was horrible to look upon, for it had at one time been half torn away by some terrific blow. At last he struck his breast with his clenched fist, drawing sound as from a drum, and his voice rumbled forth as does the surf from an ocean cavern.

"I am the Bear,—the Silver-Tip and the Son of the Silver-Tip! When my voice was yet as a girl's, I slew the lynx, the moose, and the cariboo; when it whistled like the wolverines from under a cache, I crossed the Mountains of the South and slew three of the White Rivers; when it became as the roar of the Chinook, I met the bald-faced grizzly, but gave no trail."

At this he paused, his hand significantly sweeping across his hideous scars.

"I am not as the Fox. My tongue is frozen like the river. I cannot make great

talk. My words are few. The Fox says great deeds are afoot this night. Good! Talk flows from his tongue like the freshets of the spring, but he is chary of deeds. This night shall I do battle with the Wolf. I shall slay him, and Zarinska shall sit by my fire. The Bear has spoken."

Though pandemonium raged about him, "Scruff" Mackenzie held his ground. Aware how useless was the rifle at close quarters, he slipped both holsters to the fore, ready for action, and drew his mittens till his hands were barely shielded by the elbow gauntlets. He knew there was no hope in attack *en masse*, but true to his boast, was prepared to die with teeth fast-locked. But the Bear restrained his comrades, beating back the more impetuous with his terrible fist. As the tumult began to die away, Mackenzie shot a glance in the direction of Zarinska. It was a superb picture. She was leaning forward on her snow-shoes, lips apart and nostrils quivering, like a tigress about to spring. Her great black eyes were fixed upon her tribesmen, in fear and in defiance. So extreme the tension, she had forgotten to breathe. With one hand pressed spasmodically against her breast and the other as tightly gripped about the dog-whip, she was as turned to stone. Even as he looked, relief came to her. Her muscles loosened; with a heavy sigh she settled back, giving him a look of more than love—of worship.

Thling-Tinneh was trying to speak, but his people drowned his voice. Then Mackenzie strode forward. The Fox opened his mouth to a piercing yell, but so savagely did Mackenzie whirl upon him that he shrank back, his larynx all a-gurgle with suppressed sound. His discomfiture was greeted with roars of laughter, and served to soothe his fellows to a listening mood.

"Brothers! The White Man, whom ye have chosen to call the Wolf, came among you with fair words. He was not like the Innuited; he spoke not lies. He came as a friend, as one who would be a brother. But your men have had their say, and the time for soft words is past. First, I will tell you that the Shaman has an evil tongue and is a false prophet, that the messages he spake are not those of the Fire-Bringer. His ears are locked to the voice of the Raven, and out of his own

head he weaves cunning fancies, and he has made fools of you. He has no power. When the dogs were killed and eaten, and your stomachs were heavy with untanned hide and strips of moccasins; when the old men died, and the old women died, and the babes at the dry dugs of the mothers died; when the land was dark, and ye perished as do the salmon in the fall; aye, when the famine was upon you, did the Shaman bring reward to your hunters? did the Shaman put meat in your bellies? Again I say, the Shaman is without power. Thus I spit upon his face!"

Though taken aback by the sacrilege, there was no uproar. Some of the women were even frightened, but among the men there was an uplifting, as though in preparation or anticipation of the miracle. All eyes were turned upon the two central figures. The priest realized the crucial moment, felt his power tottering, opened his mouth in denunciation, but fled backward before the truculent advance, upraised fist, and flashing eyes, of Mackenzie. He sneered and resumed.

"Was I stricken dead? Did the lightning burn me? Did the stars fall from the sky and crush me? Pish! I have done with the dog. Now will I tell you of my people, who are the mightiest of all the peoples, who rule in all the lands. At first we hunt as I hunt, alone. After that we hunt in packs; and at last, like the cariboo-run, we sweep across all the land. Those whom we take into our lodges live; those who will not come die. Zarinska is a comely maiden, full and strong, fit to become the mother of Wolves. Though I die, such shall she become; for my brothers are many, and they will follow the scent of my dogs. Listen to the Law of the Wolf: *Whoso taketh the life of one Wolf, the forfeit shall ten of his people pay.* In many lands has the price been paid; in many lands shall it yet be paid.

"Now will I deal with the Fox and the Bear. It seems they have cast eyes upon the maiden. So? Behold, I have bought her! Thling-Tinneh leans upon the rifle; the goods of purchase are by his fire. Yet will I be fair to the young men. To the Fox, whose tongue is dry with many words, will I give of tobacco five long plugs. Thus will his mouth be wetted that he may make much noise in the coun-

cil. But to the Bear, of whom I am well proud, will I give of blankets two; of flour, twenty cups; of tobacco, double that of the Fox; and if he fare with me over the Mountains of the East, then will I give him a rifle, mate to Thling-Tinneh's. If not? Good! The Wolf is weary of speech. Yet once again will he say the Law: *Whoso taketh the life of one Wolf, the forfeit shall ten of his people pay.*"

Mackenzie smiled as he stepped back to his old position, but at heart he was full of trouble. The night was yet dark. The girl came to his side, and he listened closely as she told of the Bear's battle-tricks with the knife.

The decision was for war. In a trice, scores of moccasins were widening the space of beaten snow by the fire. There was much chatter about the seeming defeat of the Shaman; some averred he had but withheld his power, while others conned past events and agreed with the Wolf. The Bear came to the center of the battle-ground, a long naked hunting-knife of Russian make in his hand. The Fox called attention to Mackenzie's revolvers; so he stripped his belt, buckling it about Zarinska, into whose hands he also intrusted his rifle. She shook her head that she could not shoot,—small chance had a woman to handle such precious things.

"Then, if danger come by my back, cry aloud, 'My husband!' No; thus, 'My husband!'"

He laughed as she repeated it, pinched her cheek, and re-entered the circle. Not only in reach and stature had the Bear the advantage of him, but his blade was longer by a good two inches. "Scruff" Mackenzie had looked into the eyes of men before, and he knew it was a man who stood against him; yet he quickened to the glint of light on the steel, to the dominant pulse of his race.

Time and again he was forced to the edge of the fire or the deep snow, and time and again, with the foot tactics of the pugilist, he worked back to the center. Not a voice was lifted in encouragement, while his antagonist was heartened with applause, suggestions, and warnings. But his teeth only shut the tighter as the knives clashed together, and he thrust or eluded with a coolness born of conscious strength. At



first he felt compassion for his enemy; but this fled before the primal instinct of life, which in turn gave way to the lust of slaughter. The ten thousand years of culture fell from him, and he was a cave-dweller, doing battle for his female.

Twice he pricked the Bear, getting away unscathed; but the third time caught, and to save himself, free hands closed on fighting hands, and they came together. Then did he realize the tremendous strength of his opponent. His muscles were knotted in painful lumps, and cords and tendons threatened to snap with the strain; yet nearer and nearer came the Russian steel. He tried to break away, but only weakened himself. The fur-clad circle closed in, certain of and anxious to see the final stroke. But with wrestler's trick, swinging partly to the side, he struck at his adversary with his head. Involuntarily the Bear leaned back, disturbing his center of gravity. Simultaneous with this, Mackenzie tripped properly and threw his whole weight forward, hurling him clear through the circle into the deep snow. The Bear floundered out and came back full tilt.

"O my husband!" Zarinska's voice rang out, vibrant with danger.

To the twang of a bow-string, Mackenzie swept low to the ground, and a bone-barbed arrow passed over him into the breast of the Bear, whose momentum carried him over his crouching foe. The next instant Mackenzie was up and about. The Bear lay motionless, but across the fire was the Shaman, drawing a second arrow.

Mackenzie's knife leaped short in the air. He caught the heavy blade by the point. There was a flash of light as it spanned the fire. Then the Shaman, the hilt alone appearing without his throat, swayed a moment and pitched forward into the glowing embers.

Click! click!—the Fox had possessed himself of Thling-Tinneh's rifle and was vainly trying to throw a shell into place.

But he dropped it at the sound of Mackenzie's laughter.

"So the Fox has not learned the way of the plaything? He is yet a woman. Come! Bring it, that I may show thee!"

The Fox hesitated.

"Come, I say!"

He slouched forward like a beaten cur.

"Thus, and thus; so the thing is done."

A shell flew into place and the trigger was at cock as Mackenzie brought it to shoulder.

"The Fox has said great deeds were afoot this night, and he spoke true. There have been great deeds, yet least among them were those of the Fox. Is he still intent to take Zarinska to his lodge? Is he minded to tread the trail already broken by the Shaman and the Bear? No? Good!"

Mackenzie turned contemptuously and drew his knife from the priest's throat.

"Are any of the young men so minded? If so, the Wolf will take them by two and three till none are left. No? Good! Thling-Tinneh, I now give thee this rifle a second time. If, in the days to come, thou shouldst journey to the Country of the Yukon, know thou that there shall always be a place and much food by the fire of the Wolf. The night is now passing into the day. I go, but I may come again. And for the last time, remember the Law of the Wolf!"

He was supernatural in their sight as he rejoined Zarinska. She took her place at the head of the team, and the dogs swung into motion. A few moments later they were swallowed up by the ghostly forest. Till now Mackenzie had waited; he slipped into his snow-shoes to follow.

"Has the Wolf forgotten the five long plugs?"

Mackenzie turned upon the Fox angrily; then the humor of it struck him.

"I will give thee one short plug."

"As the Wolf sees fit," meekly responded the Fox, stretching out his hand.



# ASLEEP ON PICKET

## AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR IN CUBA

By E. F. FLOYD

IT was the night after the terrible day at San Juan, and Private George Morton of the regulars was doing picket duty on the heights. Not much to make a story out of; for after the exciting events of that day, ever to be memorable in our history, anything else that can be told must seem simple and commonplace. But to Private Morton there at his post by the deserted trenches it was destined to be even more eventful than the scenes he had just been through.

Ever since the landing of his regiment, two days before, the moments had been filled with excitement and rough work that left little time for thought. But Private Morton, as a general rule, was not much given to thought. A private in the regular army must be made into a part of one splendid fighting machine. So Private Morton was content to do his duty, and let the officers do the thinking.

Though apparently not over thirty years of age, he was now serving his second term of enlistment, and had seen enough of active service in the Indian campaigns in Arizona and the Bad Lands to make war for him no novelty. He was counted a good soldier, and he knew by heart all the "rules of war" by which the sharp discipline of the regular army is enforced.

But to-night it seemed to the soldier that the burdens of the service were more than ordinarily oppressive. For nearly forty-eight hours he had been on constant duty without rest or respite, marching through the tropical rain, wading streams, plodding in the mud, fighting, famishing,—for in all that mad rush of the preceding days there had been no time for rest, and hardly a thought for food and drink, for even the regulars had caught the infection and were nearly as reckless and improvident as the less disciplined and more thoughtless volunteers. The one thing to do was to possess that Spanish line before it could be re-enforced, and before the dreaded fever should thin their own ranks. It was death in front, but just as certain death was stalking in the

rear. And so during those last two days there had been no rest from duty, no moment in which to catch a little sleep or relieve the muscles or mind from the terrible strain. The line had been won, and now must be guarded from surprise and recapture.

In detailing the guard for that important service there were no fresh men from which to select; the fatigue of two days' constant marching and fighting could be no excuse, else there could be no guard, for all were equally worn and exhausted. When Private Morton heard the orderly sergeant call his name as one of the detail for guard duty he had just flung himself down on the rain and blood-soaked ground beside a dead Spanish soldier. There had been no time to select a resting-place; the tired limbs had refused duty the moment discipline was relaxed, and he had fallen almost as a dead man there among the really dead, with all his accouterments still strapped about him and firmly grasping his heavy army rifle. But with the calling of his name the habit of discipline returned, and he was promptly on his feet to form one of the little squad that marched away into the growing darkness toward the front for sentinel duty.

He was stationed in the shadow of a few closely growing trees just beyond the now deserted trenches lately so stubbornly defended by Spain's bravest soldiers, with orders not to expose himself in the open, but to note the least movement or sound from the direction in which the enemy had retreated, as it was deemed very likely that a night attack might be attempted for the recovery of the hill.

For a short time after his companions left him Private Morton did not give much attention to himself. He followed, first with his eyes, then by ear, the movements of the little band, as guard after guard was placed, and tried to keep in mind the location of the different men. It was no new work for him to be on guard, and there was no special novelty to him in the situation. War was war, whether in Cuba or



Arizona. He knew that across that dark cañon, concealed by the darkness and the thick growth of timber, was the Spanish line, and that any moment a flight of Mauser bullets might come in his direction from out those dim shadows, or even a line of yelling, cursing Spaniards spring from the jungle down there a little way below him and come charging up to bear him and his comrades back from the hard-earned field. But he had been in equally bad places before, and did not know what it was to fear anything in the shape of foe. He knew the importance of his task, the perils it involved, and the consequences of failure.

But now the new-found strength that came to him when called to this new task began gradually to fade away, and he could realize how tired and faint he was. He could easily count up his rations for the last two days; just five hardtacks, soaked in muddy water, in all that time, and as for sleep, when he came to think of it, he did not believe that he had had any, unless, perhaps, he had slept a while between the fighting and the detail for guard duty.

How tired he was now, and how he would like to sleep! It was to be only two hours of duty, then the relief would come. If he could only pace his beat, it would be some relief; but his orders were strict—not to move from his tree. He must keep awake—that was certain. If the Dons over there would only shoot a little, so as to break that fearful monotony. Why not take a shot himself and wake them up? But no, that had been prohibited, and besides, it would startle the whole army, and surely they needed all the rest they could get. He would count the stars, but that made him dizzy and light-headed. Oh, how his limbs ached, and his eyes seemed so heavy! His gun, too, was growing almost too heavy to carry, and his belt of cartridges must weigh a hundred pounds, though it was almost empty. If he only dared to throw away some cartridges, or take some out of the magazine. But ammunition was too precious to waste, and he must save all his at any cost. How long had it been since the detail had gone, and how long before the relief would come? He must sleep, only for a moment, and standing, so that if he should really sleep,

he would fall and awaken. No, that was too risky. It meant death to be caught asleep. He could stab a hole through his shoe with his bayonet, and wound his foot; the pain must awaken him. Somehow, the blood felt so warm and comfortable there,—was he going to sleep after all? He took a cartridge from his belt, and bit it savagely till he broke a tooth, and his mouth filled with blood; but he let it run down his face and across his blouse, with no care for the pain, or relief from that terrible call of overstrung nerves for rest in sleep.

How long Private Morton fought this terrible battle with himself—a battle more dreadful than any on that bloody field the day before—we cannot tell. It seemed ages to him; it might have been only the latter part of his time of duty, but at last the relief was coming. He could not be mistaken—that was the sound of his approaching deliverance,—yes, there was the head of the line within fifty yards of him. Now he could sleep. “O God! how tired I am; how blessed this sleep!”

And so they found him, sound asleep at his post. It might have been for a moment; it might have been for two hours. Asleep he was, at any rate, when his relief arrived. His post the most important on the whole line, and its sentinel asleep! How could they know he had fought so hard to keep awake—and he had only fallen as they were at hand? They had found him so, and it was death. He knew that. He had not been in the service six years to forget that. There was no excuse that would save a sentinel from death who fell asleep at his post in time of war and in the face of the enemy. As the grim faces of the men that fell in about him to take him to the guard-house showed no sign of compassion, so Morton realized that he could expect none from any quarter, but must suffer the full penalty of his crime.

It did not occupy much time, his trial and conviction. The days were too busy for that—those days before Santiago, between El Caney, San Juan, and the surrender.

They were grim and powder-blackened, with torn and faded uniforms, that group of officers quickly called together for court-martial, but they were stern and just. The evidence was clear,—there was no defense,

—the sentence brief. Private Morton, for sleeping on post, was to be shot to death, in the presence of his regiment, the following day at noon. The action of the court-martial had been approved by the commander, and but a few short hours remained for the condemned man between this and another world.

In the old San Juan blockhouse, that served as a prison now, lay Private Morton, stretched on the rough floor, and covered with his blanket. There was time enough to sleep here,—and that sleep which seemed so precious but a short time ago, and which had finally cost him his life, why would it not come to him now and shut out the awful realities of his position? Why could he not stop thinking for a moment and sleep? Perhaps it would come if he would only turn on the other side. No, that foot pained too badly. Why did it not pain enough to keep him awake that dreadful night,—when was it, a year ago, or only last night? He could not tell, for he had lost all sense of time. Was he going crazy? It was not such a dreadful thing to die. He had faced death a thousand times, and was not afraid of that. During that charge up the hill, the lieutenant had called to him, “Private Morton, cut these wires.” He was not afraid then, but had stepped out of the brush into that hornets’ nest of lead, and with his nippers cut every wire before he left—and not a bullet hit him, though the Lieutenant and eight or ten other men fell dead before they got through the gap he had made. Perhaps he bore a charmed life, and they might not hit him when they came to try to kill him next day. It was the disgrace of it all, though. “In the presence of his regiment,”—that had been the sentence, and the disgrace of standing there before his comrades, condemned for neglect of duty, he, Private Morton, who had served six years in his regiment, and had never a mark against his name before. This was worse than death. If he could only sleep a little while and forget that part of it. But that tooth would persist in paining so, and one ragged point kept cutting his tongue and filling his mouth with blood that almost choked him at times, so that no sleep would come.

Outside, the guard was pacing back and forth, keeping faithful watch over the

wretched prisoner within, who turned and tossed upon the hard floor in vain effort to find relief in sleep. He could hear the sentinel’s steady pace, and began to count the footfalls, as a sort of relief for his wakefulness. About sixty of them would make a minute, or would it take a hundred—perhaps not more than thirty. He would count a while, and then try to fix the time. Strange that his mind should dwell on such trifles at such a time. Perhaps the sentinel would go to sleep. Possibly he was asleep now, and he might walk out to liberty. If only he were not so tired he would try it, but he must sleep.

With such feverish fancies did the night pass away, and then the brief forenoon seemed all too short. They would come for him in a few moments, and he would march out and meet his doom before the whole regiment. Who would come, and who would be told off for the firing party? He hoped they would be good shots. “Reddy” James would surely be one; he was always on every special detail, and that bristling red mustache would be sure to stand out stiffer than ever to-day. “Mealy” Mason would be another. He was the man the sergeant always detailed to shoot the sick and disabled horses the summer they were up in the Bad Lands. But before he could count up any more the lieutenant came to inform him that the time was up, and he must march to the place of execution.

It struck him as a little peculiar just then that no chaplain had been sent to help smooth his pathway to the grave; but it did not give him much concern, as he never had much use for a chaplain anyway, and all the boys knew it. Another thing seemed queer. Had he not seen the lieutenant fall there at the barbed-wire fence with a bullet through his head? But here he was, and did not seem to be any the worse for it, only his face was terribly white and ghastly, and a great splash of blood almost covered his once white gauntlet. Now he came to think of it, “Mealy” had fallen at the fence with the whole side of his head torn away; so after all he would not be one of the firing party. He wondered if his mother would know of his disgrace, and if she would be there. He remembered now that he had heard her voice singing “Rock of Ages” some time



last night, just as she used to when he was a little chap and she sang him to sleep at night.

The officer started to read something from a large roll of manuscript, but stopped with an oath. "You know what it is," he said; "forward, march!" And Private George Morton took his blanket from the floor, rolled it up properly as became a United States regular, and followed his lieutenant to the scene of his death.

Here it was as he had pictured it a hundred times through that long, terrible night. The regiment was drawn up on three sides of a square, in light marching order. The firing squad that was so soon to put an end to his earthly existence stood at ease a little to one side, and here he must stand in front of that ugly black hole which was to be his grave. They did not bind his eyes or tie his hands, but there he stood, erect and firm as though on duty—on sentinel duty, he grimly thought, where he was not likely to fall asleep.

He began to wonder how it would feel to be hit; whether he should know anything about it, and how long it would take to die. He watched the firing squad as it slowly filed into position. He counted them as they wheeled into place. One, two, three, four, five, six, and the officer. Why did it take so many to kill a man? But, then, not all the guns were loaded.

It seemed to take a long time to get everything ready, though perhaps his thoughts were running a little more rapidly than usual. One thing brought him satisfaction,—there would be plenty of time to sleep after it was all over.

His imagination must be playing him false again, else how was it that he saw the white, agonized face of his mother there, breaking through that solid line of blue on the right? He wanted to rush to her and tell her it was all a dream, that he would not be hurt, but he could not bring his limbs to obey his will; and then in a moment the stern, fixed faces of the men in front brought back with sickening force the reality and awfulness of it all.

It must come to an end some time. Yes, the officer at the head of the squad had

stepped a pace forward, and a command was given that he could not understand, but the guns were lowered with a jerk; another command, and with a jerk and clang the guns came to "aim," and all seemed pointing directly into his eyes. It would soon be over.

There was a flash, but he could hear no report. Would those bullets never come, or must he stand there through all eternity waiting for the end? Could they have missed him? Perhaps he was dead already. Death had come with the flash, and death was not so different from life after all. Then—"Yes, by God, I am hit after all!" he shouted, grabbing frantically at his left arm, which suddenly seemed a mass of molten iron. "Of all those guns only one was loaded, and that has taken off my arm."

Dazed and stupid from sleep and pain, he opened his eyes to see the relief still some twenty yards away, but moving with the brisk swing of the regulars to his post. His left arm seemed on fire yet, but he managed to bring his gun into position and challenge in the usual manner.

"How is this?" said the officer. "Wounded? It must have been that shot that just came from across the cañon." "Yes, I believe I'm struck a bit," said Morton, "but it don't amount to much, and I'm mighty glad to get out of this hole even if my arm is broke. It's a d—d sight better than having the whole six in my carcass."

With those rather unintelligible words Private Morton "fell in" and marched away to his quarters.

After the surgeon had fixed up his arm it was some time before he could reconcile his mind to dreaming so much in the time it took that relief to march thirty steps.

O God! how sweet it was to sink down at last upon that glorious couch, his army blanket and the muddy ground; to feel the drowsiness creeping deliciously through his very soul; to smile with contempt at the futile efforts his wounded arm was making to keep him awake, and at last to fall soundly and really asleep!



## THE CIRCUMFLEX

By WILL T. WHITLOCK



TWO forms stood on a wide stretch of prairie that extended in undulating hills and valleys across the surface of a Northwestern State. The crimson of the frost-painted sumac blended into the deeper red of the maiden's flannel blanket and showed her manelike hair in distinctive blackness. The darkness of her skin seemed deepened by the brass chain that encircled her neck, and her black eyes lighted up with a strange brilliancy as they rested on the person before her. The man was dressed in the latest fashion from a civilized standpoint, and the dark sack coat set off his broad shoulders, while the white collar and red four-in-hand heightened the effect of the copper-colored complexion. The cravat was the one article of dress that betrayed the blood which filled his veins, and yet a glance at his countenance revealed the inheritance handed down from his Sioux ancestors.

He was restless, very restless, for an Indian. Three years' training in the schools at H—— had enabled him to overcome some of his traditional stoicism, but now he seemed troubled. It was pleasant, much more pleasant than he had anticipated, for him to don once more the white man's clothes after three months of rest and freedom in the loose garments of his people; and as he lowered his broad chin upon the stiff collar all his ambitious hopes came back to him. He glanced at his companion as he thought of them, and a cloud came over his face. At last he spoke.

"I leave again to-morrow for school, Mishawaka," he said in English.

She made an assenting cluck in her throat, but the light died out of her eyes. That school threatened to become the one barrier to the fulfillment of *her* hopes.

"I am making good progress with my studies," he said, as though trying to quiet

some troublesome thoughts by concentrating all of them upon his future prospects. "Some day be big doctor." He usually dropped into Indian-English when preoccupied.

Mishawaka did not reply. Her thoughts wandered back to the times when as children she and the man beside her had played over the prairies and along the tree-lined creeks; back to the time before the fort had been built, when the soldiers came to fill his mind with ideas of another world—the white man's world; and back to the days when, in his indifferent way, he had been content with her and her simple manners.

The young Indian's mind, too, went back to the time when he was a naked boy playing on the sand-hills or sitting in stupid silence before his father's hut; back to the day when he met the strange blue-coated officer who had gazed at him so curiously as he stood with the result of the day's hunt slung across his bare shoulders. Then he thought of how that same officer came down to his father's camp, and by diplomatic wheedling and by presenting him with a rifle, persuaded the old chief to part with his son's companionship, if it could be called such, and carried the boy up to the fort to become a lackey for the first lieutenant. He now remembered how at first he hated the white man's ways, and ran away the next day, only to be brought back and handed over to the Major himself, who put him to work helping to care for the horses of the garrison.

The Major did not beat him, as he hoped, so that he might stab him,—the young Indian's blood was boiling so,—but assigned the lad his work in a voice and manner that knew no disobedience; and the young barbarian had been fairly conquered by a look from the officer's steel-blue eyes. He grew to almost worship



the man who by stern words and cold glances could cow his savage nature; and the Major, seeing his adoration, felt flattered and began to take notice of him, so much so that it finally ended in the Indian lad's being sent away to school at H—. He had finished the course there with honors, and the Major, who had become really attached to the boy, and who was surprised at his capability for learning, decided to send him that year to a medical school at Chicago. The Indian youth now remembered his first vacation; how gladly he had laid aside his civilized garb to wander among the lodges of his people, and the rapture he felt in being once more in company with Mishawaka, renewing his peculiar, almost wordless courtship. The vacation just ending had been pleasant, at least until he opened his trunk to prepare for his return journey. Then the forgotten photographs of the white girls, given him at the last term of school, were unearthed, and now he was unconsciously comparing them with the maiden at his side.

He was very popular at school. His splendid physique gave him a leading place in the college sports, and his dark, handsome features awakened a feeling of admiration in the breasts of more than one fair spectator at the football contests. His abilities as a student, too, attracted much attention, and he was bordering on that half painful, half delightful state in which the hitherto unnoticed exists when he begins to realize that he is a person of some importance; but never until to-day had it occurred to him that the maiden to whom he had plighted his troth was in any way inferior to himself or his associates.

Mishawaka was the first to recall her thoughts.

"What will you do when you are a medicine-man?" she asked.

"I don't know. Go to some city and practice, I suppose," he answered.

"And you won't come back here?"

He flung out his hand toward the squalid Indian huts in the valley with a gesture of contempt. "There is nothing here," he said.

"But your people," she asked, "would you desert them?"

"It is n't a question of desertion. I am educating myself for another life. The

white man's ways are better than ours. I enjoy more fully their manners and customs than I do those of my own people. I would rather take part in a ball game than hunt buffalo, even if there were any to hunt. The white man's houses are more comfortable, their sons more pleasant, and their daughters—" He stopped in confusion. He almost voiced the thoughts which had haunted him since those photographs had reminded him of the charms of his fair flatterers.

"When will you come back for me?" she demanded, ignoring his vehement arguments. Indeed, it may be doubted if she understood many of the words he had just used.

"When I graduate," he answered.

"Does 'graduate' mean end?"

"Yes," he said, pained in spite of himself at her ignorance of words that were so familiar to him.

"Would you take me to the large villages as I am?" she asked, mechanically drawing her red covering about her.

He misunderstood the movement and shifted his position uneasily.

"You wouldn't want to go now, would you, Mishawaka?" he asked.

"Would you take me, Chaota?" She started out bravely, but her voice faltered as she spoke his name.

"Yes; why not?" He tried to look into her face, but failed, and so let his eyes wander to the hills that bordered the western horizon.

They stood in silence a while, and then he said, "Well, I must go up to the Fort and finish packing. I will see you in the morning before I leave. So long." He tried to speak lightly and at the same time use his latest acquired slang, which came awkwardly to his lips.

She did not answer, but he did not think it strange; he was surprised to hear her speak so often as she had that afternoon. Still he hesitated a moment before he turned and walked rapidly toward the Fort.

Mishawaka stood watching him until he disappeared over the swell of ground. Then she sank upon the knoll at her feet, and sat with her face resting upon her hands, her black eyes staring in the direction Chaota had taken.

The autumn sun sank lazily down the western sky until it rested on the tops of

the low hills. The yellow sunflowers still followed him with untiring constancy, regardless of the wild canaries that perched on their frost-withered leaves, and who robbed them of their long black seeds. A prairie-dog came up from his hole for a good-night bark, but disappeared after one yelp when he saw the silent figure. His next-door neighbor, the ground-owl, came out and gazed profoundly at the maiden, and then spread his wings and went skimming over the plains looking for field-mice. A flock of pheasants settled abruptly near, huddled, tail to tail, in a feathered circle, and watched her until they grew weary, and then tucked their crested heads beneath their wings. The long grass-blades began gathering dew-drops for the slight cold of the late September night to change into icy diamonds to display in their morning parade before the sun, and the sumacs spread over their leaves the frosty cosmetic that would deepen their crimson complexion to dark carmine. Still Mishawaka sat in the darkness and the yellow stars winked above her.

Of what was she thinking? Did she really think? She was only conscious that Chaota had been ashamed of her as she stood beside him that day; or if not ashamed, she knew he wished her otherwise than she was.

She had gone about in her stolid Indian fashion, never doubting but that when Chaota had gone to school for a time he would return to her, and then they would build them a hut on the opposite side of the river from her father's camp, and the Government would feed them and provide for what children should be born to them. She had missed her lover when he was away, but she did not think of grieving for him during his absence. She thought it only a question of time when he would come again, and time to one in her condition was of no consequence. It was only the filling-up of an existence, and did not have to be improved or carefully measured as it must be in the busy world of civilization. Now, however, she vaguely realized that there must be a change. Either she must raise herself in Chaota's estimation, or—her brain became numb, and she refused to reason further.

The sky in the east changed slowly from dusky purple to pale turquoise, and the

narrow stratus clouds blushed with pleasure as the sun neared the horizon. The day began breathing the short breaths of new birth, and when the orb which gave it existence came suddenly above the level line of the prairie he saw the young squaw sitting among the glittering grass-blades in the same place he had left her the evening before.

Two men rode by in the early morning. "There's Mishawaka! Probably stayed out there all night. Those Indians sleep like cattle, lying down or standing," said one, a young soldier.

"And eat like hogs," growled his companion, the commissary agent.

Mishawaka waited until the horsemen had disappeared; then gathering up her blanket she went down the hillside to the village and into her father's brush-covered domicile. In a few moments she reappeared, and avoiding the dogs and children that were just awakening, she walked resolutely away across the prairie. She swung the small bundle which she carried in unison with her long, rapid strides, and her dark hair streamed out in the morning breeze.

Chaota came down to the village early that morning. He wished to see Mishawaka and have one more talk with her before leaving. He feared that she might have guessed his half-formed thoughts of the day before, and he wished to remove all suspicions from her mind. For an hour he wandered to and fro among the huts, and up and down the river bank, but could find no trace of her.

Old Wasat watched him lazily. He did not approve of young bucks learning the white man's ways, especially that of treating women as equals; but Chaota usually had a supply of cigars or tobacco with him, so the old chief always welcomed his prospective son-in-law, and made no remonstrance.

The time for Chaota's departure drew near.

"Where's Mishawaka?" he abruptly asked the old Indian.

"Don't know. No sleep in tepee last night," Wasat answered indifferently.

"Gone that way," said Mishawaka's brother, as he thrust his naked body between the two men and pointed a



grimy arm in the direction his sister had taken.

"When did she go?" asked Chaota, turning eagerly to the boy.

But the lad's face suddenly became expressionless, and he maintained an unwinking silence till Chaota turned away; then he deftly cut with his knife two shining buttons from the young man's coat, and let his face relax into a cunning grin.

Chaota climbed the knoll and stood anxiously scanning the prairie for a time. Then the savage burst through the polish which his schooling had produced. "Why should man look for squaw?" he muttered in his native tongue. "Squaw should look for man." And he stalked away to the Fort.

Half an hour later he was riding across the prairie toward the railway station, apparently indifferent to everything except the gold watch which the Major had given him as a parting gift.

Three days later a young squaw arrived at the Indian schools of Fort L——, a hundred miles from Fort A——. She walked stolidly to the superintendent's dwelling and seated herself on the kitchen steps.

"What do ye want?" asked the Irish matron, who found her there. "Can't ye spake?" she said as the girl remained silent.

"Want learn. Read book," said the young squaw at last.

"Let her stay," said the superintendent when the matron reported. "She's old Wasat's daughter from over near Fort A——. She will not remain long if you put her to washing dishes after supper."

Three years have passed. Again it is September. The artichoke-flowers blaze above the fast browning prairies and the goldenrod on the hillsides waves its yellow plumes. Down in the bottoms the sycamore and cottonwood are casting off their yellowing leaves; but the white oak will cling to her gorgeous finery till the blizzard comes shrieking up the gulch to wrest it from her, or until the winking prairie-fire leaps among her branches, and mounting upward to the highest limbs, finally leaves the vain beauty a blackened skeleton. Tumble-stalks roll aimlessly across the

plains, and the milkweeds opening their homely pods reveal a silk finer than any mulberry-fed insect can produce. Quails, pheasants, and prairie-chickens, now relieved from parental duties, gather in flocks and disport themselves on the knolls, while the red-winged blackbirds walk familiarly among the straggling Indian cattle or perch impudently upon their backs. The coyote lies hidden in the rare patches of bluestem grass waiting for the long-eared jack-rabbit or chattering ground-squirrel to pass his ambush. The air is full of hazy mist, and while yesterday you could have seen the mountain miles away to the westward, to-day you can only distinguish objects within the circular space which the smoky air incloses like a canopy.

The young officers at Fort A—— are rejoicing. The Major has announced that his niece, Mabel Wainwright, and a party of tourist friends are coming to visit the Fort. The men do not heed the lazy atmosphere. They are busy planning a week's entertainment that will be novel to the visitors and at the same time break the monotonous round of garrison life. They decided to close the week with a "hop," to which the settlers on the scattered ranches are to be invited.

"Do you think of anything else that would be interesting for them?" Lieutenant Force asks Major Wainwright.

"I have a little surprise for them, if I can arrange things," says the Major. "I will attend to that, however, myself." He walks over to the stable and gives an order to one of the soldiers.

Three days later, the tourist party arrived. They were driven and escorted across the prairies and were initiated into the mysteries of the red man's life until they were obliged to acknowledge themselves content. Mabel Wainwright, the Major's niece, gave herself up wholly to the enjoyment of the strange scenes about her. The seemingly endless sweeps of prairie, the queer homes and habits of the Indians, and the machinations of garrison life, interested and delighted her; moreover, it lifted her from the narrow confines of Eastern civilization and broadened her world. She looked forward to the ball with pleasant anticipation, for her uncle had informed her that she would then have an opportunity to obtain some idea of the

social life of the people on the plains. And when he hinted that he had prepared still another novel entertainment for his guests on that evening, her curiosity was greatly excited.

About five o'clock in the afternoon the guests of the "hop" began to arrive. Most of them came on horseback, and when one rides fifteen or twenty miles to a ball, one likes to rest a while before the dancing begins. So the people from the ranches came early, and sat about the barracks chatting with the neighbors whom they saw but once or twice a year. Later they had supper with the tourists.

The settlers' wives and daughters, the few women belonging at the Fort, and the five ladies of the visiting party gave quite an air of femininity to the mess-hall in which they danced. The young officers glittered up and down the room, and the ranchmen made themselves agreeable to the tourists. Old Wasat and half a dozen bucks from the Indian village stalked into the hall just as the dancing began. They squatted down in one corner and tried to appear indifferent to their surroundings; but now and then some of the braves would forget to look stupid and would roll their eyes toward the dancers with undignified curiosity. Even the old chief was guilty of removing his gaze from the opposite wall three times during the evening.

"What is the other entertainment which you mean to give us this evening, uncle?" asked Mabel. They had been waltzing and were promenading while the portly Major regained his breath.

"There is part of it," said the Major. He indicated a young man who whirled past with a teacher from the Indian schools at Fort L——.

Mabel watched the couple until they came opposite them again, and then she gave a little exclamation of surprise. The man was an Indian. He was faultlessly dressed, and there was about him the air of a man accustomed to good society; but his face was dark and irregular, and his eyes had the beady blackness peculiar to the red man.

"Who is he?" asked Mabel.

"I suppose we must now call him Dr. Wainwright," said the Major. "He arrived this afternoon from Chicago, where I sent him to finish a course of medical lec-

tures. He graduated last spring, and has spent the summer in one of the hospitals in the city. I had a letter yesterday from one of the faculty telling me that my boy was one of the ablest surgeons they had turned out from their school."

Mabel looked perplexed. Could it be possible that her uncle had married a squaw? Was this man his son?

"Is he any relation to — to you?" she faltered.

"None whatever," said the Major, understanding her at once. "I took a fancy to him when he was a lad, and he wishes to use my name. I have learned to love him as a son, however, and have great hopes for his future."

"Introduce us now," said Mabel impulsively. She led the way to where the young Indian was standing beside the chair in which he had just seated his partner.

The Doctor greeted the Major with a smile that showed his even teeth and he bowed gracefully to Mabel. The Major began talking to the schoolmistress and Mabel prepared herself for a few moments' conversation with a man who promised to be exceedingly interesting. But the other girls of the tourist party had been watching the young Doctor, and seeing Mabel with him, they ingenuously wandered to that end of the room. They, of course, had to be introduced. Two or three ranchmen also came up to greet the newly returned Doctor, and Mabel did not get a chance to speak to him again until later in the evening, when he asked her for a waltz.

"This is only part of the extra entertainment," said the Major mischievously, as Mabel and the Doctor prepared to begin dancing. "The rest will come after this waltz."

Mabel was about to make a reply, when it occurred to her that she was going to dance her first dance with an Indian, and she was silent as they floated away over the polished floor.

The waltz ended and an expectant hush fell upon the guests. Captain Hine's wife came in slowly. She was followed by an Indian maiden, who walked modestly to a seat near the piano which had been pushed out toward the center of the room.

"Who is that?" asked one of the visiting girls.

"I declare if it ain't that Indian girl



that Mrs. White has been teaching music to over at the government school at Fort L——," said Mrs. Hobbs, one of the ranchwomen. "I saw Mrs. White a while ago waltzing with that Indian doctor, but I never thought about the girl being here. I guess the Major sent over and had her come so as you could hear her play. I was down at the school last spring and Mrs. White could n't talk 'bout anything else much but how that girl was learning, and——"

"That red dress suits her complexion," remarked Mrs. Hills, the chaperon of the tourists, hoping thus to stem the flow of Mrs. Hobbs's loud-voiced garrulity.

But Mrs. Hobbs was not to be stopped in that manner. She was one of the oldest settlers, and considered herself an authority on all matters of interest in the county. Besides that the girls were listening.

"She used to live down in that little village,—you have seen it, of course,—" Mrs. Hobbs went on; "and that girl was just as ornery as the rest of the Indians. One day she came over to the school at Fort L—— and asked them to take her in and let her study. Superintendent White didn't think she would stay,—so many of them grown Indian girls think they want to learn books and only stick to them for a little while,—so he told her she could remain if she would help about the kitchen. Some one said she had a row with her lover over here and came away on that account."

Mrs. Hobbs ceased because the girls had stopped listening and were watching the Indian girl, who had risen and was arranging some music on the piano-rack.

The Doctor and Mabel had finished their waltz and sat talking at one end of the room. They had not noticed the entrance of Mrs. Hines, and did not see the Indian girl until they heard the opening chords of her selection. They both looked quickly in the direction of the piano, where the light shone directly on the face of the performer.

The Doctor gave a violent start and then sank back in his chair, his eyes riveted on the player. Mabel, furtively watching him, saw the stolid look of the Indian creep over his face. He seemed to be thinking of things far different from the

scene before him, yet he lost not a motion of the girl at the piano.

The Indian maiden finished her solo. Her technique was faulty, and she showed a lack of proper training from the first. However, most of the guests declared themselves delighted, and insisted that she play again.

"I call that excellent," said the Major, looking about the assembly for further approval. He felt very enthusiastic on the subject of educated Indians that evening.

"It was very good for a squaw, anyway," said Mrs. Hills, and then retired in confusion when she saw that the "squaw" had overheard her remark.

The Doctor seemed to have forgotten the existence of Mabel. He strode across the room to the piano and placed his hand upon the music that the Indian girl was preparing to play. Then he turned and looked down into her face.

"Mishawaka," he said. There was a world of tenderness in the one word.

She looked quickly up at him, and then replied indifferently, "Chaota."

He brought his magnificent form to an erect position and stood looking eagerly at her. Instinctively he knew why she had left the old free life, and he felt a pang of remorse as he thought of her blind struggles to become his equal. He removed his gaze from her face and looked about the room at the astonished guests. The young Indian knew that among them he had not a peer for learning or skill. His aspirations to succeed in their world had led him away from his early love, and for the time had crowded her from his thoughts; and even as he stood there the knowledge that he had proven his superiority to the average white man caused his heart to throb in his bosom; but with a shrug of his broad shoulders he turned and looked again at Mishawaka. Then his ambitious plans for the future passed from his thoughts as does the snow from the mountain-side when the Chinook strikes it. He had but one desire left—to regain the affection of the maiden before him.

A listless expression came over Mishawaka's face as she looked up at the Doctor. What did it matter now—the long separation, the distasteful labors? The old care-

less indifference to life and its perplexities returned as she realized that again he was beside her, his eyes telling that still he loved her.

For a while they stood thus in primitive soul-communion amid the silence of the room. At last Chaota grunted, "Come," and Mishawaka arose and followed him toward a door. A gust of wind smote them as they stepped across the threshold. Chaota felt instinctively for the blanket that was not there, and Mishawaka gathered her scarf about her with a squaw's

huddling movement. He gently drew her to his side, and together they strolled away from the Fort.

The wind loosened her long hair, and it fell in confusion about her crimson bodice. A silver shower of moonlight poured upon the two forms and seemed to partially quench the flame of his diamond shirt-stud flashing unseen upon the wild prairie. Cultured ambition had fled; sweet barbarous love reigned. All the world was lost to these two as silently they moved down the little knoll toward the Indian village.



## TO RUDYARD KIPLING

### "GENTLEMAN UNAFRAID"

*WE clambered with thee up the pine-clad mountain,  
Or galloped with thee o'er the arid plain;  
Thy spell lay on us where the sunlit fountain  
Splashed by tall palm and minaret like rain;  
We thrid the tangled jungle maze together,  
The blinding wilderness, the sobbing main;  
But never did our souls to thine foregather  
As thronging, pleading, by thy couch of pain.*

Till then we loved the writer bold, whose far-seeing glance could scan  
The secrets we fain would leave untold, the evil and good we plan;  
Death gripped thy soul in his icy hold, and, sudden, we loved the man!  
The man who had gazed adown Truth's well, returning undismayed,  
And sorely we grudged the Lord our God his "gentleman unafraid."



For writers have passed away before whom the world hath laid to sleep,  
 And poets have sought the farther shore while the world scarce paused to weep,—  
 It hath poets and writers by the score, their message aye will keep;  
 But it lacks the message of some strong soul, by Falsehood ne'er betrayed.  
 So we knelt and moaned to the Lord our God for our gentleman unafraid.

We knelt and moaned to the Lord our God for the valiant pen, and strong,  
 That scorched the tyrant as lightning rod, uplifting the weak in song,  
 With a tender word for the meanest clod, a salve for the deepest wrong.  
 The Lord our God laid a gentle touch on our eyelids where we prayed,  
 His glory fell about the couch of our gentleman unafraid.

Then we caught a glimpse of the Borderland where thy spirit hovered low,  
 We saw it quiver and take its stand in the radiant afterglow,  
 For thou wast chosen to understand what our dim souls might not know;  
 And we raised our heads with the smile of peace, our passionate pain allayed,—  
 The Lord had a message new to give his gentleman unafraid.

What is thy message, poet-friend, culled from the Fields of Time,—  
 What the first note thy voice shall send, caught from the Glory chime?  
 How shall the light and radiance blend, borne from etheric clime?  
 We wait and watch for thy new-born word, like sheep that have weary strayed,  
 For we lack the knowledge to grow like thee, gentle and unafraid.

Thou sangest the Song of the dear old Earth, the chaunt of the jungle dim,  
 The dirge of the wild-sea's joyless mirth, the night and the morning hymn;—  
 But thou hast trodden the Seraph's hearth, hast stood with the Cherubim,  
 And the tones that thou bearest from their harps, to cheer or to upbraid,  
 Shall draw us near to the Lord our God, who loves not a soul afraid.

Ah, poets may go, and heroes die, and writers lay down the pen,  
 Princes and popes at rest may lie,—their power is within our ken;  
 But we need the man whose love hath probed and mastered the hearts of men!  
 So the Lord our God, with a pitying glance for our hearts, life-worn and frayed,  
 Gave back, with the lore conned over there, our gentleman unafraid.

Merrie England in tears receives her son, brown India sobs with pride,  
 But the homes that quaked lest thy race were run, spread out on every side,  
 And ere thy message to man be done 't will circle the whole world wide;  
 For the wide world hushed its clamorous din and paled while thy breath was stayed,  
 And the whole world's heart is thy sheltering home, O gentleman unafraid!

*We clamber with thee up the pine-clad mountain,  
 And gallop with thee o'er the arid plain;  
 Thy spell lies on us where the sunlit fountain  
 Splashes by palm and minaret like rain;  
 We thread the tangled jungle maze together,  
 The blinding wilderness, the throbbing main;  
 But never shall our souls more closely gather  
 Than thronging, pleading, by thy couch of pain.*

A. R. Rose-Soley.



Troop M, Fourth Cavalry, Ready to Leave the Presidio

## UNCLE SAM'S TROOPERS IN THE NATIONAL PARKS OF CALIFORNIA

By CAPTAIN JOHN A. LOCKWOOD, U. S. A.



It was an ideal morning in early May at the Presidio of San Francisco. The four troops of cavalry, two hundred odd men strong, had been ordered some weeks before to move out on this particular day toward their summer camps, over three hundred miles away, in Southeastern California. The day arrived and men

and horses were ready.

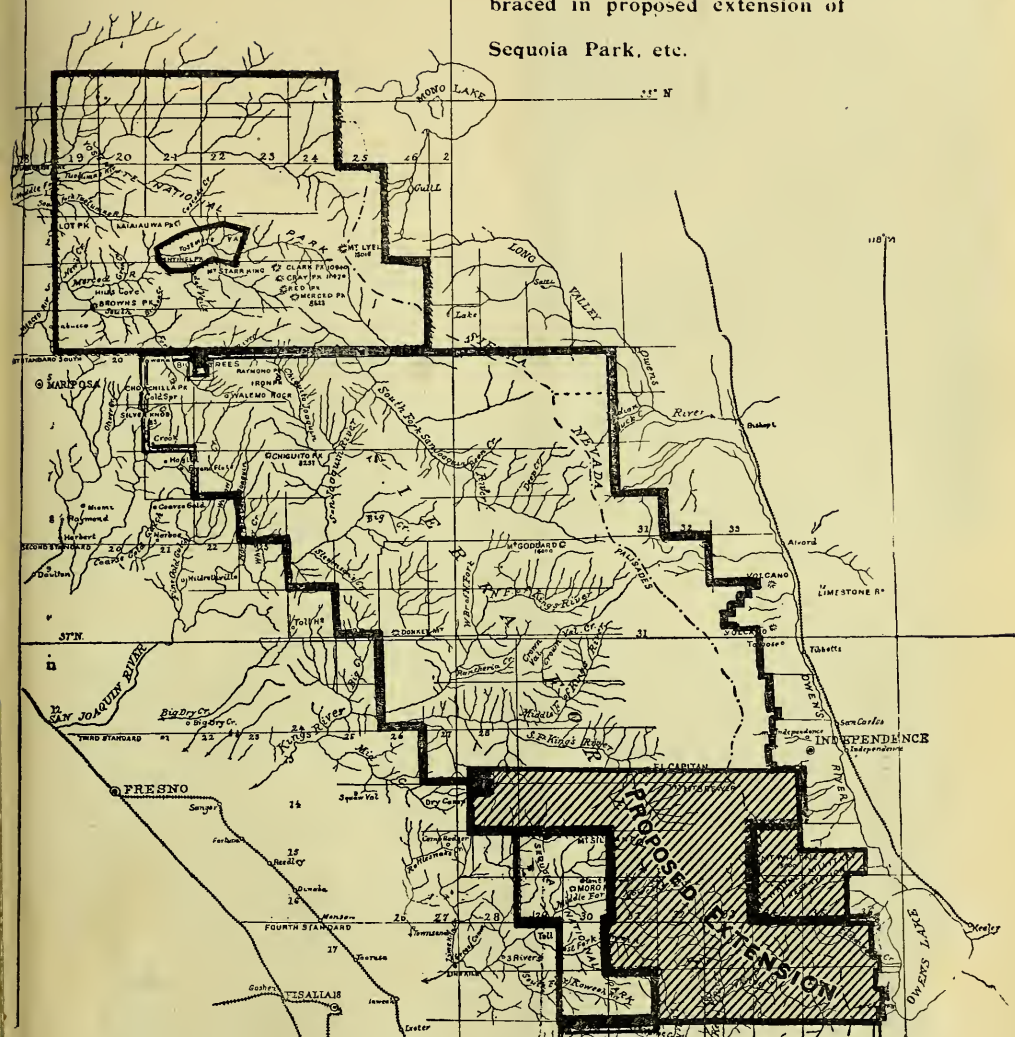
There was no unusual hurry or confusion. All had been carefully planned and arranged for beforehand. "Boots and Saddles" and "The Assembly" were sounded, and the men saddled, bridled, led out, and prepared to mount, as if for drill, instead of for an absence of six or seven months. The pack-mules were more refractory. It took a packer no less skilled in handling a mule than the veteran, Dennis, who learned his art under General Crook, to drive the disgusted little animals with their unusual burdens into the rear of the column and keep them there. The last farewells were said, the band, whose sweet strains the cavalrymen would not hear again for many months, played "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the troopers swung into the saddle, and the command was off.

Winding up the hilly road which flanks the reservation on the east, the column moved along at a walk. First the field and staff, then "K" troop, with its coal-black horses, the troop officers riding at ease at the head, then the three other troops, followed by a dozen or more four-mule army wagons with their white canvas covers, and finally the troublesome pack-mules, followed and hurried along by the packers, civilians, and soldiers. After the column crossed the reservation line, it passed through and across Golden Gate Park, and when that beautiful pleasure-ground had been left in the distance, the troop dogs began to make their appearance. They had been lying low and avoiding arrest and the pound and the other bugbears of dogdom, until, danger apparently passed, the dogs' best friend, the trooper, turned his charge loose.

At the end of the first hour, the command halted and saddle-blankets were smoothed out and cinches tightened. In the next half-hour the word "Trot" was given, and the column swung into the steady regulation gait of eight miles an hour. Soon another stop for water: and so on, with alternating gaits, rested by occasional halts, and cheered by the novelty of changing scenes after a winter in garrison. At one o'clock the command was finally halted until the next morning, and went into camp. The first day's march is always a short one. Thus day followed day. The troops moved along the magnificent



Map showing Territory embraced in proposed extension of Sequoia Park, etc.



NOTE.—The Sierra Forest Reserve extends directly southward, nearly to the parallel of Bakersfield

county road which stretches from San Francisco past the handsome villas of Burlingame, San Mateo, Santa Clara, and San José, and then on down the picturesque Santa Clara Valley.

At Gilroy the column swung off to the southeast, and two days later, the soldiers went through Pacheco Pass, over one of the earliest roads across the Santa Clara Mountains, into the valley of the San Joaquin. The San Joaquin Valley took five days to cross. It is always hot, dusty, and

alkaline, or else it is cold, muddy, and rainy, according to seasons.

The dogs before mentioned as not visible at all when we left the Presidio, by the time we were three or four days out, had taken unto themselves other dogs, and when the sun-baked plain of the San Joaquin was reached, the original number had certainly doubled,—all different in appearance, in bark, and in capacity to hunt; for they chased, with tireless activity, the fleet cottontail or the frightened jack rabbit, dis-



Photo by Miss Sara L. Washburn.  
The Captain's Tent

turbed in their haunts by the march of our column. It was rare indeed when a dog actually caught a rabbit; but when that did happen, the men became as excited as the dogs over the great event.

At Madera, on the eastern side of the San Joaquin Valley, the cavalry column divided; two troops headed toward the Yosemite National Park, and two were bound farther south, toward the General Grant and Sequoia Parks. The latter half of the command had much the worst of the deal. These two troops had to march further, over three hundred miles in all; and they had harder and rougher work to do in the mountains. They bade farewell to civilization at Visalia, a thriving little town, famous in the army for the unbounded hospitality it showers upon officers and men when they are its guests. No meals can taste better than the Spanish suppers in the old Mexican tavern at Visalia, where hot tamales, chile-con-carne, and enchiladas, with beer galore, quickly disappeared under the spur of an appetite sharpened by two weeks' riding and soldiers' grub.



Photo by Miss Sara L. Washburn  
The Troop Picket Line



Visalia left behind, the two troops headed for the Sierra Nevada Mountains, towering in majestic proportions apparently close to the town, but really some forty miles away by road. One troop went to General Grant Park and one to the Sequoia National Park. The end of the second day's march from Visalia found the latter troop in the foothills of the Sierra, in camp at Red Hill, so called from the ferruginous nature of the soil, although it is by some supposed, and

horses. Beyond Mineral King there are no roads leading through the park. Trails there are to different points of interest. Woe betide the tenderfoot who does not stick to these trails! Even soldiers occasionally get lost. I remember one trooper who met with this fate. After wandering about for two days, he finally got back to camp, much in the condition of Miss Flora McFlimsey, as described by the poet. The remnants of his clothes were in tatters, torn



Soldiers' Cook House

Photo by Miss Sara L. Washburn

with some grounds it must be admitted, that the name is corrupted from "Red Hell," in allusion to the intense nature of the climate in that locality during July and August.

From Red Hill, one day's march of twenty miles up the steepest of mountain roads brought "C" troop to its permanent camp near Mineral King, an old mining claim, where the road ends. This camping-ground was as near the Sequoia Park line as a suitable place can be found, unless camp be made in the forest on the side of the mountain where there is no grazing for the

by the heavy manzanita brush he had come through.

A striking illustration of the difficulties of steering through the forest tangle was the skeleton of a hunter, apparently long dead, discovered by one of the officers, in a remote locality. Near the skeleton was a musket—an old-time flint-lock—in a perfect state of preservation.

One day an entire detail of twenty men got lost, the men making their way back to camp, one by one, after twenty-four hours' absence, having had no food in the mean while.

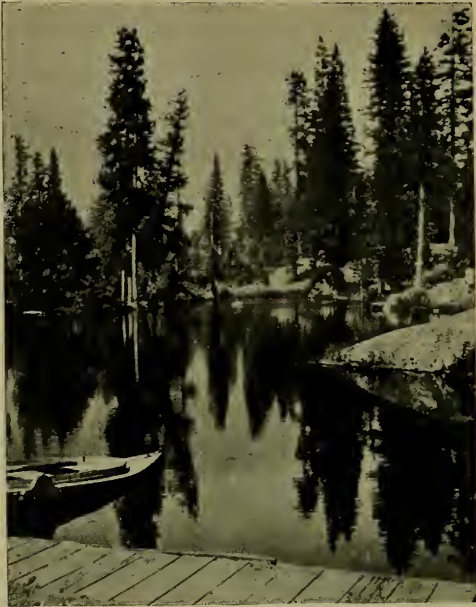


Photo by Miss Sara L. Washburn  
Stella Lake, at Wawona

In going over the rough trails of the Sequoia, it is necessary sometimes for the troopers to dismount and lead their horses for long distances. Even then many horses slip and fall, and it is tiresome work getting them along and keeping the packs on the mules. I recall the case of a mule which rolled over and over down a cañon and into a river bottom, a distance of five hundred feet. The only casualty, however, was the breaking off of his front teeth. These teeth afterward grew out again, and the mule was considered equal to the usual exigencies of military life.

One impediment to rapid transit on the trails besides the rocks and the steepness of grades, are the tall pines which in winter fall across the path, under the weight of snow, and which must be cut away to make a passage.

Briefly, the objects had in view in sending troops to the national parks of California is to preserve the magnificent timber found in these parks, as well as the vegetation, and to protect the fish and game. Sheep-men, cattle-men, and hunters must be driven out, and to do this successfully is no light task. In the summer of 1897, a detail of troopers suddenly came upon a herd of sheep in Box Cañon under Homer's

Nose. The non-commissioned officer commanding the detail dismounted his men and tried to find the herders, whereupon the latter, under cover of the heavy underbrush, stampeded the horses and succeeded in making their escape. Not a horse was recovered till the following year.

On another occasion, in this same inaccessible spot, a party of troopers rode their horses, in attempting to round up a bunch of sheep, through a labyrinth of manzanita and snowbrush, and found it impossible to ride them out again. They could not extricate them until the next day, when a rescue party arrived, and cut them out with axes and knives. To one unaccustomed to seeing the growth of California manzanita in the mountains, it seems incredible that it can bar the way to a troop of cavalry, yet the fact remains that horses refuse to attempt to penetrate a manzanita thicket after once feeling the sharp thorns.

The first summer spent by the Fourth Cavalry in the parks was in 1891. That was, perhaps, the hardest summer's work in the Sequoia, as the trails were new or nearly obliterated, and the sheep-herders and cattle-men had yet to learn that the soldiers were there to drive out the vandals



Photo by Miss Celia M. Crocker  
Rooted on a Rock





Photo by Miss Celia M. Crocker

### Tuolumne Oaks

and destroyers. So energetic did one lieutenant become, and such a terror to the wrong-doer, that to this day it is said the angry mother in that region reduces her obstreperous offspring to subjection by shouting, "Be good, or Benson will catch you!"

A glance at the map will show the Sequoia Park to be shaped somewhat like the letter Z. Roughly, its length is about twenty-four miles, and its breadth from six to twelve. The narrowest portion of the park is across its center. The difficulties of transit make it almost impossible to accomplish the principal object of the reservation's existence,—the care of the giant forest, for that is practically isolated from

the rest of the park. It is in its primitive state, with the exception of some grounds fenced off for cattle, and some cabins that have been built there. It is most important to keep wandering shepherds from grazing their herds in these forest aisles, not only to prevent injury to the trees from grazing, but from fires as well. The annual reports from the military superintendents of the parks include theories and advice in regard to the forest fires which, with the best intentions and care on the part of the government guard, at times will rage. The appearance of these giant trees clearly indicates that the forest fire is no new thing. It raged two thousand years ago, perhaps,—long before the much-abused sheep-men

appeared on the scene. Fancy the roar and fury of the forest fire of two thousand years ago which left its record in the scarred veterans of to-day! The echoes of that awful conflagration are, one can almost imagine, heard in the dull crash which occasionally accompanies the fall of some giant of the forest, overweighted with the burden of the centuries. The age of the Sequoias can be guessed by the rings a cross-section reveals. The younger trees bear no fire-brand, although growing close around the old ones, showing that they have grown up since that terrible holocaust.

The sequoia-tree is so called from an Indian chief, the addition of *gigantea* truly describing its colossal proportions. The *Sequoia Gigantea* in the Yosemite Park are better known than those in the giant forest in the Sequoia Park, but the same description applies to both. The king of the giant forest, known as the "General Sherman," has by actual measurement been shown to be the largest tree in the world. Standing beneath that mighty monarch of the forest, it is easy to believe that "there were giants in those days." Truly the earth that our race has inherited has dwindled in all but brains. Looking about us in these stupendous glades, one thinks of the stately elms and oaks and chestnuts, shading our lawns at home, as of lilliputians by contrast.

The giant forest is, probably, the finest collection of trees in the world. It contains not only sequoias, but also magnificent specimens of redwood and sugar-pines, towering three hundred feet or more above the ground. This continuous, dense forest of splendid trees is on a plateau of about three miles square. The glorious height of the forest is in keeping with the majesty of the surrounding mountains. The sequoias shoot up to the sky in stately pride, each mighty shaft piercing the clouds, higher than the highest church-steeple.

The Government has set itself an admirable task in preserving intact this wonderful grove. But it has defeated its own object in isolating the jewel it proposes to guard. Originally a fairly good country road ran within nine miles of the forest. But now the road has so fallen out of repair as to be impracticable for wagons. There are trails leading to the forest, but the only good roads are outside the park;

so that a long detour must be made in coming and going to and from this center of interest and other parts. But for this a permanent camp could be established here. Yosemite Park, on the other hand, is intersected in its lower portions by excellent roads, well kept, and owned by incorporated companies. The better the giant forest is known, the more important all means for preserving it intact will seem to be. Its inaccessibility at present makes it difficult to secure it from depredations.

General Grant Park is not far from the Sequoia Park line, and it contains trees second only to those of the giant forest in magnificent proportions. This park is small, not more than two miles square, and should be fenced in, as has been repeatedly recommended by the military superintendent.

The game in the parks of California consists of deer, bear, mountain sheep, mountain lions, panthers, coyotes, wild-cats, ground squirrels, gray squirrels, chipmunks, and ground-hogs. Quail are very abundant. The deer cannot stand the extreme severity of the winter in that part of the parks where the altitude is great and the snow is deep, they are forced to take refuge in the foothills. In the summer they seek the heights, and often overpass the limits of the parks. It has been recommended by the officers in charge of the parks that their boundaries be extended so as to take in those three or four townships where the wandering game brings up. The forest reserve is a large tract of land surrounding the parks and partaking of their general characteristics; but as the troops are not required to patrol it, it is being wantonly destroyed in places by the bands of sheep driven from the parks. The number of bear and deer has materially increased since the occupation of the parks by the troopers, and equally good results will follow when the forest reserve is also patrolled.

Many of the streams in the parks have been successfully stocked with fish, and although success has not invariably attended the efforts of the Fish Commission and of the Visalia Sportsmen's Club in stocking the streams with trout, nevertheless, a beginning has been made. Enthusiastic anglers declare that the trout streams of California are inferior to none in the world in natural advantages.

Should the present reserve be included





Photo by Miss Celia M. Crocker

#### On the Big Oak Flat Road

in the parks, and come under similar rules and regulations, it would constitute the best kind of game preserve, and more effectually protect and propagate all kinds of game and fish than all the game laws of California. Then the vast herds of sheep which now eat off the grass, destroy the young shoots of trees, and leave a desert in their wake, could be kept out. These hordes of sheep gone, a territory could be reclaimed which has until now gone to waste. The case, as it now stands, presents a curious set of contradictions. The forest reserve is governed by State laws which denounce poaching, and threaten poachers with vengeance,—laws and threats alike ineffectual, for the lack of officers to carry them out. The parks, on the other hand, are under the control of an efficient force; but this force must resort to harsh

and brutal methods of punishing depredations, for lack of a legal remedy for the same. Occasion constantly arises for a tribunal between offenders within the limits of the parks and the military authorities. There are a number of small land-owners, with claims in the parks which have never been bought up by the Government. One man built a house on the land he had cleared, and then departed for parts unknown. The troops coming that way asked to whom belonged the vacant house; and on being told that the owner had not been heard of for several years, concluded that he had abandoned his place, and took possession of it, establishing a camp there. Of course, the owner returned almost as soon as the boys in blue had settled down, and complained that a trespass had been committed. His case must be referred to

the General Government for settlement,—and this is only one of many.

The complications with the sheep-men are literally innumerable, as may be readily seen when it is stated that, by a conservative estimate, five hundred thousand sheep traversed the forest reserve last year, dealing their wonted devastation. Land over which they pass is said to be "sheeped," a descriptive word coining itself to express the entire destruction left in their path. So formidable a foe receives little sympathy. Fortunately, every one concerned in making a living in that region of country unites with the park guardians against the sheep-herders.

The inaccessibility of the Sequoia Park and the hardship attendant on traveling over its rough trails are not without their advantages to the venturesome tourist who has tired of well-worn paths. Here at least, he feels, is a corner of the world not littered by empty sardine-cans, and thanks to the watchful eye of the Government, the big trees are not permitted to serve as advertising-posts for pills and other nostrums.

The permanent camp of the cavalry troop detailed to patrol the Yosemite reservation is about a mile from the well-known Wawona Hotel, on the north side of the Merced River. The famous Yosemite Valley is some twenty-five miles beyond this camp, and the celebrated Wawona grove of big trees is some eight miles distant from the camp.

The old story of bad roads repeats itself in the less traveled districts of the Yosemite reservation. The Tioga road has been neglected until it is no longer passable for wagons; yet if kept in repair, this road would connect with others, over which could be made a tour of the park extending over one hundred miles, and diversified with some of the finest scenery in the world. This road, such as it is, leads to the summit, almost, of the Sierra,—Tioga Pass,—at an altitude of nine thousand feet. There are easy trails from here to two other elevations,—Mount Lyell on the summit of the grand Sierra, and Mount Conness, whence the ascent to the very summit can be reached in ten miles over a good saddle trail. Here the altitude is thirteen thousand feet, and commands one of the

grandest views in the world. Both the main road and the side trails lead through a veritable Eden, and should, by all means, be kept in good condition. The panorama unfolded along this Tioga wagon road defies description. It skirts Mount Hoffman and Mount Dana. It touches the shore of Lake Tenaya, with the ten-lake country within easy distance. Countless wild and beautiful mountain torrents cross its path in the wake of glacial meadows. It is skirted by plateaus of luxuriant grasses and multi-hued flowers. The original cost of this road is roughly estimated to have been sixty thousand dollars. A few hundred dollars a year would keep it in good repair.

In the Yosemite, some of the troopers are constantly kept busy in removing the marks of the tourist and the advertiser. All appeals to public favor which can be made on bits of wood and tin and muslin are destroyed almost as soon as created. It is not so easy to obliterate the defacements made on rocks and trees. But while sometimes the tourist is a vandal, more often he appreciates the work of the blue-coats, and is glad to meet the soldierly looking columns of troopers riding over the trails, or to come across them in out of the way nooks and mountain recesses. At times, a prospector, a legacy from '49, will follow the trail of a soldier detail, and usually manages to undertake "Uncle Sam's" boys just at meal-time; for the wearer of brass buttons is proverbially generous and ready to share his last crust with the hungry wayfarer. An officer told me that last summer he went to make his monthly inspection of General Grant Park and found that the detail of men there was living upon half rations. Investigation developed the fact that a dead-broke prospector was camping with them and had been there, a self-invited guest, for two weeks; consequently, the entire detail was reduced to half rations, and bacon, potatoes, and hard-bread, at that.

The troopers, at times, are obliged to arrest all sorts and conditions of men. A well-known society man of San Francisco, in search of novel sensations, made a trip through the Yosemite Park alone, on foot. As his garb and mode of progression was unusual, he found himself much annoyed by inquisitive tourists, whom he met, stopping him and asking him questions; so he pre-





Photo by Miss Celia M. Crocker  
South Fork of the Tuolumne, near Crocker's



Troop I, Fourth Cavalry, in Sequoia National Park

tended to be deaf and dumb, and replied to all questions by using the deaf and dumb alphabet as he strode along. A well-meaning trooper endeavored to arrest him as a lunatic at large, when the member of the four hundred suddenly found his voice.

The national parks suffer serious injury from fires; and these are of frequent occurrence, either from accident, from the carelessness of persons camping, or from the design of sheep-men. Aside from the destruction of the trees, it is of great importance that the yearly deposit of dry leaves and cones, and other woodland accumulation, should not be burned away in spots. This accumulation is a natural coverlet, designed by nature to prevent a too rapid surface drainage and evaporation by the winds. This great forest floor or carpet thus increases, and in a great degree, equalizes the water supply; and the principal object of the great forest reserves in California is the

regulation and preservation of this water supply.

Late in September, the sheep, having been driven back down to the plains, and the tourist no longer finding life in the mountains desirable, the work of the soldier-guardians of the park becomes much easier, and by November of each year, the guard is withdrawn for the winter, snow and ice forming a no less impenetrable barrier to depredators than the bayonets of the soldiers.

The government is doing a wise thing in protecting these reservations. The big trees are worth preserving. These memorials of a bygone age might easily fall under the vandalism of "pioneers of savagery," were they not protected. Yearly, forests as large and fine as are contained in General Grant Park are being cut down for lumber in this same State of California, to which nature has been so lavish. Thank God, they cannot all be turned into dollars and





Photo by Miss Celia M. Crocker

Firs near White Wolf, Tioga Road

cents by way of the saw-mill! May those in the national parks of California be preserved through many a "ringing groove of change."

Only those who have seen these trees realize their imperial size. Any description of them fails to do justice to the astounding proportions which beggar words. The wonderful groves are recesses in which the great mother of us all preserves her awesome primeval state. The silent eloquence of the ages, the repose of century piled on century, lingers here among these branches which pierce the clouds.

To roam the virgin forests, watered by the Merced, the Kaweah, and the Kern, to

enter into the free natural life of the mountains, to dwell in common with the creatures not yet driven from their native haunts, to partake of the spirit of the national playground, is to receive a great favor and benefit from our common country. One can hardly overestimate the benefits involved. Secrets of science else trampled under foot, rare specimens of bird and beast else ruthlessly exterminated, beauties of nature, here held superior to brick and mortar, all these things are fostered and encouraged by the wise decision which reserves certain tracts of land for pleasures in perpetuity. Each year of our national life will add to the value of these reservations.

## DAYBREAK—MOUNT HOOD

**D**IDST ever watch the East  
as lusty Day,  
Advancing, put the sable  
guards to flight  
Of night-bound Oregon? How,  
far away,  
In beauty tow'ring rose through  
red'ning light  
Mount Hood's grand form? If  
yea, thou didst spy,  
Amid the tinted haze, an  
amethyst,  
Of outline vast projected on the  
sky,  
Which, as the sun in robed  
effulgence kissed,  
Did glow anon like crystal lit with  
fire,  
But faded soon to opalescent  
hue,

As Day's advancing chariot mounted higher,  
Until, amid the calm ethereal blue,  
In majesty and glory all its own,  
Stood forth what seemed Jehovah's Great White Throne.



*J. W. Whalley.*



Grace C. Setzer 1909



## RESURRECTION

WITH lilies white high altars  
flame, while all  
Earth's sacred places cluster  
close with bloom, old woes  
Forgotten rest, outlived those thorn-  
crowned throes  
Of sharpest crucifixion; drained the  
gall  
And broken lies the cup. A lulling  
fall  
Of limpid water woos to sweet repose.  
Love's glamour through this crimson  
sunset glows,  
Surpassing peace holds wonted pain  
in thrall.  
Fierce summer's scorching noons  
are over-past,  
Sad autumn's wind-blown rain  
has sobbed its last,  
Wan winter's desolating chill is dead,  
Birds build and trill, which storm-  
affrighted fled,  
Where spring's glad eyes of tender  
violet  
Look from once barren wastes of vain  
regret.

*Julietta Estelle Mathis.*

# THE WHISPERING GALLERY

By ROSSITER JOHNSON

*Some truths may be proclaimed upon the housetop;  
Others may be spoken by the fireside;  
Still others must be whispered in the ear of a friend.*

"I HAVE just been reading," said Mrs. Trenfield one evening, "a proposition for the founding of an American Academy."

"Yes," said Elacott, "that idea has been brought forward several times within the past few years, and always in about the same form — so nearly so as to warrant a suspicion that it always comes from the same source."

"That might be," said Miss Ravaline; "and yet it might be a good idea and come from an honest source."

"That *might* be," said Elacott, "but I seriously doubt it."

"At least, what harm could there be in it?" asked Mrs. Trenfield.

"A great deal of harm," answered Elacott, growing somewhat warm,—"the harm of creating a licensed clique; the harm of swelling heads that are already too big; the harm of raising jealousies and heartburnings of all kinds at home; and chiefly the harm of giving foreign critics a new opportunity to make us ridiculous, or rather to point out our ridiculousness."

"That is a sweeping indictment," said I. "Are you sure you can make it good?"

"Easily enough," said he. "Have you read any of the proposals — or rather any of the repetitions of the same proposal?"

"I have seen it several times," I answered.

"Then," said he, "if there is a funny-bone anywhere in your skull, you must have laughed at the proposed method of determining who shall be the first forty 'Immortals.' Some third-rate literary periodical calls upon its readers to send in votes for such men and women as they think most worthy of the high honor. The editors receive more or less of these (or at least they say they do), count them, and gravely announce the result as if they really thought it signified something."

"But does it not?" said Mrs. Trenfield.

"How can it?" said Elacott. "Look first at the number. In the last of these that I have seen, the whole number of votes cast was only seventy. Think of it — in a population of seventy millions, with thousands of college professors, journalists enough to edit more than five thousand periodicals, and hundreds of men and women eminent in science and literature, besides able reviewers and critics, the votes of seventy are to be taken as determining the question who are the ablest thinkers and scholars! The three tailors of Tooley Street were respectable in comparison. It would still be a ridiculously inadequate expression if the seventy voters were all men of learning. But we have no means of knowing who they are, except as we draw an inference from the internal evidence. After considering the character of the publication, and counting the unknown voters, then look at the names of the candidates voted for. From all the lists



that I have seen, it appears as if the voters had no knowledge of anything in the way of intellectual achievement except stories and poems. It never has entered into their hearts to conceive that there is any such thing as American scholarship, or historical research, or scientific genius. Their votes are given almost solely to producers of light literature. In all the lists, I have seen the name of but one historian — and he not the foremost."

"What inference are we to draw from that?" asked Miss Ravaline.

"The inference I draw," said Elacott, "is, that the voters are mainly, if not exclusively, schoolgirls and young clerks in country book-stores. These are just the ones who would imagine that a story which happened to be popular during the current season must come from a giant intellect. One of them wanted to concentrate all his (or her) votes on a certain newspaper correspondent who is more aggressive than impressive; and this incident strongly suggests the farcical character of the whole performance. Furthermore, the schoolgirls and callow clerks are just the ones who would take the trouble to make out lists and send them in. Can you imagine President Eliot, or President Low, or President Harper, or President Jordan, or Professor Gildersleeve, or Professor Thayer, or Professor Wilkinson, or Edward Eggleston, or Edward Everett Hale, or Bishop Spalding, or Speaker Reed, or Professor Putnam, or any other of our eminent scholars, sitting down at his desk to answer such an appeal and gravely sending in his vote? No. If an Academy is established by that method, it will have for its sponsors a few dozen schoolgirls, novel-readers, and contributors to the poet's corner of country journals."

"If that is the case," said Miss Ravaline, "of course it will soon die out."

"By no means!" said Elacott. "It would be well if it could; but the wits of our newspaper press would not let it die. It would be too fair a mark for their arrows. They would riddle it at the outset; and though it might actually disband within a twelve-month, they would keep it alive in their columns, if only for the junior members of the staff to exercise their fancy upon it. In the paragrapher's laboratory it would have a place beside the book-agent, the mother-in-law, the boarding-house hash, and the perennial goat."

"But suppose," said Mrs. Trenfield, "that the eminent scholars you have named, and all or most of those who fairly rank with them, should be appealed to to name the forty Academicians, and should do so; would it not be a fine thing to have an Academy with such sponsors? What would you think of that?"

"Not much more than of the other," he answered. "In the first place, they would be, or would include, the very men who ought to be chosen; and we can hardly think they would vote for themselves — though logically they would be justified if they did."

"But suppose," she persisted, "that we *could* have an Academy chosen by the foremost scholars and critics of our country, and that they were absolutely untrammelled in their choice, — would it not be a desirable institution?"

"Unfortunately," said he, "there would still be a radical and insuperable difficulty. You would find that every one of the Forty Immortals was mortal and possessed the ordinary defects of human nature. Granting that your Academy was exactly right as first constituted (and that is granting a good deal), when vacancies were to be filled by the surviving members, you would see all sorts of jealousies and prejudices coming into play to determine the choice, and every selection of a new member would be followed by a new bitterness."

"I can hardly believe that of such men," said Mrs. Trenfield.

"Look at history," said Elacott. "The French Academy is the most famous, and it is evidently the model that those who propose an American Academy have in mind — though they appear to possess only a very imperfect knowledge of it. That Academy refused membership to Molière, the greatest of French dramatists, and they elected La Bruyère and Boileau only because the King commanded them to. On the other hand, they did elect Piron, but the King refused to confirm him, and his epigram on that occasion is famous."

"I am not acquainted with it — what was it?" said Mrs. Trenfield.

"He at once wrote his own epitaph," said Elacott, "which was this:—

‘Ci-git Piron, qui ne fut rien,  
Pas même académicien.’"

"But you must translate," said she, "for my knowledge of French is very imperfect."

"The translation," said he, "is, 'Here lies Piron, who was nothing at all—not even an Academician.' You know, perhaps, that we already have an institution, not very widely known, called the National Academy of Sciences. It is supposed—and justly, I am inclined to think—that scientists are of all men least swayed by unworthy motives; yet it is whispered that even there some deserving candidates are refused admission because of prejudice and jealousy. I hope it is not true."

"But do you not overlook the fact that imperfection is unavoidable in all things human, and if your argument holds good against the proposed Academy, it would also be good against some other institutions? And, besides, we have no king in our country to meddle in scholarly affairs or interpose an arbitrary veto."

"I am not so certain of that," said Elacott. "We have no man who wears the title of king, but we sometimes have his analogue in a multimillionaire. I see you look incredulous. I could name very respectable colleges whose boards of trustees have elected to their number wealthy men who have absolutely no scholarship and no knowledge of the needs of the institution, and who never have manifested any interest in educational affairs, but the trustees have thus flattered them solely with the idea that they might be induced to give money to the institution. I am happy to say that in most instances the hope has been disappointed, as it deserved to be."

"But of course you don't imagine," said Miss Ravaline, "that our American Academy would, under any circumstances, elect Russell Sage or Hetty Green to membership—though I observe that both of these have taken to writing for the magazines."

"I am not so sure even of that," Elacott answered. "If we are to judge by the lists of members thus far proposed, scholarship will scarcely have a place in the Academy; and as membership appears to depend mainly upon the production of popular literature, however ephemeral, if the published articles of Mr. Sage and Mrs. Green should prove very popular, nothing but unfair discrimination arising from jealousy could deny them a seat among the Immortals. But, seriously, this consideration of the millionaires is no joke. It has been asked, very pertinently, what the Forty Immortals are to do after they have been organized into an Academy. One editor, who apparently favors the project (though I think I detect a twinkle in the eye of his pen), suggests naïvely that, as the countryman would express it, they are to spend the heft of their time in nursing their own immortality. No doubt it would need nursing; honors conferred arbitrarily generally do. But the French Academy, as you may know, has liberal funds at its disposal, so that it can publish valuable works which would not have a remunerative sale, and



can award prizes to meritorious monographs and inventions. Where would our Academicians get the money for any such purpose? Very few Congressmen would dare to vote for a Government appropriation, and resort must be had to the millionaires. These men are not accustomed to give something for nothing. They understand too well the value of money. If one of them placed any considerable sum at the disposal of the Academy, you would presently see some member of his family elected to a seat among the Immortals, or awarded a prize."

"It is very hard to believe that," said Mrs. Trenfield. "Surely, enough of our good and honest authors—for many of them are good and honest, even if they do produce light literature—would be there to prevent it."

"Then let me tell you a little story," said Elacott, "which appears to prove that even good and honest *littérateurs* are subject to infirmity. It is said that a certain young lady, belonging to a wealthy family, took a notion to enter the field of authorship, and a relative carried her articles to the editor of a highly reputable magazine and told him that the pay was no object,—he need not pay for them at all,—but the writer was an invalid, in an extremely nervous and emaciated condition, and if the articles were refused publication it would kill her. They were duly published."

"Are you sure that is true?" said Mrs. Trenfield.

"Not absolutely sure," said Elacott; "but it appears to be well authenticated. Disbelieve it, if you must. But let me tell you another, about the truth of which there can be no question. A certain young lady manifested a determination to go upon the stage. Her adoptive father was opposed to that scheme, and saw that the only way to prevent it was by turning her energies in some other direction. He therefore told her that he was sure she had ability as an author, and urged her to write articles and send them to a periodical. Then he went privately to the editor, laid the case before him, and asked him to accept the articles, and pay for them promptly at a high price, promising to refund the money secretly. And this was done. Thus was the American stage robbed of a star, which was set in the literary firmament instead—where it twinkled fitfully until it went out, a few years ago."

"How do you know that to be true?" asked Miss Ravaline.

"Because the gentleman himself told me of it," said Elacott. "And he evidently prided himself on having done a wise and prudent thing for his daughter, without being conscious that he had incidentally injured our literature and wronged our honest literary workers."

"Well," said Miss Ravaline, "I must admit that I sympathize with you in detesting heartily every form of humbug."

"But pardon me," said Elacott, "I do not. I like some kinds. For instance, I am fond of paying ten cents now and then for the privilege of being humbugged by a dime museum. I enjoy strolling through the rooms and seeing the several freaks enthroned on their little platforms and selling their little photographs. But I should not like to see the freaks of literature similarly exhibited on a dais with forty arm-chairs. I am not saying that some of them might not be rightfully there. Some of the dwarfs and giants in the museum are real dwarfs and giants; but some of the spotted babies, as Dickens's showman confessed, have their spots 'put on artificial.' I would not like to see the giants of our literature grouped with the spotted babies. They **never could** feel comfortable."

Here the tea-bell rang, and we dropped the subject.

## A LAUGH

HERE I am, perched at my open casement,  
Enjoying the laugh of some unseen miss  
That comes rippling up from some room in the basement  
Just below this.

Morning, noon, and night, I can hear her  
Bubbling away with her chatter and chaff,  
And it seems as if all creation near her  
Was just one laugh.

Picture her! Isn't her face just made for it,—  
Crinkled and curved for the laughing fit?  
Could she be solemn, d' ye think, if paid for it?  
Devil a bit!

I can fancy the dimples her cheeks imprinting,  
And see the mouth corners upward run,—  
I can catch her eyes with the frolic glinting,  
Brimful of fun.

She must be pretty to laugh so prettily,—  
Such a laugh couldn't belong to a frump;  
Humorous, too, to see things wittily,—  
Probably plump.

There, now! she's off again. Peal upon peal of it,  
Clear as a clarion, soft as a bell.  
Why, it's infectious! I'm catching the feel of it!  
Chuckling as well.

What was I dreaming? That musical melody  
Trips up the scale, *arpeggio*,  
So like a voice that was hushed—ah, well-a-day,—  
Long, long ago.

Heigh-ho! to think of what little straws tickle us,  
Just a girl's laugh,—and my laughing one lies  
Silent, and I—well, now, this is ridiculous,—  
Tears in my eyes.

*Lue F. Vernon.*



## ETC.

### No Dry Year

DESPITE all fears caused by the scanty rainfall of the winter months and by the remembrance of last season's drought, California is to make one of the largest crops in her history. Certain localities, it is true, and certain products, have been injured beyond repair, but by the abundant fall in the latter half of March the great staples are safe, and we shall have for shipment an enormous surplus. This should bring in downright earnest to California the good times we have read of as prevailing in the country at large.

Yet there are certain lessons which the drought should have taught, and which should not be forgotten. There can be no question as to effect on our climate of the wholesale destruction of our forests, which, despite the warnings furnished by other countries, has gone on uninterruptedly ever since California became a State. The loss to the State last year, directly traceable to the drought, was over thirty million dollars. Does the profit which accrues to the State from the lumber industry amount to this sum? And if not, is it worth while to "protect" it by a high tariff on Canadian lumber? Would it not be wiser to give a royalty to foreign lumbermen, in order to save our own forests? These are questions which every thoughtful farmer in California should ask himself. So lacking in foresight are our legislators, and incapable of safeguarding the nation's best interests, that they used to give one hundred and sixty acres of government forest-land as a reward to the man who would destroy it, either by cutting or burning; and then, as if to stultify themselves, they offered a similar reward to anybody who would plant a forest of trees. Could legislative absurdity go further?

The decadence of Spain was helped by the destruction of the forests which the prudent Moors preserved. Shall California's supremacy, as the winter garden of the continent, be placed in jeopardy by the ruthless and wanton destruction of forests which is not only permitted, but encouraged by government bounties? It is time this stupid tax on lumber was removed; and it is past time the systematic forest protection should be largely extended.

### The Mortgage Tax

VARIOUS interesting and amusing attempts at legislation were made at Sacramento, but, so far as we have heard, no suggestion was made that, during times of great drought and depression, the farmer should be relieved from the mortgage tax. This measure, which was designed to relieve the farmer of a portion of his taxes by forcing the money-lender to pay them, has failed not only in its prime intention, but has served to keep capital out of the State at times when it was most needed. The farmer not only pays the mortgage tax, but the added cost of its collection; and in many cases his assessment is increased because of the mortgage, which gives his property a fictitious valuation during dry years. If it were not for this tax the California farmer could borrow money at four per cent, as does his competitor in Illinois. Instead of this, he pays eight, ten, and even twelve per cent—or rather he agrees to do so, and submits to the inevitable foreclosure when crops fail. In one county the farmers petitioned the Legislature for remission of taxes. Would it not be well to remit entirely throughout the State this useless and pernicious mortgage tax, which is nothing but first cousin to the old usury law? In this, as in other things for which the OVERLAND has lately contended, we maintain that improved conditions will result from the removal of old restrictions rather than from the creation of new ones.

### The White Man's Burden

AMONG all his other wonderful qualities, Mr. Kipling seems to have the knack of hitting on totally new things, and in the twinkling of an eye making them so popular that they seem to always have existed. The words "Lest we forget," and "The White Man's Burden" were so original that at first we caught our breath in glad surprise that there could be anything so new, yet they immediately fitted into a groove; and a groove so deep that we knew it had been waiting for them since the beginning of time.

What sort of a magician is this that can overcome the very laws of nature? Wine must pass through a raw and acid stage till it mellows and

deepens to a rich old color; a violin is sharp in tone until generations have played upon it, and words to live forever must *grow* into life through years and lives. Yet who will doubt that "The White Man's Burden" is a phrase that the world *cannot do without*?

It has had a mushroom growth, but with the strength of an oak. What countless ways it has been quoted! Jokes, cartoons, verses, editorials, magazine articles all over the world. Every magazine has been besieged with contributions of parodies, replies, and all sorts of plays on the word and meter. It is Columbus's egg again. And indeed, Kipling's discoveries are new things and subjects, that have seemingly always been there, and once found, are part of the World.

THE *Nürnberg* Zeitung  
Lèse states that in the one year  
Majesté 1898, offenses against Kaiser  
Wilhelm's dignity, taken all

together, were punished with 2,600 years of imprisonment. While no one for an instant will take this for a commentary on what a loyal and venerating public think of Emperor Wilhelm, it does appear that there must be some fun in calling him names in Germany; for no matter how humble you are, you can feel tolerably certain that your remarks will reach the august ears themselves.

Last summer—and we can vouch for the truth of this story—a young American was watching the German army maneuvers, and—nothing surprising—was so unfortunate as to get into an altercation with a policeman. A mounted officer, riding up just then, ordered the American to move on, and urged him with the flat of his sword. The American, who, by the way, is a perfectly gigantic fellow, in a rage, dealt the officer such a lusty blow on the ribs that the latter was fain to gasp for breath. Whereupon, up gallops his Imperial Majesty, Kaiser Wilhelm the Second of Hohenzollern, Emperor of all the Germans, (the trouble was occurring near the reviewing stand,) and haughtily asks the meaning of all this. The American, now thoroughly mad,—son of several generations of irreverent America,—replied with plenty of emphasis on the words: "O, go to hell!" and stalked away, looking so big and menacing that no one made a move to arrest him. Those few unpunished words revenged the whole 2,600 years of imprisonment, and we love to think of Wilhelm, painfully poring over an English dictionary that same night, the beads of perspi-

ration standing out on his offended brow as it is borne in on him that he has at last found a word to which there are no modifying shades of meaning.

We learn that in the general expulsion of foreign words from the German language, "lèse majesté" will be henceforward but a synonym. Can it be that the Emperor is sick of it?

## The Religion of Art

IN EVERY man is born a sense of the beautiful, and an appreciation of nature, varying according to his natural gifts and the means he has taken to cultivate them or neglect them. In their childhood some men are more observant than when they grow up, (though what children see are groups of units and not the relations of these units one to the other,) simply because their æsthetic sense is continually crowded down for the matters of fact of this life. Yet there is not a single calling that cannot be made beautiful and more interesting for a man through his ability to see and appreciate things and nature as the artist sees them; and after all, the artist is an ordinary man with this ability trained and cultivated. Take, for example, an ignorant farmer or stonecutter of the "Man with the Hoe" type. In the morning he gets up, eats his breakfast, breaks stone till noon, and experiences the only emotion of the day,—pleasure at reaching the time for dinner. Breaks stone all the afternoon, trudges home, has supper, and goes to bed. *That* is existence! *That* is a perpetual waiting for death, for nothing is accomplished day by day but twenty-four hours killed. Suppose that man by some miracle, transformed to a lover of nature and keen of appreciation, or with an artist's eye for all the myriads of colors and hues and shapes in everything he sees. The sunrise is no longer a meaningless indication of the time to get up, but is something to be sought for. Before breakfast he goes to the top of the slope near the house, thrills with delight at the pureness of the growing lights in the east, notes the strength of the silhouettes of the trees before him, sees God's work in the awful silence of infinity in which the sun is rising, and in the chirping of the birds; for He taught the birds to chirp when He taught the sun to rise. His breakfast is no longer a mere means for filling his stomach. The sunlight flooding through the window, lights up his spoons with points of prismatic light, his common crockery is a study in tones and reflections and lights. The very spots on the



table-cloth are wonders of related colors. This gift of observation is a veritable Midas touch. He starts to his work with zest, first noticing what a virile patch of sharp contrasts his old tin lunch-bucket is. The trees by the roadside are no longer trunks and branches and leaves. They are living, thinking things; of splendid angles and wonderful in balance and harmony, and that bark that once seemed a plain brown, is a mass of grays and reds and even yellows, with bluish shadows. As he breaks his stone he sees the sparkle of the mica, the tones of the old granite and the fresh cracks, the rugged strength of shape that every broken bit assumes. And so throughout the day, there is nothing too common to be of interest or to teach some lesson.

People actually are at times awakened to a sense of the beautiful with an abruptness not unlike the "getting of religion" at a camp-meeting.

A prominent Western artist told me the other day that he once took a friend of his to see one of the finest views in the State of Utah. The friend was a young lady in whom he had frequently endeavored to inculcate this perception of the beauty of things, but she was one of those hopeless individuals who will stab an icicle into your soul by remarking that a summer sunset is "real pretty," and all his teachings had seemed in vain. The view in question was a cliff of marble that must be seen from the top of a neighboring hill. When these two reached the top, the sight that burst upon them was one that even the artist was unprepared for. In the foreground was a forest of rich green pines. Above it rose the mighty marble cliff, its white and tinted face now glowing in the light of the sunset, while above was another strip of trees like the top of an appropriate setting. Over all was the dark deep blue of the coming night.

The artist standing there in a trance, felt the girl's hand slipped in his, and thinking this some coquetry of hers, was ready to scream with annoyance. But looking at her, he saw that the tears were running down her cheeks, and that her very soul was gazing through her eyes. Then, stretching her arms toward heaven, she cried: "Father of Christ, how glorious are thy works!" From that day she has been visibly more refined and cultured, and the miracle of the stonecutter seems to have been really wrought in her.

To the painter of nature, the beauties he is ever observing,—though they are in the grays of

a stormy day,—are forever reminders of the works of a Deity, and upon him devolves the duty of not only portraying the world as it seems to man, but of interpreting the providence and the evidence of God. *E. D. W.*

### "Under the Greenwood Tree."

AN INCIDENT IN THE CONQUEST OF OREGON.

OWING to the noble efforts of the early missionaries, and patriotic discussions in the Pioneer Lyceum, the demand of the settlers of the Oregon Territory for a temporary government based upon American principles and providing for ultimate absorption by the United States, continued to grow rapidly in the spring of 1843. This plan met with great opposition from the British settlers and the employees of the Hudson's Bay Company. In order to quiet this opposition, a meeting was called for the purpose of adopting measures for the defense of herds against the attacks of wolves and other wild animals. This meeting was held at the house of Joseph Gervais, in the Willamette Valley, and is known as the "Wolf Meeting." It declared war against wolves, bears, panthers, and other predatory animals, and adopted plans for their destruction. A treasurer was elected, and the organization of the "Wolf Association" was completed.

But the meeting did not adjourn. As if moved by some unseen inspiration, it then and there passed a resolution for the appointment of a committee of twelve, "to take into consideration the propriety of taking measures for the civil and military protection of the colony." A written protest from the subjects of the Queen was promptly laid on the table. The committee of twelve called the colonists to meet at Champoege on May 2, 1843, to vote on their plan of government.

Centuries before, the freeholders of England had met on the heath at Runnymede and there wrested their sacred rights from the reluctant hand of a cowardly king. So now did these free American citizens assemble in an open field to uphold the scepter of freedom and justice against the determined assaults of tyranny and royalty. The meeting which was held on this beautiful day in May, was one of the most interesting and picturesque in all history. There were emigrant wagons, the earliest "prairie schooners" to cross the billowy plains, piloted by bold captains of civilization, who had pitched their tents hard by. All around was the deep primeval

forest. In the branches overhead the birds twittered softly while building their summer's abode; squirrels leaped joyfully from bough to bough, and the fleet-footed deer, "poor dappled fools, being native burghers of this desert city," lifting their heads from the cool brook which babbled by, fled in terror from their favorite haunt. Here, under the greenwood-tree, with the blue sky above them and the voice of Nature in their hearts, the pioneers met to form an American government. In these sylvan shades the scion of Revolutionary sires again opposed the haughty Briton; in this open field Cavalier and Puritan met once more in bloodless conflict; in Freedom's glorious sunshine a freed negro struck his first vigorous blow at those who had so cruelly torn his forefathers from the sunny clime of Africa.<sup>1</sup> A few dusky redmen of the forest, looking warlike in their paint and feathers, were interested spectators of this strange scene of which they unconsciously formed a part. The meeting was called to order with Dr. I. I. Babcock presiding. G. W. Le Breton, acting as secretary, read aloud the compact of government. It was then voted on; those in favor shouting "Aye" and those opposed "No." The vote was almost even, but the motion seemed lost. Le Breton called for a division. Everybody became excited. Noise and confusion reigned. At this crisis Joe Meek, the pioneer explorer and scout of the Northwest, sprang forward. As he stood before that strange group, with his strong, erect figure drawn to its full height, his head thrown back, his black eyes flashing, and the Indians looking on with ever-increasing amazement, the whole scene formed a most striking picture, with the dark forest for a background. Waving his hand, Joe Meek shouted in his usual spirited manner, "All those who favor the government, follow me!" Accordingly those favoring the organization followed Meek to the right, while those opposed filed to the left. The count showed that the compact was carried by the close vote of fifty-two against fifty. Freedom had triumphed.

The provisional government thus organized adopted an organic law—"Until such times as the United States of America extend their jurisdiction over us"; also providing that "There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in said territory, other than for punishment

of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." This provision, adopted eighteen years before the Rebellion, kept Oregon and Washington firm in their devotion to the cause of union and freedom in the time of direst need. Truly the result of this open-air meeting held in the forest wilds of Oregon half a century ago can hardly be overestimated.

What thoughts must have filled the mind of the typical pioneer as he wended his solitary way homeward in the deepening dusk of that May evening! With his trusty rifle on his shoulder and his faithful dog at his side, he followed the many windings of the narrow footpath through the darkening woods. Entering the dark recesses of the forest dell, he leaned upon the trunk of a large fir-tree to rest his weary limbs. He seemed to hear the fairy footfalls of the guardian of the wood as she waved her wand about him, and visions of the future came and went before his enraptured sight. He saw the Northwest peopled by a happy population, the beautiful valleys covered with villages, farms, and factories. Over it all floated the flag of the glorious reunited republic, reminding him strongly of the prophetic remark of Benjamin Franklin at the Constitutional Convention, when he said, "I see that it is a rising, not a setting sun."

The setting sun had long since disappeared below the horizon, but above Liberty's horizon, morning was to break anew on this far Western coast, and before the Sun of the Union reached its zenith, the Day-star of our hope was destined to glow with still brighter luster, like

"Another sun risen on mid-noon."

*Glenn W. Ranck.*

### An Episode of Shiloh.

ONE afternoon during the latter part of April, 1862, I said to General Grant that I thought I would go down the river and visit the Cherrys, at Savannah, and he replied, "I will give you a few lines of introduction to Mrs. Cherry. You will find her a most delightful woman,—and you may tell her that I am coming soon to see her."

In an hour afterward I left Pittsburgh Landing with a little note of introduction to Mrs. W. H. Cherry, at whose house General Grant had made his headquarters, along with a number of his staff and orderlies, a week or two prior to the battle of Shiloh. I spent the rest of the afternoon there, took supper, stayed all night and part of the next day. I shall never forget that supper, the main portion of which was turkey hash, a dish I had not only never partaken of before,

<sup>1</sup> A mulatto named Winslow Anderson was among the early settlers of the Willamette Valley. In 1843 "prairie schooners" were for the first time brought all the way from the Missouri River to the "continuous woods where rolls the Oregon."



but of which I had never heard; and there were tea-biscuits, that actually excelled any my mother had ever made, and coffee with cream so thick that it came out of the pitcher in gurgling golden chunks. It was a humid evening, and a little darky stood back of me and waved a peacock-feather fan over my head. I was sent to bed behind a big negro carrying upon a tray all the ingredients for many a mint julep, and was given the room occupied by the General for the last time, on the night of the fifth. The bed was of feathers, and looked two feet thick. There was no latch on the door, the plaster had fallen in a number of places, there were draperies of cobwebs, and an old straw hat in the broken window. But there was warmth and hospitality all around, and there was that tray containing loaf-sugar, a lemon, some sprigs of mint, a bottle of Robertson County whisky, and a modicum of water. I made myself one ambrosial night-cap just before retiring, and then got lost in the billowy feather bed until along in the morning, when the mingled sounds from the owl, the dove, the nightingale, and the mocking-bird, awakened me and went floating off mellifluously across the murmuring river. I ventured one prodigious concoction as a matutinal, and then awaited the summons to breakfast. That morning we had liver and bacon, corn bread, scrambled eggs, cress, and coffee, and I was seated immediately on Mrs. Cherry's right, with the aforesaid little darky with the peacock-feather fan behind me.

Mrs. Cherry was a superior woman, and possessed those charms of refined manner and graciousness of presence that denote unmistakably the high-bred lady; and she had extended the courtesies of her cultivated home so delightfully as to make an impression upon all who came in contact with her.

After a few moments of desultory conversation she said: "The General sat where you are sitting when the boom of the first cannon came down the river. Although he had retired earlier than usual that Saturday night, complaining of a headache, he had presented his apologies for being a trifle late at breakfast, and was just placing his cup of coffee to his lips, when a sound as of thunder in the distance came in at our windows. In an instant he exclaimed, 'What's that?' and then listened, with the cup of coffee held in the same position. In less than half a minute the sound came again, seemingly closer and louder. The General sprang to his feet, as did all his staff, drinking a swallow or two of his coffee hastily, and said to me, 'Madam, the ball has opened! Good-by!' And

in five minutes he and his staff and orderlies were aboard their little steamer at the foot of the hill. The cannonading never ceased until after nightfall, but I kept the coffee on the stove for several hours and had a nice supper ready in the evening. All Savannah was at the levee for the most of the day and along into the night, until the rain drove most of the people home. There was an occasional sound of cannon all Sunday night, and on Monday morning the ominous thunders broke out anew, but they became more distant and irregular during the afternoon, and the philosophers at the levee shook their heads forlornly and stroked their beards excitedly, and said despairingly, 'We are being beaten—we are being beaten—we are being beaten.' And, do you know,—I never cleared that table until Tuesday, and then I prepared dinner for the General and his staff for that evening,—but they never came, and I am afraid I shall never see them again." And then tears came into her womanly eyes.

*Ben C. Truman.*

### Noah Brooks on Mark Twain.

NOAH BROOKS, in *The Century*, makes interesting reference, to the founding of the OVERLAND and Mark Twain's connection with it:—

The Civil War came on, and interrupted my California acquaintance. Mark Twain was still in the "sage-brush" group of newspaper writers, and when I returned to take up my residence in San Francisco, I was advised to read certain amusing squibs and sketches in a Nevada newspaper (the *Virginia City Enterprise*), if I would see specimens of genuine American humor—frolicsome, extravagant, and audacious. These contributions, when signed at all, were over the somewhat puzzling signature of "Mark Twain." In due course of time their author crossed the mountains, and found casual employment on the *Morning Call*, San Francisco. When Bret Harte introduced me to the eagle-eyed young man of tousled hair and slow speech, I found at last the missing member of "the Clemenses," and we exchanged such information concerning our experiences on the Plains as had been impossible of transmission up and down the hard road we traveled.

Clemens's fugitive pieces in the daily newspapers gave him some local reputation as a humorist, but not even his most intimate friends suspected the existence of the genius which was destined to made the name of Mark Twain world-famous. And when, in 1867, the proprietors of the *Alta California*, a daily newspaper of which I was then the managing editor, came to me with a proposition that the office should advance to Clemens the sum needed to pay his expenses on a trip into the Mediterranean, on condition that he should write letters to the paper, I was not surprised that they should regard the scheme with grave doubt of its pay-

ing them for their outlay. But the persuasiveness of Clemens's fast friend and admirer, Colonel John McComb (then a member of our editorial staff), turned the scale, and Mark Twain was sent away happy on his voyage of adventure and observation, sailing from New York on the steamer *Quaker City*.

His letters to the *Alta California* made him famous. It was my business to prepare one of these letters for the Sunday-morning paper, taking the topmost letter from a goodly pile that was stacked in a pigeon-hole of my desk. Clemens was an indefatigable correspondent, and his last letter was slipped in at the bottom of a tall stack.

It would not be quite accurate to say that Mark Twain's letters were the talk of the town; but it was very rarely that readers of the paper did not come into the office on Mondays to confide to the editors their admiration of the writer, and their enjoyment of his weekly contributions. The California newspapers copied these letters, with unanimous approval and disregard of the copyrights of author and publisher.

When Clemens returned to San Francisco, it was to find himself a celebrity. He accepted the situation without demur or inordinate pride. And when, after a short visit to the Hawaiian Islands, he prepared a lecture to be delivered in Mercantile Library Hall, San Francisco, he deprecatingly forestalled public opinion by adding at the bottom of his published announcements, "Trouble will begin at eight o'clock P. M." To him the trouble impending appeared very real, and he faced the ordeal with many misgivings. But the lecture was highly successful. It gave San Francisco people their first near view of their popular humorist. Some of his friends had organized a claue to encourage the débutant and rouse the enthusiasm of the audience; shrieks of laughter and thunders of applause had been contrived to be launched at appropriate intervals. Some of these kindly meant demonstrations were ill-timed. No matter; the unpurchased suffrages of the people soon overwhelmed the less discriminating volleys of the claue. The lecturer, to his great surprise, rode triumphantly into favor on the swelling tide of popular applause.

Mark Twain's method as a lecturer was distinctly unique and novel. His slow, deliberate drawl, the anxious and perturbed expression of his visage, the apparently painful effort with which he framed his sentences, and, above all, the surprise that spread over his face when the audience roared with delight or rapturously applauded the finer passages of his word-painting, were unlike anything of the kind they had ever known. All this was original; it was Mark Twain.

About this time (I think it was—say in the latter part of 1867 or the first of 1868) Mark Twain published his first book, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras."

In July, 1868, a literary magazine, the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, was first published in San Francisco. Bret Harte was the editor of this new and audacious publication in the very materialistic city of the Golden Gate, and as he did not think himself quite equal to the requirements of the work, William C. Bartlett (of the *Evening Bulletin*) and I were conscripted from our respective desks to act as assistants and advisers. I remember very well the disappointment with which we read Mark Twain's contribution to the first number of the new magazine. It was entitled "By Rail Through France," and did not show a gleam of that humor which had given him so much vogue through his newspaper letters. Subsequent numbers of the magazine showed fruits of his literary industry, but it was not until the October number appeared that he delighted his readers with a goodly show of his genius. Certainly that paper, "A Mediæval Romance," which may have suggested the lines of his later work, "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court," was extravagant and grotesque enough to satisfy the most exacting of his admirers. . . . Mark Twain's stay in the Golden State was briefer than Harte's, and foreign travel has opened to him new fields for the employment of his genius. He has laid under contribution all history, all tradition, all human experience. If he occasionally harks back to Nevada and California, it is only to give us a casual glimpse into a career that has been crowded full of adventure, study, and close observation of men and manners.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### A Life of Shakespeare.<sup>1</sup>

ONE of the three books recently "crowned" by the Academy is *A Life of William Shakespeare*, by Sidney Lee. It is the first exhaustive, well-written statement of the facts of the poet's life which modern study and investigation have

revealed, and therefore fills a positive gap in our Shakesperiana. It is in no sense a handbook of Shakespearean art; and the dramatist's work is only referred to when it casts a sidelight on his personality and life history. Incidentally, the book throws fresh light on the origin of some of the plays; but it is in the further elucidation of the poet's relations to his fellows that the author has bestowed his efforts.

<sup>1</sup> A Life of William Shakespeare. By Sidney Lee. With portraits and facsimiles. New York and London: The Macmillan Co. Cloth; \$1.75.



Of course, there are no startling revelations presented; but many puzzling ambiguities are removed, especially in reference to the circumstances under which the first folio was published. Mr. Lee has developed the history of Shakespeare's courtship and marriage as it has never been done before, showing that the dramatist's subsequent career was greatly influenced by the unfortunate character of his match. The eleven years which he spent away from his family in London were the richest of his intellectual life; and it is probable that the unhappy domestic condition which occasioned it was indirectly the cause of the great achievements which have made him immortal. A hint of Mr. Lee's methods is conveyed in his discussion of the character of *Shylock*. Speaking of the more subtle quality of Shakespeare's creation than Marlowe's Jew *Barabbas*, he says:—

Doubtless the popular interest aroused by the trial in February, 1594, and the execution in June, of the Queen's Jewish physician, Roderigo Lopez, incited Shakespeare to a new and subtler study of Jewish character. For *Shylock* (not the merchant *Antonio*) is the hero of the play, and the main interest culminates in the Jew's trial and discomfiture. The bold transition from that solemn scene, which trembles on the brink of tragedy, to the gently poetic and humorous incidents of the concluding act attest a mastery of stagecraft; but the interest, although it is sustained to the end, is, after *Shylock's* final exit, pitched in a lower key.

In summing up Shakespeare's character at the close of his life, Mr. Lee quotes Ben Jonson's well-known tribute, and adds for himself:—

No other contemporary left on record any definite impression of Shakespeare's personal character, and the sonnets, which alone of his literary work can be held to throw any illumination on a personal trait, mainly reveal him in the light of one who was willing to conform to all the conventional methods in vogue for strengthening the bonds between a poet and a great patron. His literary practices and aims were those of contemporary men of letters, and the difference in the quality of his work and theirs was due not to conscious endeavor on his part to act otherwise than they, but to the magic and involuntary work of his genius. He seems unconscious of his marvelous superiority to his professional comrades. The reference in his will to his fellow-actors, and the spirit in which (as they announce in "The First Folio") they approached the task of collecting his works after his death, corroborate the description of him as a sympathetic friend of gentle, unassuming mien. The later traditions brought together by Aubrey depict him as "very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit," and there is much in early posthumous references to suggest a genial if not a convivial temperament linked to a quiet turn for good-humored satire.

But Bohemian ideals and modes of life had no genuine attraction for Shakespeare. His extant works attest his "copious" and continuous industry, and with his literary power and sociability there clearly went the shrewd capacity of a man of business. Pope has the just warrant for the surmise that he

For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,  
And grew immortal in his own despite.

His literary attainments and successes were chiefly valued as serving the prosaic end of providing permanently for himself and his daughters. His highest ambition was to restore among his fellow-townsmen the family repute which his father's misfortunes had imperiled. Ideals so homely are reckoned rare among poets, but Chaucer and Sir Walter Scott, among writers of exalted genius, vie with Shakespeare in the sobriety of their personal aims and the sanity of their mental attitude toward life's ordinary incidents.

### Miss Craft's "Hawaii Nei"<sup>1</sup>

MISS CRAFT, in her book on Hawaii, gives a picture of the particular episode of the change of flags that is interesting. As a newspaper-woman she is quick to catch the salient and the picturesque and to set it down in vivid language. As a newspaper-woman she ought to have learned the newsgatherer's impartiality, the making of her mind a colorless medium through which facts are seen in their true light. This valuable trait, however, is denied her. She rather is of that school of journalists which, on such data as first present themselves, forms a decided opinion, and then, with the skill and persistence of an ardent advocate, enforces that view. It chanced that she was strongly impressed by the sadness naturally shown by the Hawaiians at their loss of nationality—a sadness felt by whites, as well as those of darker skin, and having nothing whatever to do with the verdict of reason as to what was right and proper under all the circumstances. But Miss Craft bases on this sentiment a belief that the Hawaiians have had their nationality crushed out by the juggernaut of progress, and lays the blame therefor chiefly on the missionary element, accusing them of being unfaithful to their calling, because their sons have prospered in the land until their property interests have outstripped those of the natives. This indictment, it seems to us, presents only those facts which are inevitable when two civilizations mingle. The stronger must prevail. It is the law of evolution, it is the law of right, that the best shall survive. If it was wrong that the sons of the

<sup>1</sup> *Hawaii Nei*. By Mabel Clare Craft. Wm. Doxey; San Francisco, 1899.

missionaries should remain in the islands where most of them were born, and there start sugar-plantations and other large enterprises necessary to make the islands of any value to the world at large, and thereby prosper so that they acquired the lands of the improvident and incapable Kanaka, then it is wrong for any man, in any land, to use the faculties that have been given him to make his lot better than that of his incompetent neighbor.

Miss Craft has made no study into conditions that the white government displaced; the alternative to annexation that seems to lie in her mind is a real Kanaka sovereignty, in which the natives were to be forever gratified by pomp and glitter and the simple loyalty of the people to a benevolent throne which should forever guard their happiness. This ideal never existed in Hawaii and never could exist. Nothing like a real Kanaka government has been possible from the day when commercial interests became great in the islands. Open pressure from the business interests and backstairs influence of whites of the baser sort have been the moving forces for many years that have swayed a crowned marionette. The frank recognition of this fact makes the overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy seem what it was, really right and in the interests of truth and morality.

But this is, perhaps, taking Miss Craft too seriously. Her book is by no means a polemic, and this sympathy with the royalists only serves to throw a glamour of sentimental sadness over her pages. No reader of sense will go to a young woman's book of travels for a deep understanding of the darker realities of life, necessary though this be for a true judgment. Miss Craft's book will give pleasure by its bright descriptions and clever episodes, and its vividly bringing to the mind the charm of these beautiful tropic islands.

### Ratzel's History of Mankind.<sup>1</sup>

THE third and final volume of Ratzel's *History of Mankind* has just been issued by the Macmillan Company. This monumental work, a translation of Ratzel's *Völkerkunde*, will for many years to come be the standard guide to the study of man and civilization. While crammed with details enough to satisfy the advanced student of ethnology, it is yet so free

from technicalities as to make the subject-matter attractive to the general reader. Every race known to travelers is here described, and often pictured in colored plates, and a wealth of facts concerning every phase of industrial, political, and social development is given in a style free from pretense or scientific jargon. Yet the author has ever kept in mind the need for accuracy, which, in sociological studies, is so imperative; and he rarely makes an assertion without reference to his authorities. The work is done with German thoroughness, and the translation comes in the handsomest form that the Macmillans could give it.

This final volume contains some chapters of first importance on the cultured races of the Old World; and the full and liberal treatment given to the subject of the Mohammedan peoples gives to this part of the work the value of a special treatise. The colored plates, of which there are many, add much to the interest of the subject and the beauty of the volume.

### Garland's Life of Grant.

HAMLIN GARLAND's work has filled a real want. Numberless as have been the books on Grant, none has attempted what this does with a large measure of success. As Mr. Garland explains, it is not a military history of the great soldier, but a biography, telling the story of his life from birth to death. Every place where Grant lived was visited for material; the journey thus entailed covered no less than 35,000 miles. This alone would make Mr. Garland's task no slight undertaking; but the careful condensation of the mass of matter collected was even a greater one. The style suggests the journalist at times, but the intrinsic interest of the story is not diminished by this defect. Both author and publisher are to be commended for the spirit of enterprise which inspired them to this effort before the living witnesses of Grant's career had all disappeared. The work will have a special value to the future historian, as well as a present interest for our own generation.

### Rafinesque's Ichthyologia Ohiensis<sup>2</sup>

DR. RICHARD ELLSWORTH CALL has edited a reprint of C. S. Rafinesque's *Ichthyologia Ohiensis*, or Natural History of the Fishes inhabiting the River Ohio, which will prove a most valu-

<sup>1</sup> The History of Mankind. By Professor Friederich Ratzel. Translated from the Second German Edition by A. J. Butler, M. A., with Introduction by E. B. Tyler, D. C. I., F. R. S. With colored plates, maps, and illustrations. (Three vols., large 8vo. Macmillan Company. \$12.00 the set.)

<sup>2</sup> Ulysses S. Grant: His Life and Character. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co. \$2.50.

<sup>2</sup> Ichthyologia Ohiensis. By C. S. Rafinesque. Reprint, edited by Richard Ellsworth Call. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Company. \$4.00.



able work, as only eight copies of the original are known to exist.

In classifying the fish of the Ohio, Rafinesque not only entered an unexploited field, but was a pioneer and founder of Ichthyology in America, and as such cannot be disregarded by those who take an interest in early American history or science.

In his preface, Rafinesque says he ascertained about ninety "new and undescribed" fish, for many of which he even had to establish new genera. It appears, however, that but few of the names he gave these new species were preserved—a deplorable discourtesy to their discoverer. His work also contains a careful catalogue of the Ohio from Pittsburg down, which, though written in 1820, still remains the most complete description in existence. The complete bibliography, together with Dr. Call's scholarly sketch of Rafinesque's life and Ichthyological work, are included in the present volume.

*Rapin*,<sup>1</sup> by Henry de Vere Stacpoole, is a quaint little story that proves most delightful reading. It makes no pretense to being a great book with a wonderful and intricate plot, but charms by its bright style, its fresh humor, and the touch of pathos, which is not without its moral. Some readers may think that Mr. Stacpoole introduces us too abruptly to his odd style, and way of speaking of the most outré characters in choppy little sentences, and that the scene of Toto's dinner-party at the beginning of the story is perfect nonsense and silly withal.

The scene of the story is Paris, and the color is distinctly Parisian, even to the cheerfully flip-pant view of morals.

Toto—a nickname—is a young prince, who becoming tired of the luxury and upper crust of life, determines to cast everything loose, be a poor, struggling artist, and live in an attic. Yet for him it is merely another luxury, and he tires of it as he has tired of everything else. And he finds that his affection for the "simple child of the people," Celestin, whom he thought to love forever more, has begun to wane. It is she only that keeps him from throwing over this life of a poor man, and it is only her touching little death, mourned and attended only by her faithful admirer Garnier, that releases Toto from his irksome ties.

De Nani is an inconsistent character, and mere padding in the book; but Toto's friend

Gaillard is a delightful idiot, with his innocent lies, his imaginary friends, and his preposterous ideas, and it is almost with regret that we bury him in the past as we close the covers of the book for the last time.

THE interesting work of Captain Guy Burrows, entitled *The Land of the Pigmies*,<sup>1</sup> gives an emphatic contradiction to the statements ever being made that the experiment of the Congo Free State is a failure. In his introduction to the volume, Mr. Stanley gives a good epitome of Captain Burrows's work, which may be quoted here:—

Its title is a fascinating one and suggests the satisfaction of our legitimate curiosity respecting the little people whom the Emin Relief Expedition discovered in such numbers. . . . Captain Burrows's book possesses several merits. In the first place it is brief and gives us a very good idea of the lands haunted by the pigmies, as well as the characteristics of the larger aborigines. . . . Of his marches and counter-marches he says little, the incidents of his daily life he leaves untold, and of his hunting exploits, harassments, fevers, feelings, and emotions, he is unusually shy. Captain Burrows has preferred to treat only of the natives and their ways, and I am bound to admit that I found his book so interesting that I read it through at one sitting.

The book is unpretentious in style, but full of character, and makes one of the noteworthy additions to our knowledge of this comparatively unknown region.

### Briefer Notice.

THE WILLIAMS & WILKINS Co., of Baltimore, have recently published many artistic volumes, among the most noteworthy of which is *The Sambo Book*,<sup>2</sup> by Isaac Coale, Jr., illustrated by Katherine Gassaway. It is a quaint story in negro dialect, apparently true to life and full of amusing situations. The illustrations, of which there are twenty-six large ones, are particularly good.

DR. JAMES C. FERNALD, whose timely work on the "Spaniard in History" recently helped to a comprehensive knowledge of our late enemy, has just brought out another scholarly book,<sup>3</sup> as timely as the last, on the most pressing topic of the day. Dr. Fernald frankly believes in the

<sup>1</sup> *The Land of the Pigmies*. By Captain Guy Burrows. Introduction by Henry M. Stanley. Portrait and ninety-nine illustrations. New York: Crowell & Co. \$3.00.

<sup>2</sup> *The Sambo Book*. By Isaac Coale, Jr. Twenty-six full-page illustrations, by Katherine Gassaway. Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins Co. \$1.00.

<sup>3</sup> *The Imperial Republic*. By James C. Fernald. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

<sup>1</sup> *Rapin*. By Henry de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1899.

power of the American people to reach yet higher ideals of government and civilization; and his masterly presentation of the argument for expansion is one to bring conviction to the doubtful. Neither does he take alarm at the bugbear of "imperialism," but frankly accepts the term and all its connotations, meeting objections with scholarly fairness and shirking nothing. The book will do infinite good in bringing orderly and logical methods of thought to a subject which is being submerged by sentiment and prejudice. It is well furnished with maps, which strengthen the argument.

IT HAS always been considered unfair criticism to blame a writer for not doing what he has not undertaken to do. Mr. Butterworth, in his *South America*,<sup>1</sup> has undertaken to do a thing that was a crying need,—that is, to write a book that should pleasantly introduce North Americans to the study of the history of the *terra incognita* to the South. It is a pity that he has not done it better. In the pressure of haste to bring out his book while the dealing of Spain with her colonies on the American continent was "live matter," he has published before he had read and studied enough to make himself master of his theme. He writes in the scrappy rote-like method of half-knowledge, and leaves no strong picture on his reader's mind. This is the more the pity, because the subject is new to most American readers, interesting to them particularly at the present juncture, and of permanent value in tracing the growth of liberty over a great continent. And Mr. Butterworth has done enough to make us sure he could have done far more, had he so willed.

UNIFORM with "Departmental Ditties," noticed in our January number, Mr. Doxey has published in the Lark Classics another collection of Kipling's verse, *Barrack-Room Ballads*.<sup>2</sup> This volume contains the "Recessional," and will be as necessary as the other to the peace of mind of any lover of Kipling. Like the rest of the series, it is published in paper, in cloth, and in full leather, at 25, 50, and 75 cents. In either form it is full value for the outlay.

THE hero of *Bob, Son of Battle*,<sup>3</sup> is not, as the title might suggest, the illustrious captain of the *Iowa*, but a wonderful shepherd dog—a famous "grey dog of Kenmuir." We are not

made to love him, and his rival, "Red Wull," never seems real to us, but Mr. Ollivant has written a novel and interesting story that is almost thrilling at times, and has skillfully avoided cheap melodrama. Adam McAdam is a particularly well-drawn character,—we never know whether to love him or hate him,—while the final contest for the Dale Cup, in which "Bob" and "Red Wull" drive each a trio of sheep over a stated course, is exciting enough to become a popular "piece" for schoolboy declamation.

### Books Received.

- Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Commissioner Hume. By C. W. Bardeen. C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.
- The Imperial Republic. James C. Fernald. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.
- The Story of the Thirteen Colonies. By H. A. Guerber. American Book Company, New York.
- The Song of the Flag. By Amelia Woodward Truesdell. William Doxey, San Francisco.
- Where to Educate. By Grace Powers Thomas. Brown & Co., Boston.
- The Early Indian Wars of Oregon. By Frances Fuller Victor. Frank C. Baker, Salem, Oregon.
- Songs for Columbia's Heroes. By Clarence Hawkes. New England Publishing Company, Springfield, Mass.
- An American Cruiser in the East. By John D. Ford, U. S. N. 2d edition. With account of the battle of Manila. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.
- The Little Minister. By J. M. Barrie. Maude Adams Edition. R. H. Russell, New York.
- Cannon and Camera. By J. C. Hemment. D. Appleton & Co., New York.
- The Land of the Pigmies. By Capt. Guy Burrows. Crowell & Co., New York.
- The Autobiography of a Veteran, 1807-1893. By General Count Enrico Dalla Rocca. The Macmillan Co., New York.
- The Sambo Book. By Isaac Coale, Jr. Illustrated by Katherine Gassaway. Williams & Wilkins.
- A Coon Alphabet. By E. W. Kemble. R. H. Russell, New York.
- The Arkansas Bear. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated by Frank Ver Beck. R. H. Russell, New York.
- Little Bo-Peep Continued. By R. K. Munkittrick. Pictures by Chester Loomis. R. H. Russell, New York.
- Selections from the Correspondence of Cicero. By J. C. Kirtland, Jr. American Book Company, New York.
- Cicero's Orations and Letters. By William R. Harper and Frank A. Gallup. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> South America. By Hezekiah Butterworth. New York: Doubleday, McClure & Company. 1898.

<sup>2</sup> Barrack-Room Ballads. By Rudyard Kipling. San Francisco: William Doxey, 1898.

<sup>3</sup> Bob, Son of Battle. By Alfred Ollivant. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co. \$1.25.



## CHIT-CHAT

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, who wrote an Introduction for Harry Steele Morrison's "A Yankee Boy's Success," generously gave the young author of this book a trip to his old home in Illinois as a Christmas gift. Young Morrison has been lecturing in parts of Kipling's "Great Pie Belt," and says that his privations while working his way through Europe were as nothing to those suffered by him at a few of the hotels in small New England towns. He had read of "pie for breakfast," but had not believed in it until, as he plaintively puts it, he "not only saw the pie but saw people devouring it." "A Yankee Boy's Success" has gone into a second edition.

SOLOMON'S declaration that "there is nothing new under the sun" is exemplified in the translation of the Book of Ezekiel, the latest volume in Professor Paul Haupt's "Polychrome" Bible, which Dodd, Mead & Company are bringing out. It appears that the ancient Assyrians had a method of inflating skins, which custom was the forerunner of the pneumatic tire of to-day. The Book of Ezekiel also gives detailed instructions for the preservation of the meat set aside for sacrificial purposes, a pertinent suggestion, it would seem, in view of the recent army scandals. The Polychrome Bible is unique in that it combines a wholesome reverence for the sacred writings with a thoroughly modern spirit.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have in press, for early publication, a volume entitled "Two Women in the Klondike," by Mary E. Hitchcock. The volume will present the record of a journey undertaken in the summer of 1898 by Mrs. Roswell D. Hitchcock, the widow of the late Commander Hitchcock, U. S. N., and Miss Van Buren, a grandniece of President Van Buren. The travelers first took steamer at San Francisco for St. Michael. The Yukon River was unusually low at this season, and several of the regular passenger steamboats were stranded along the river, so that it was necessary for some of the passengers to embark on board a barge which was towed by a small river steamer. After a journey of more than three weeks, the party reached Dawson and became squatters,

living in a tent until the end of the summer, when they were forced to build a log cabin in order to hold their land through the winter. While at Dawson, they staked out several claims and mingled freely with the miners, getting a practical insight into the work. Life at Dawson was by no means a bed of roses as, owing to the fact that the stores of provisions and delicacies, which had been sent by a different line, did not reach them until very late in the season, they were forced to depend upon such few things as they carried in with them, and to purchase their supplies at the high rates prevailing in Dawson. When at last their stores arrived, it was high time for all who were not to remain for the winter to set about their return journey. After some vexatious delays, the party finally took a river steamer as far as practicable and then crossed the White Pass, as the Chilkoot Pass was considered too dangerous at that late date. As it was, the travelers were caught in a snow-storm on the Skagway Pass and had to do some very difficult climbing. Once over the White Pass the hardships of the journey were practically over, as they were able to take a steamer via Sitka and thus to Seattle. Mrs. Hitchcock's journal is a faithful record of her experiences, is written in a vivacious manner, and is full of interesting incidents. The volume is enriched by over one hundred illustrations, and an authoritative map of Alaska, showing the trails and steamboat routes to the gold-fields.

WILLIAM R. JENKINS, New York, announces for publication in September *The American Cicerone*, a guide to the Paris Exposition of 1900. It will be compiled under the direction of Vicomte de Keratry, and it is proposed to arrange the text so that a person, no matter where he starts, may at once be guided, without the assistance of any one, through all the marvels of the Exposition, and he will at the same time be made familiar with the hotels, restaurants, public walks, theaters, stores, monuments, and all places of interest. The general idea of arrangement is quite new, and the foreigner who has never visited Paris before will be instructed how to live there as does the Parisian. It is also proposed to print the book with

great care and in a handy form suitable for carrying in a pocket. It will contain maps simply arranged for quick reference.

SHORTLY before his death Harold Frederic wrote a letter to his American publishers that is now of extraordinary interest. He was describing the next book that he intended to write, and that if written would have been issued by the publishers of "The Market Place." Among other things Mr. Frederic wrote as follows:—

The book is to be a study of two Americans in Europe—a boy and girl in Boston in the late seventies (which will be largely autobiographical); then in England, where the boy rises to be one of the great painters of his time, and the girl comes, loaded with the praises of Milan, Paris, St. Petersburg, etc., to take London by storm as a prima donna. That is the skeleton of the theme. It will be a book of character-studies of painters, opera-singers, actors, and the like, in the London of our day. It seems to me it ought to be not only my best book, but the one most likely to achieve big popular success.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL'S latest novel, "The Procession of Life" (Appletons) will be reviewed by us next month. OVERLAND readers, who will remember Mr. Vachell's work in this magazine, will be glad to learn that "A Drama in Sunshine" (Macmillans) has been most successful in London, and is being published in India and the British Colonies. *The Times*, in a long review of the book, says:—

It is a very singular and notable book, a highly interesting picture of life, excelling both in character and incident. The scenes of action, of which there are many, are full of spirit, while the descriptions of landscape are telling and brilliant. . . . Much may be expected from Mr. Vachell, whose novel has also an historical interest in the conflict of national types and ideals between the Americans, Celts, and the Spaniards in California.

Such praise from "The Thunderer" is praise indeed.

READERS of the OVERLAND who were interested in Mr. Street's article in the January number on the work of Amédée Joullin will be glad to see an example of the studies he has recently made among the Indians of New and Old Mexico. "The Fire-Bringer" has attracted much attention at the Bohemian Club, where it has been on exhibition. Two other strong canvases have been "Guarding the Prisoner," an Apache crouching near a figure in army blue lying on its side so that only the back is seen; and "Offering Flowers to the God of Flowers," an Aztec study, striking in its coloring and carefully wrought out

in historically correct detail. All Mr. Joullin's work loses when translated into black and white; for he is essentially a colorist. The figure in "The Fire-Bringer" is made strong by the brilliancy of the flesh tints and by the vivid red-and-black pattern in the blanket about the loins.

IN REFERENCE to the poem, "America's Mission," which appears on a preceding page, Mr. R. K. Beecham the author, writes us:—

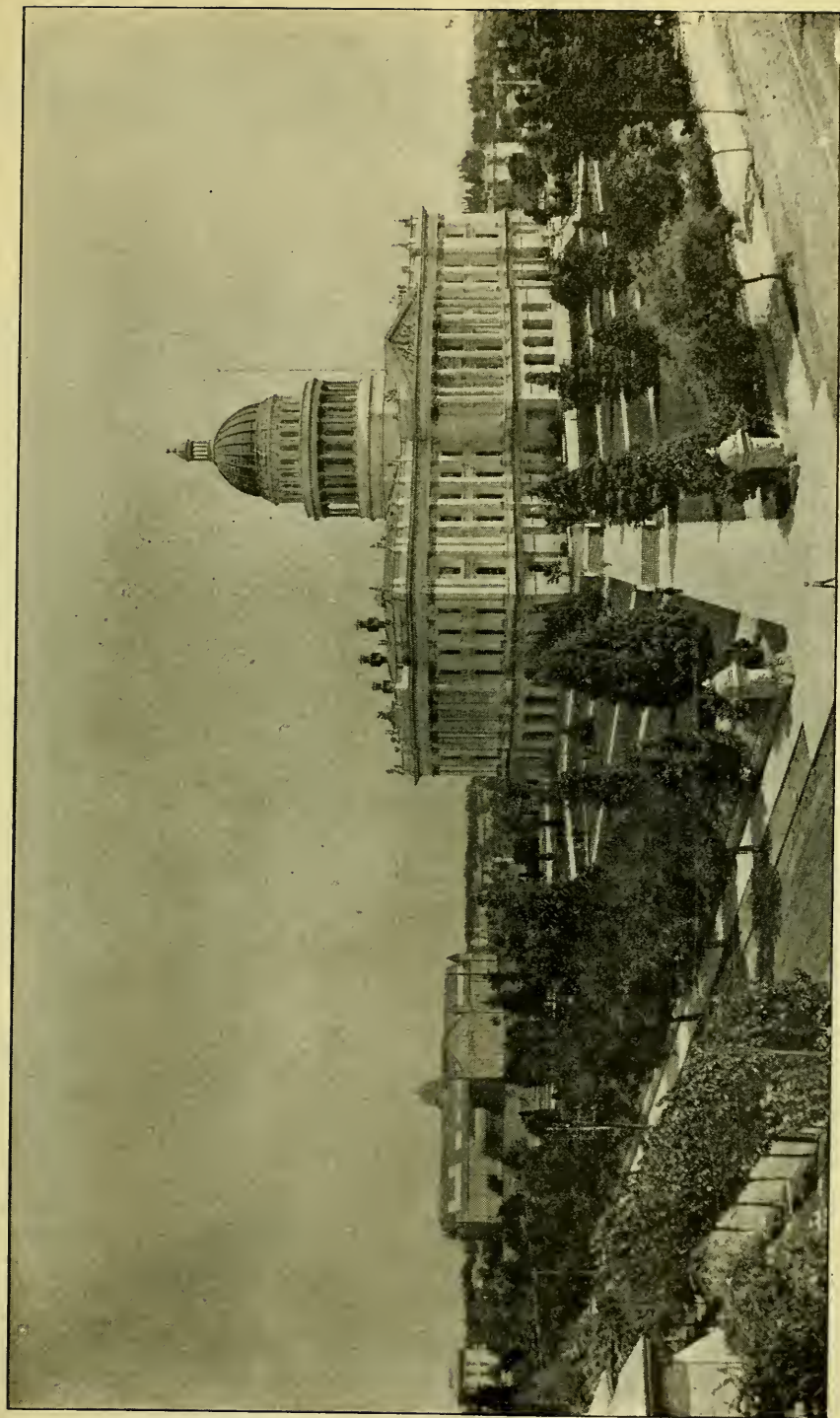
. . . The magazines and papers of the East are going wild over Kipling's "White Man's Burden," as if we Americans have had no experience in that line. I take it that a nation that has reclaimed a continent, can formulate a plan for carrying forward its own work, without taking England for an example *par excellence*.

OUR readers will be interested, we feel sure, in the short sketch published in this number, "Under the Greenwood Tree." As the title states, it is an incident in the conquest of the Oregon territory, and though gathered mainly from tradition, we feel confident that it is historically true. It is popularly supposed that Oregon was "saved" by one man. Such traditions as the one we publish show that it took more than one man to save either Oregon or California.

THE article, "The Last Days of Old John Brown," was compiled from data given the author by members of John Brown's family. All his living descendants, by the way, are dwellers upon the Pacific Coast. Our illustrations are taken from old and very much faded photographs belonging to Mrs. Thompson (Ruth Brown).

WE WISH to call special attention to the series of tales of the north country by Jack London, three of which, "To the Man on the Trail," "The White Silence," and "The Son of the Wolf," have appeared in the OVERLAND, and which have already begun to attract attention for their great strength and originality. Mr. London is thoroughly familiar with the scenes he writes of, and describes for us real characters and real places and with a decided vividness. The Tanana Sticks, who figure in the story in the present number, are even to-day a wild people and the most dangerous tribe in the interior. More than one man who has gone among them has failed to return. Their belief in the northern lights is that it is the spiritual manifestation of the home of their ancestors,—a dwelling-place with the Raven,—similar to the Islands of the Blest.





THE CALIFORNIA STATE CAPITOL, AT SACRAMENTO



"Malemute Kid halted him"  
(See "The Men of Forty-Mile")



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Samoa Bay, near Salufati

## VAILIMA: THE PLACE OF THE FIVE RIVERS

By A. R. ROSE-SOLEY

"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:  
Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

UP ON the luxuriantly wooded mount of Vaea, in a small clearing whence Samoan hill and vale, river and jeweled sea can be viewed, rests the Scottish writer who loved Samoa with a surpassing love, on whose tomb is inscribed Ruth's pathetic plea. And down below, in the shadow of the tomb, brooded over

by the spirit of its silent occupant, stands that Vailima to which for years past the eyes of the English reader have turned as to a literary Mecca, a shrine inclosing such a romance of suffering, endurance, cheerful sympathy, passionate enthusiasm, devotion to duty, as the world of letters seldom gives us. The shrine has passed into alien



The Stevenson Monument, in Portsmouth Square, San Francisco

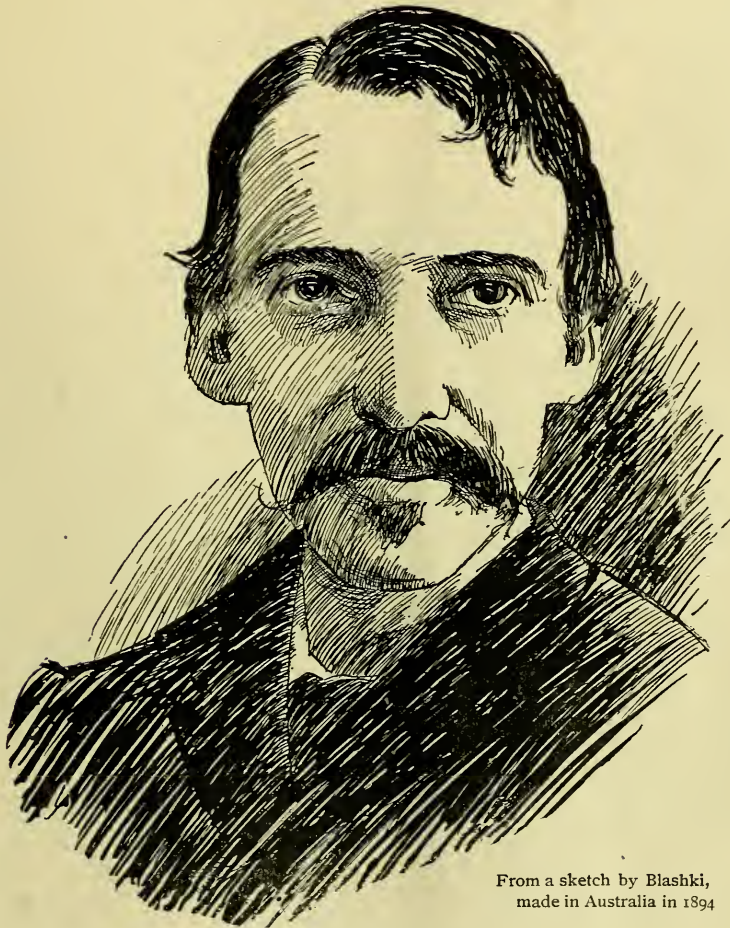
**"TO REMEMBER ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON**

TO BE HONEST, TO BE KIND ;—TO EARN A LITTLE, TO SPEND A LITTLE LESS ;  
TO MAKE UPON THE WHOLE A FAMILY HAPPIER FOR HIS PRESENCE ; TO  
RENOUNCE WHEN THAT SHALL BE NECESSARY AND NOT BE EMBITTERED ;  
TO KEEP A FEW FRIENDS, BUT THESE WITHOUT CAPITULATION,—ABOVE ALL,  
ON THE SAME GRIM CONDITION TO KEEP FRIENDS WITH HIMSELF : HERE IS  
A TASK FOR ALL THAT A MAN HAS OF FORTITUDE AND DELICACY."



hands; the step of the busy German planter will ring where the foot of the dreamy recluse loved to linger; prose and commerce will replace fantasy and fancy-weaving. But the five streams from which Vailima takes its name will still babble their legends

revealed themselves to a less sympathetic soul; but all who know Samoa and Vailima must understand the attraction both held for Robert Louis Stevenson. Intensely Scottish through every nerve of his being, his heart yearned incessantly for the scent



From a sketch by Blashki,  
made in Australia in 1894

Robert Louis Stevenson

of water-spirit and haunted grove, of spectral warrior and soundless fight; and to the ears of Anglo-Americans they will still whisper the name of the "Tusitala" who cast about the surrounding bush the spell of his imagination and the charm of his diction.

It may have been the legends that attracted him in the first instance; it may have been that the legends would not have

of the pines, the gleam of the heather, the rugged beauty of his native land. To her his thoughts turned to his dying day; in his latest letters we can sometimes hear the passionate heart-throb of the exile; his last poem is but a wild, yearning cry to the earth that mothered him:—

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and rain are  
flying,  
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now;

Where about the graves of the martyrs the  
 whoops are crying,  
 My heart remembers how!

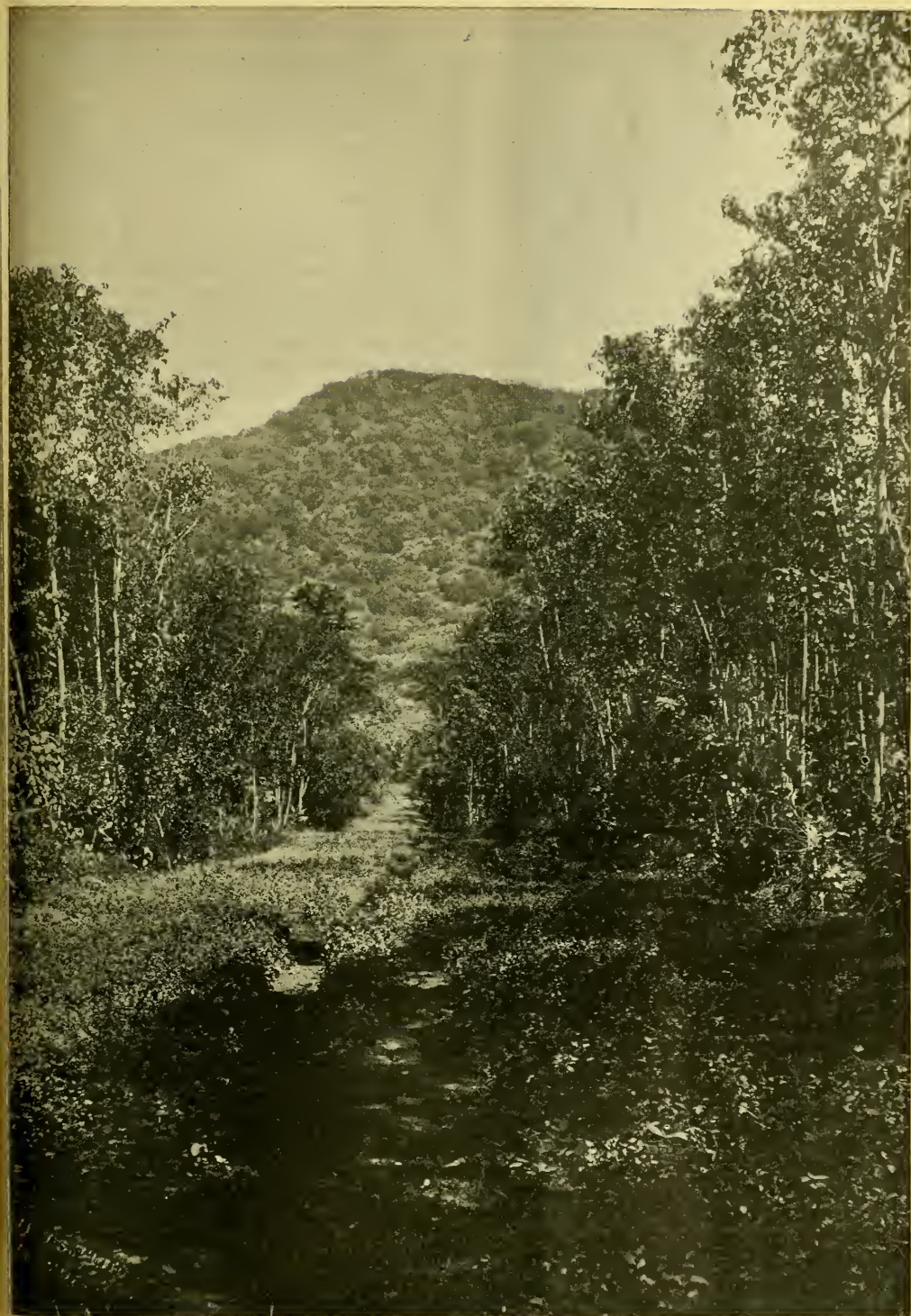
And to this motherland, for which he ever hungered, Stevenson could trace a likeness in the South Pacific island where he breathed in life and strength. True, he had exchanged pines for palms, misty skies for tropical sunshine, castles for thatched huts, natives of indomitable energy for natives who took their ease and their pleasure. But gliding along the Samoan coast in the falling dew and the rapidly-gathering twilight, with purpling mountain-top and massed dark foliage mirrored in the clear waters; clambering up a bouldered, green-arched water-bed to stand beneath a tumbling, frothing cascade, noting the tangled mass of straight trunk, fern, and moss, clothing the mountain-side; sitting beside the native chiefs and watching their stately courtesy, their grave, unspoken pride, their strong clansmanship, the poet-writer felt that he was breathing the air of the old Highlands in a milder form. Had anything been lacking to confirm him in his new love, the legends were there to supply it—legends which have never been surpassed by Ettrick Shepherd or Highland wife. Samoa, to the Samoans, is peopled with the dead; their *angangas* regulate the doings of the living; pain and pleasure, health and sickness, failure and success,—nay, life and death,—are in their hands; the bush, replete with terrors, is sacred to them at night, their authority must be recognized by day, and the consequences of disobedience or indifference are whispered in grewsome tale. This was enough for Robert Louis Stevenson. He had found, climatically and spiritually, a country after his own heart; and the nest he built for himself in that fair land was on a site where *anganga* traditions ran riot, where whole villages had been depopulated, and warrior hosts were gathered to their fathers.

Even now, the way leading to Vailima is suggestively depressing. As you wind up the narrowing road, with steadily decreasing signs of habitation, you gradually leave graceful palm and sensuous tropic vegetation behind; signs of life die away with the echo of the distant breakers, the tangled mountain-bush hems you in with mournful silence; possibly a blithe kingfisher may flit across the path like a flash of sapphire, or

the ruby head and breast of a *senga-senga* may gleam upon a branch; but save for these there is neither sound nor color to gladden you,—nothing but dull browns and greens huddling together in a melancholy mass, twisted stems and drooping leaves that even the sunlight fails to gladden. If the evening is closing around, you may hear the hoot of the little gray owl, or the changing wail of the brown singer christened by the natives "the bird with the seven throats." But at last you emerge on level ground where a wide lane gladdens your eyes, a lane hedged in with limes and lemons, carpeted with green grass and mauve convolvulus; this is the "Road of the Grateful Hearts"—the historical road fashioned by the willing hands of chiefs whom Tusitala's eloquent tongue and pen had released from bondage, and whose hearts prompted them to a unique proof of gratitude. And when you have passed along the memorable lane and through the adjoining gate, Vailima itself bursts upon your view,—Vailima, low, roomy, and verandaed, red-painted and set about with creepers, Vailima with its fields and gardens and English lawns, all redeemed from the wilderness, and wooded Vaea with its tomb towering above. But when Stevenson took the land the scene was very different. A path scarce wide enough for pack-horses was the only means of approach—a path where fallen trunks caused a horse to stumble and straggling branches caught in the rider's hair and the sunlight scarce glimmered through. And ere the foundation of a white man's home could be laid on the property, wide-rooting banyans, sturdy *ifi-ifi*, tall *mamalava*, snakelike *lianas* had to be cleared away; war waged against insidious mimosa and defiant indigo. A daily, hourly fight with nature was begun and prolonged for years; neighbors were lacking, comforts few, natives only to be bribed to the haunted region, and save for romantic associations, the poet-writer's mind might well have lain fallow amid a life of constant work and frequent financial anxiety.

The associations sufficed. It was not only restored health and liberty, escape from the suffering sick-room or the cramped yacht cabin, that invigorated the mind of Robert Louis Stevenson as, barefooted and blithe, he directed his workmen, or





The Road of the Grateful Hearts

stumbled about on horseback exploring the mysteries of his new possession. The ancestral craving in his blood was at length satisfied; he was in Ghostland, and its spirits encompassed him on every side; the "white lady" might be awaiting him behind the next tree, the shadow of a departed warrior might drink beside him at the nearest pool; nay, if he listened carefully, in the dusk he might catch the vibration of the ghostly battle that was being persistently fought in the recesses of the wood. Had not a ghastly discovery been made by the author himself on one of his lonely rambles, when striking his foot against some obstacle in the tangled undergrowth he stooped to uncover a human skeleton clutching under its fleshless arm a human skull? The remains were those of some warrior who, doubtless mortally wounded himself, was hurrying home with the trophy which testified to his prowess on the field. Death overtook him in the darksome glade and bade him join the enemy whom he had decapitated. Tradition assigns many tragedies to that shadow-haunted spot, and it is small wonder if the natives assert that to this day the spectral opponents continue their fight in Shadowland. As to the spectral lady, who is white or brown, clad in filmy garments or splashing, nymph-fashion, below the roaring waterfall, according to the proclivities of the ghost-seer, she seems to have taken the Stevenson family under her peculiar protection and to have gone out of her way to indicate her desires or their necessities.

"She often gave us warning when we were in some unsuitable spot," Mrs. Stevenson used to say simply. "Sometimes she tapped on the tree under which we lingered, sometimes on the wall by which we were sitting. We always knew that she wanted us to go, and we went."

"Stuff!" cries the skeptic. But it is of such stuff that dreams are fashioned, the creative dreams which have delighted our old world from its infancy till now, and Tusitala's soul was fed by his surroundings.

"Nobody who is worth anything is without a grain of superstition," he used to say, and the superstitious brown race he had learned to love gave his fancy full play.

When we saw Vailima for the first time its owner had lain six months in the grave,

and the family who cared for the house guarded his own private sanctum with jealous reverence. Even the library, fitted up specially for himself, was never used, while the little den he loved was only shown to those who had met the author in the flesh. Stevenson's *mô*t about his library has become historical—"I can't work there, it is so replete with every convenience for working!"

Yet to a man of more luxurious tastes the long room, with its polished floor and tiger-skins, its spare furniture and rows of books, mainly modern, would have seemed simple enough. The author of "Treasure Island" required still plainer surroundings to keep his imagination within bounds. In a tiny room taken off the veranda stood the narrow couch with its Samoan mat, where he loved to scribble his fancies, huddled up, his writing on his knees. A medley of books lay on the shelves around; a few chosen volumes, with a bound collection of critiques on the "Wrecker," were within reach; the original sketches for the "Beach at Falesha" hung on the walls, and on the quaint table by the couch stood a small vase with a bunch of withered flowers, placed there on the morning of the writer's death.

A tiny sanctum of ascetic simplicity; but at the head of the bed, carefully curtained off, stood articles by no means ascetic in character,—half a dozen repeating rifles, brightly polished, and a supply of cartridges. These arms, the procuring of which brought their owner considerable annoyance at the time, have been much, and unnecessarily, criticised; recent events have shown that Samoa is not a place where the white man can always remain unarmed with safety, and in the case of a sudden outbreak, Vailima was a peculiarly unprotected spot. But it is more than possible that Stevenson loved the arms for their own sake, quite apart from any thought of protection from the natives he was befriending. The old idea of clan chieftainship, fostered by native custom, filled his mind, the longing for a baronial pile was in his soul; he could not convert low-running, unpretentious Vailima into a feudal castle, but he could play with associations of the past and imagine adventurous surroundings. The dark-stained banquetting-hall with its double staircase, which he con-



sidered the pride of Vailima, was filled with Old World relics; the low double doorway, cut as a communication between the old part of the house and the new hall, formed a closed recess which was looked upon as a possible place of concealment; and it is more than likely that the child-soul, still lurking in the author, loved at idle moments to "play at make-believe" with guns, and quaint hiding-place, and banqueting-hall,—the hall where indeed Vailima's tragedy occurred, for it was there Robert Louis Stevenson drew his last breath.

Two years afterward we saw it *en fête*, a fête after his own heart. It was Christmas, 1896, the first Christmas kept at Vailima since death had entered its doors, and high native festivities were being held to celebrate the event. As nearest neighbors, inhabiting a shanty on the adjoining property, "Avele," with our share of ghostly traditions and the "white lady," we were among the chosen few white guests bidden to that December gathering under a tropical sky. Groups of merry-makers smiled at us, bright colors and gay muslins flashed upon us as we passed over the green grass of the "Grateful Heart" road, but it was not until we were established on the broad, cool veranda, with the perfume of rose and stephanotis stealing around, that we realized the full brilliancy of our gayety. At one end, dark Samoan beauties, draped in black, squatted before the kava-bowls which would soon be in request; on the steps our little chatelaine, black-robed, a smile of greeting on her lips, a wistful look in her weary eyes, stood waiting to welcome her brown friends. In front lay a peaceful picture of lawn and cattle, banyan, *ifi-ifi*, and *mamalava*-tree, wild orange and breadfruit, blending gradually into a mass of green, with the breakers of the blue lagoon streaking the horizon. And the shadow of Vaea upon all.

Suddenly, with the rattle and bang of an empty kerosene tin doing duty for drum, a midsummer madness burst upon the foreground; gay streamers, brilliant kites, fern and flower, wreath and leaf kirtle, rustling native siapo and vivid European prints, came swooping up the lawn and upon the veranda to a sing-song intoning accompaniment; smudged faces and tattooed skins blended with energetic voice and gesture,



A Tongan Dancer

and it took some five minutes for the invading horde to "sort itself" into anything like order. At length, however, the true inwardness of things became apparent; the be-muslined, more soberly arrayed majority were Samoans, come to see the fun,—festively attired themselves, but with a certain moderation; the wild figures with blackened faces and green kirtles, with split chestnuts, rattling like castanets, hung round their knees, bunches of ferns on their shoulders, colored kites in their hands, wreaths, streamers, berries, tusks, and beads, for adornments, were Tongans. It was a Tongan *siva* we had come forth to see, and a Tongan *siva* is not a matter of daily occurrence in Samoa.

But preliminary courtesies had to be observed, preliminary speeches to be made; the ladies of the household received offerings of rainbow-dyed native fiber looped and twisted into wondrous devices; the kava libation was poured on the ground; the kava-cup passed with appropriate word and fierce cry; then a door was thrown open, and we thronged into the low, dim hall where Stevenson's spirit passed away.

The dark wainscoting, the carved black oak furniture, the massive sideboard, the paintings on the walls, even the flower perfumes quivering through the low case-ments, all had Old-World associations for the whites gathered in front of the large table. But the troupe which came after brought other associations as it crowded in, cocoanut-oiled and *moso'l*-perfumed; skins brown and creamy, faces plain and comely, gleaming black eyes and white teeth, thronged along the walls and on the staircase, while the Tongans took the floor.

The preliminary performance was but a mock drill; goose-step, presenting arms, trotting to and fro, all apparently for the sole purpose of exhibiting the pretty Tongan maiden, clad in fine white mat, who was the only lady in the troupe. When she and her attendant satellites had exerted themselves sufficiently, to the exhilarating sound of the kerosene-tin, Mademoiselle fell away to the rear and real business began. Tum-tum-tum! banged the native wooden drum, a melancholy dirge was intoned in minor key, and a human kaleidoscope flashed upon our vision as grotesquely weird figures leaped, pirouetted, twirled, shrieked, and whooped in wild frenzy; brown arms tossed aloft amid flying green kirtles and gay streamers, castanets rattled on tattooed limbs, make-believe clubs threatened mad-looking heads, gay kites were rent to shreds, ferns, flowers, and berries, flew over the floor, while bare toes poised, leaped, and capered, and brown torsos writhed and bent with a suppleness that our ballerinas might envy. When silence suddenly fell, and the whooping, virile maniacs sank, panting, on the floor, we were almost as exhausted as they, and the ensuing pantomime, with its jokes, its sing-song tales, its domestic scenes, came with a soothing monotony.

Then followed a sitting-down "arm *siva*," which made the dark eyes, set in various sweet girl faces by the wall, glisten with satisfaction; for if the Tongan dancer eclipses the Samoan in manly grace, he is nowhere at all in the dainty "arm *siva*," the special accomplishment of the Samoan maid.

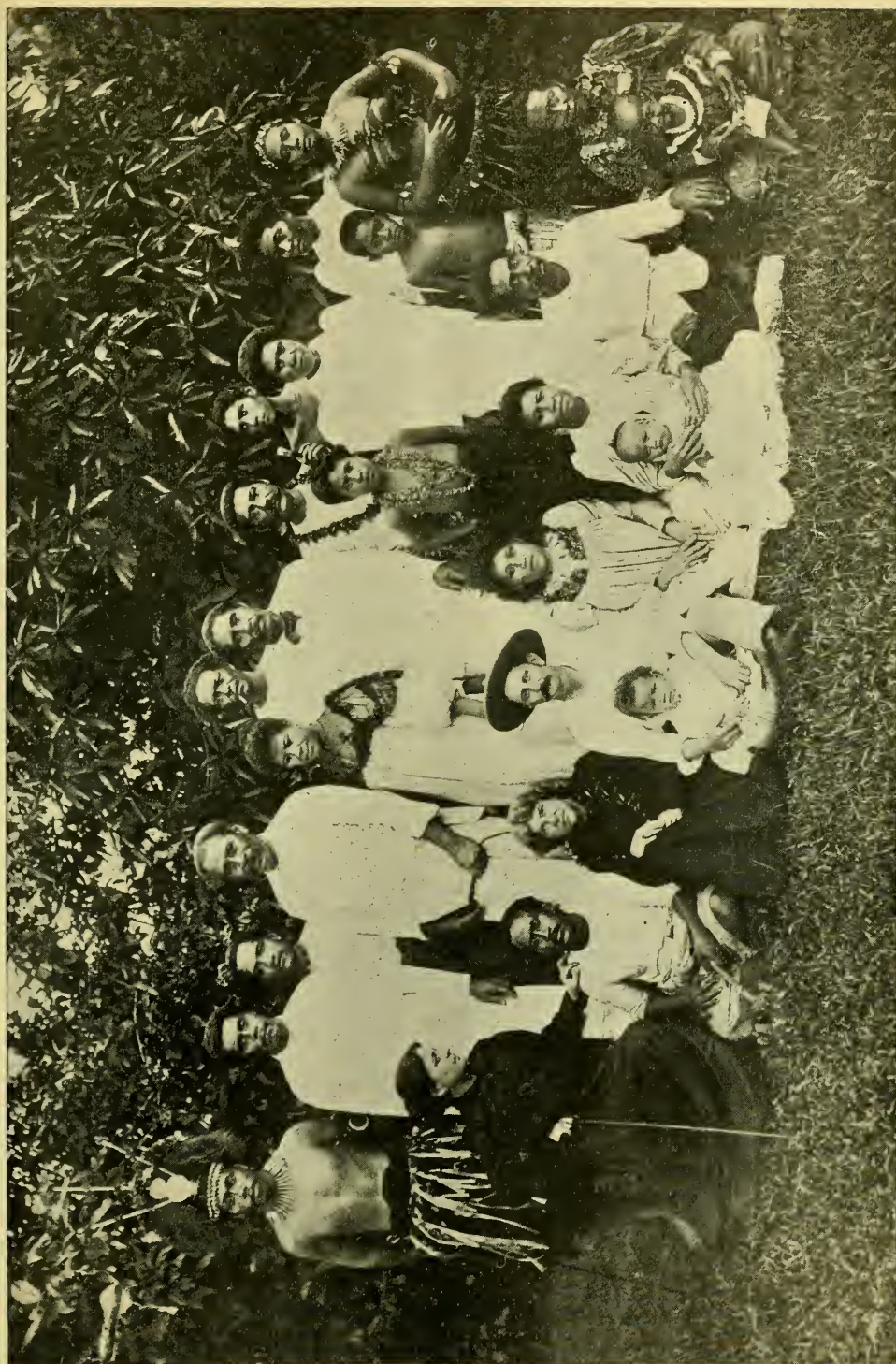
At last, after two or three hours, our Tongan experiences came to an end; we streamed out from the now littered hall, into the fresh, perfumed air; there was

more ceremonial and speechifying, accompanied by eloquent thanks for Vailima's return offerings of biscuit-tins and struggling pig. Finally the procession of torn and tattered motley capered down the Road of the Grateful Hearts, while we turned back to the banqueting-hall, once more swept and garnished, to feast at the table on which, some two years before, lay the still form of Vailima's word-wizard.

That was the last Christmas on which Vailima was to welcome native adherents in Stevenson's name. Since then another and a sadder procession has passed down the lime-hedged road, when King Malietoa, come in his hour of mortal sickness to commune with the shades of Tusitala, was borne out from the deserted hall to the native hut where Samoan etiquette required that he should die. And in the turmoil and bloodshed that followed that royal demise, love and respect for Tusitala were forgotten; the home which he had erected with such careful pride, where he had sympathized with native joys and sorrows, where native chiefs had wailed when his dark, burning eyes were closed, was desecrated and shamelessly looted by the very partisans whose cause he had pleaded. One could almost wish that the little store of rifles had come into play on that day when Vailima's lawns were strewn with spoil. But Mr. Gurr, the British friend in whose charge Vailima lay, would have risked his life by leaving the protection of the *Porpoise*; his native wife, "Fanua," the high-born taupo mentioned in "Vailima Letters" and a special pet of the Vailima household, had two little children and valuable papers to care for; and the vandals rioted unchecked while the Soul of Vailima gazed down from the mountain-top.

It will always be a bitter regret to the English-speaking race that the place should have passed into alien hands. To those who have read the "Letters" with a pang of sympathy, who have noted the passionate cries wrung out when over-taxed brain and weary body longed for rest which must be denied, "all for Vailima," it seems a hard thing that his countrymen should not have acquired the small bit of land which to many a Briton and American has become classic soil. But if the home be gone, the tomb remains, and many a literary pilgrimage will be taken to that lonely resting-





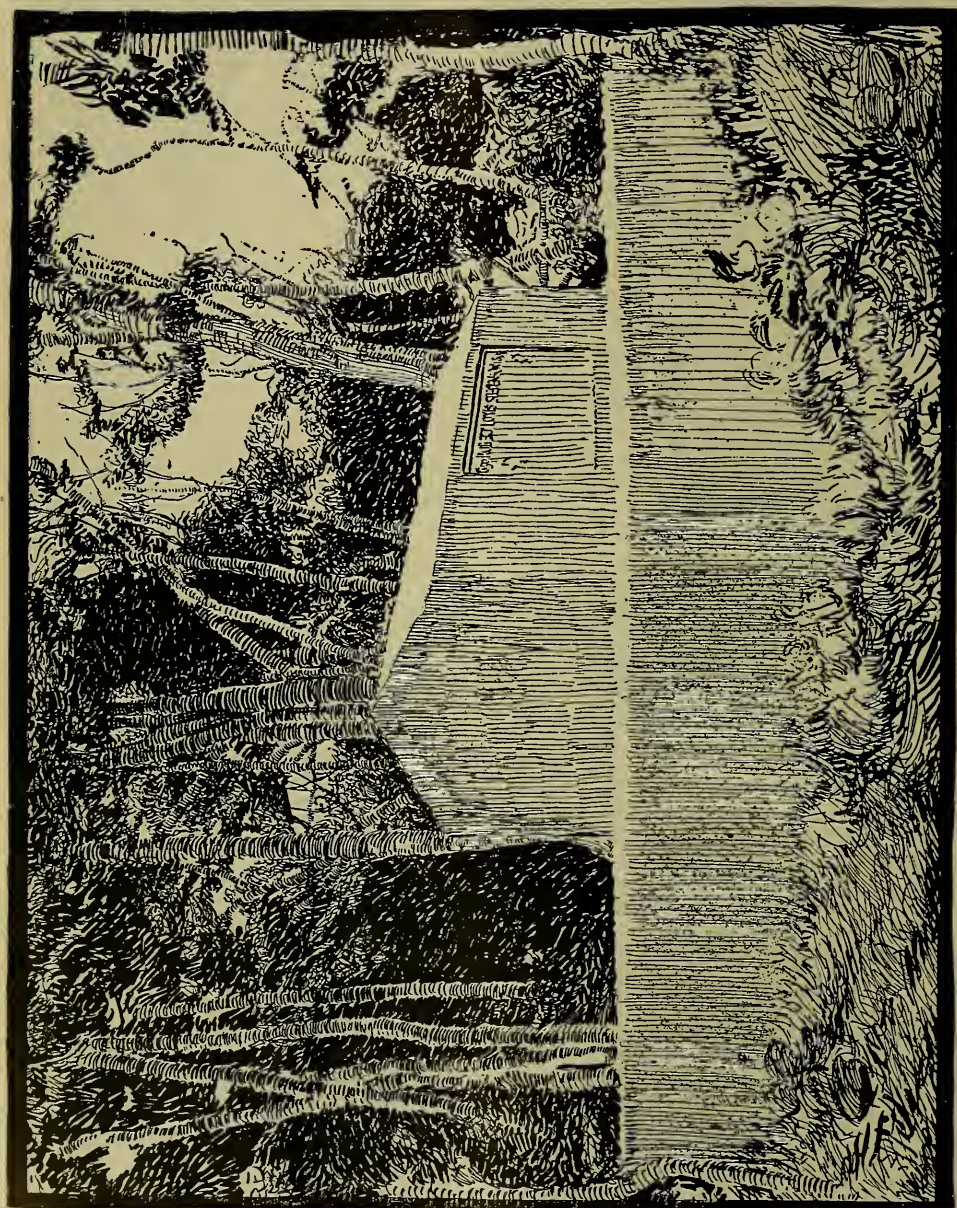
Tongan Dancer  
Mrs. Strong

Fanua (Mrs. Gurr)  
Mrs. Stevenson

Mr. Gurr  
The Vailima Household and its Retainers, Christmas, 1896

Tongan Dancer





Stevenson's Tomb on Mount Vaea



place on which Stevenson gazed the very morning of his death. Perhaps there is no page of literary history more pathetic than the last fragment of "Weir of Hermiston," dictated to Mrs. Strong, while the eager, feverish eyes which Death was to close a few hours later gazed up at the spot for which the poet had already written his oft-quoted epitaph:—

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie,—  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.  
This be the verse you grave for me:  
Here he lies where he longed to be,  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.

It is a long and weary way that he was borne to the spot "where he longed to be," on that sad day when his dusky bearers toiled up the steep and slippery track to the clearing where his tomb is now to be seen. A plain concrete tombstone, imitating in shape a Samoan chief's rock monument, bears two bronze plates, the one inscribed with Ruth's words, the other with Stevenson's verse. And this is all. The much talked-of obelisk, which was to have gleamed on the mountain height as a guide

to the mariner, has never been erected; the writer to whom a monument has been raised in San Francisco, where he was but a passing visitor,—in Edinburgh, where his face had not been seen for years, has no monument over his last home. But his pen has built up for him a memorial pile which will endure as long as the English language is spoken; his pure, unselfish life has enshrined him in the hearts of men, and with this legacy to posterity he rests well. Gazing from the tomb, through the trunks of encircling trees, down on Vailima, down on leaping cascade and silvery Vaisinango River, down on banana and palm, breadfruit and pandanus, wild bush and trim plantation, with the blue Pacific gleaming beyond, one feels that Robert Louis Stevenson has realized the wish of his early days:—

If the wood grew together like a banyan grove, I would be buried under the taproot of the whole; my parts should circulate from oak to oak, and my consciousness should be diffused abroad in all the forest and give a common heart to that assembly of green spires, so that it also might rejoice in its own loveliness and dignity. I think I feel a thousand squirrels leaping from bough to bough in my vast mausoleum, and the birds and the winds merrily coursing over its uneven, leafy surface.

## AD ASTRA

WHEN summer skies are deepest blue and fair,  
When fields are quivering with heat and glow,  
And rippling waters murmur soft and low,  
My soul—impatient of the garish glare  
That swirls about the ceaseless round of care—  
Dons wings, and swiftly mounts, cleaving the low,  
Dense fields of atmosphere; leaving below  
The toil-mad sounds, well satisfied to spare  
Earth's swarming, insatiable desires.  
Up, up, to winnow undiminished blue  
And thread imperial paths past starry spires,  
Glimpsing new worlds pass marshaled in review,  
And uplooking, behold the beacon-fires  
That burn between the old life and the new.

*Howard Coates.*



## At Pala Mission

By Charles A Keeler

**T**he linnets' song from the olive tree  
And the wren in the prickly pear,  
The hum of the fly and the drone of the bee,  
The ruin and peace of despair,-

The glint of the sun on the caving tile,  
The glistening whitewashed tower,  
The desolate calm of the crumbling pile,  
The feeling of vanished power!

Still come, when the bells in the tower call,  
The Indian folk from afar,  
But the presence of death steals over all  
In the shadow of Palomar.



# THE MEN OF FORTY-MILE

## "MALEMUTE KID" DEALS WITH A DUEL

By JACK LONDON

WHEN Big Jim Belden ventured the apparently innocuous proposition that mush-ice was "rather peco-liar," he little dreamed of what it would lead to. Neither did Lon McFane, when he affirmed that anchor-ice was even more so; nor did Bettles, as he instantly disagreed, declaring the very existence of such a form to be a bugaboo.

"An' ye'd be tellin' me this," cried Lon, "after the years ye've spint in the land! An' we atin' out the same pot this many's the day!"

"But the thing's agin reason," insisted Bettles. "Look you, water's warmer than ice ——"

"An' still the difference, once ye break through."

"Still it's warmer, because it ain't froze. An' you say it freezes on the bottom?"

"Only the anchor-ice, David, only the anchor-ice. An' have ye niver drifted along, the water clear as glass, whin sud-din, belike a cloud over the sun, the mushy ice comes bubblin' up an' up, till from bank to bank an' bind to bind it's drapin' the river like a first snowfall?"

"Unh hunh! more'n once when I took a doze at the steering-oar. But it allus come out the highest side-channel, an' not bubblin' up an' up."

"But with niver a wink at the helm?"

"No; nor you. It's agin reason. I'll leave it to any man!"

Bettles appealed to the circle about the stove; but the fight was on between himself and Lon McFane.

"Reason or no reason, it's the truth I'm tellin' ye. Last fall, a year gone, 't was Sitka Charley and meself saw the sight, droppin' down the riffle ye'll remember below Fort Reliance. An' regular fall weather it was,—the glint o' the sun on the golden larch an' the quakin' aspens; an' the glisten of light on ivery ripple; an' beyand, the winter an' the blue haze of the north comin' down hand in hand. It's well ye know the same, with a fringe to the river an' the ice formin' thick in the eddies,—an' a snap an' sparkle to the air,

an' ye a-feelin' it through all ye'r blood, a-takin' new lease of life with ivery suck of it. 'T is then, me boy, the world grows small an' the wandther-lust lays ye by the heels.

"But it's meself as wandthers. As I was sayin', we a-paddlin', with niver a sign of ice, barrin' that by the eddies, when the Injin lifts his paddle an' sings out, 'Lon McFane! Look ye below! So have I heard, but niver thought to see!' As ye know, Sitka Charley, like meself, niver drew first breath in the land; so the sight was new. Then we drifted, with a head over ayther side, peerin' down through the sparkly water. For the world like the days I spint with the pearlers, watchin' the coral banks a-growin' the same as so many gardens under the sea. There it was, the anchor-ice, clingin' an' clusterin' to ivery rock, after the manner of the white coral.

"But the best of the sight was to come. Just after clearin' the tail of the riffle, the water turns quick the color of milk, an' the top of it in wee circles, as when the graylin' rise in the spring or there's a splatter of wet from the sky. 'T was the anchor-ice comin' up. To the right, to the left, as far as iver a man cud see, the water was covered with the same. An' like so much porridge it was, slickin' along the bark of the canoe, stickin' like glue to the paddles. It's many's the time I shot the selfsame riffle before, and it's many's the time after, but niver a wink of the same have I seen. 'T was the sight of a lifetime."

"Do tell!" dryly commented Bettles. "D'ye think I'd b'lieve such a yarn? I'd ruther say the glisten of light'd gone to your eyes, and the snap of the air to your tongue."

"'T was me own eyes that beheld it, an' if Sitka Charley was here, he'd be the lad to back me."

"But facts is facts, an' they ain't no gittin' round 'em. It ain't in the nature of things for the water furtherest away from the air to freeze first."

"But me own eyes ——"

"Don't git het up over it," admonished Bettles, as the quick Celtic anger began to mount.

"Then ye'r not after belavin' me?"

"Sence you're so blamed forehanded about it, no; I'd b'lieve nature first, and facts."

"Is it the lie ye'd be givin' me?" threatened Lon. "Ye'd better be askin' that Siwash wife of yours. I'll lave it to her, for the truth I spake."

Bettles flared up in sudden wrath. The Irishman had unwittingly wounded him; for his wife was the half-breed daughter of a Russian fur-trader, married to him in the Greek Mission of Nulato, a thousand miles or so down the Yukon, thus being of much higher caste than the common Siwash, or native, wife. It was a mere Northland nuance, which none but the Northland adventurer may understand.

"I reckon you kin take it that way," was his deliberate affirmation.

The next instant Lon McFane had stretched him on the floor, the circle was broken up, and half a dozen men had stepped between.

Bettles came to his feet, wiping the blood from his mouth. "It hain't new, this takin' and payin' of blows, and don't you never think but that this will be squared."

"An' niver in me life did I take the lie from mortal man," was the retort courteous. "An' it's an avil day I'll not be to hand, waitin' an' willin' to help ye lift yer debts, barrin' no manner of way."

"Still got that 38-55?"

Lon nodded.

"But you'd better git a more likely caliber. Mine'll rip holes through you the size of walnuts."

"Niver fear; it's me own slugs smell their way with soft noses, an' they'll spread like flapjacks against the coming out beyand. An' when'll I have the pleasure of waitin' on ye? The water-hole's a strikin' locality."

"T ain't bad. Jest be there in an hour, and you won't set long on my coming."

Both men mittened and left the Post, their ears closed to the remonstrances of their comrades. It was such a little thing; yet with such men, little things, nourished by quick tempers and stubborn natures, soon blossomed into big things. Besides, the art of burning to bed-rock still lay in

the womb of the future, and the men of Forty-Mile, shut in by the long Arctic winter, grew high-stomached with over-eating and enforced idleness, and became as irritable as do the bees in the fall of the year when the hives are overstocked with honey.

There was no law in the land. The Mounted Police was also a thing of the future. Each man measured an offense and meted out the punishment in as much as it affected himself. Rarely had combined action been necessary, and never, in all the dreary history of the camp, had the eighth article of the Decalogue been violated.

Big Jim Belden called an impromptu meeting. "Scruff" Mackenzie was placed as temporary chairman, and a messenger dispatched to solicit Father Roubeau's good offices. Their position was paradoxical, and they knew it. By the right of might could they interfere to prevent the duel; yet such action, while in direct line with their wishes, went counter to their opinions. While their rough-hewn, obsolete ethics recognized the individual prerogative of wiping out blow with blow, they could not bear to think of two good comrades, such as Bettles and McFane, meeting in deadly battle. Deeming the man who would not fight on provocation, a dastard, when brought to the test, it seemed wrong that he should fight.

But a scurry of moccasins and loud cries, rounded off with a pistol-shot, interrupted the discussion. Then the storm-doors opened and Malemute Kid entered, a smoking Colt's in his hand and a merry light in his eye.

"I got him." He replaced the empty shell, and added, "Your dog, Scruff."

"Yellow Fang?" Mackenzie asked.

"No; the lop-eared one."

"The devil! Nothing the matter with him."

"Come out and take a look."

"That's all right, after all. Guess he's got 'em, too. Yellow Fang came back this morning and took a chunk out of him, and came near to making a widower of me. Made a rush for Zarinska, but she whisked her skirts in his face and escaped with the loss of the same and a good roll in the snow. Then he took to the woods again. Hope he don't come back. Lost any yourself?"



"One—the best one of the pack—Shookum. Started amuck this morning, but did n't get very far. Ran foul of Sitka Charley's team, and they scattered him all over the street. And now two of them are loose and raging mad; so you see he got his work in. The dog census will be small in the spring if we don't do something."

"And the man census, too."

"How's that? Whose in trouble now?"

"O, Bettles and Lon McFane had an argument, and they'll be down by the water-hole in a few minutes to settle it."

The incident was repeated for his benefit, and Malemute Kid, accustomed to an obedience which his fellow-men never failed to render, took charge of the affair. His quickly-formulated plan was explained, and they promised to follow his lead implicitly.

"So you see," he concluded, "we do not actually take away their privilege of fighting; and yet I don't believe they'll fight when they see the beauty of the scheme. Life's a game, and men the gamblers. They'll stake their whole pile on the one chance in a thousand. Take away that one chance, and—they won't play."

He turned to the man in charge of the Post. "Storekeeper, weigh out three fathoms of your best half-inch manila."

"We'll establish a precedent which will last the men of Forty-Mile to the end of time," he prophesied. Then he coiled the rope about his arm and led his followers out of doors, just in time to meet the principals.

"What danged right'd he to fetch my wife in?" thundered Bettles to the soothing overtures of a friend. "'T wa' n't called for," he concluded decisively. "'T wa' n't called for," he reiterated again and again, pacing up and down and waiting for Lon McFane.

And Lon McFane—his face was hot and tongue rapid, as he flaunted insurrection in the face of the Church. "Then, father," he cried, "it's with an aisy heart I'll roll in me flamy blankets, the broad of me back on a bed of coals. Niver shall it be said Lon McFane took a lie'twixt the teeth without iver liftin' a hand! An' I'll not ask a blessin'. The years have been wild, but it's the heart was in the right place."

"But it's not the heart, Lon," interposed Father Roubeau; "it's pride that bids you forth to slay your fellow-man."

"Ye'r Frinch," Lon replied. And then, turning to leave him, "An' will ye say a mass if the luck is against me?"

But the priest smiled, thrust his moccasined feet to the fore, and went out upon the white breast of the silent river. A packed trail, the width of a sixteen-inch sled, led out to the water-hole. On either side lay the deep, soft snow. The men trod in single file, without conversation; and the black-stoled priest in their midst gave to the function the solemn aspect of a funeral. It was a warm winter's day for Forty-Mile—a day in which the sky, filled with heaviness, drew closer to the earth, and the mercury sought the unwonted level of twenty below. But there was no cheer in the warmth. There was little air in the upper strata, and the clouds hung motionless, giving sullen promise of an early snowfall. And the earth, unresponsive, made no preparation, content in its hibernation.

When the water-hole was reached, Bettles, having evidently reviewed the quarrel during the silent walk, burst out in a final "'T wa' n't called for," while Lon McFane kept grim silence. Indignation so choked him that he could not speak.

Yet deep down, whenever their own wrongs were not uppermost, both men wondered at their comrades. They had expected opposition, and this tacit acquiescence hurt them. It seemed more was due them from the men they had been so close with, and they felt a vague sense of wrong, rebelling at the thought of so many of their brothers coming out, as on a gala occasion, without one word of protest, to see them shoot each other down. It appeared their worth had diminished in the eyes of the community. The proceedings puzzled them.

"Back to back, David. An' will it be fifty paces to the man, or double the quantity?"

"Fifty," was the sanguinary reply, grunted out, yet sharply cut.

But the new manila, not prominently displayed but casually coiled about Malemute Kid's arm, caught the quick eye of the Irishman and thrilled him with a suspicious fear.

"An' what are ye doin' with the rope?"

"Hurry up!" Malemute Kid glanced at his watch. "I've a batch of bread in the cabin, and I don't want it to fall. Besides, my feet are getting cold."

The rest of the men manifested their impatience in various suggestive ways.

"But the rope, Kid? It's bran' new, an' sure ye'r bread's not that heavy it needs raisin' with the like of that?"

Bettles by this time had faced around. Father Roubeau, the humor of the situation just dawning on him, had a smile behind his mittened hand.

"No, Lon; this rope was made for a man." Malemute Kid could be very impressive on occasion.

"What man?" Bettles was becoming aware of a personal interest.

"The other man."

"An' which is the one ye'd mane by that?"

"Listen, Lon,—and you, too, Bettles! We've been talking this little trouble of yours over, and we've come to one conclusion. We know we have no right to stop your fighting——"

"True for ye, me lad!"

"And we're not going to. But this much we can do, and shall do,—make this the only duel in the history of Forty-Mile, set an example for every *che-cha-gua* that comes up or down the Yukon. The man who escapes killing shall be hanged to the nearest tree. Now, go ahead!"

Lon smiled dubiously, then his face lighted up. "Pace her off, David,—fifty paces, wheel, an' niver a cease firin' till a lad's down for good. 'Tis their hearts'll niver let them do the deed, an' it's well ye should know it for a true Yankee bluff."

He started off with a pleased grin on his face, but Malemute Kid halted him.

"Lon! It's a long while since you first knew me?"

"Many's the day."

"And you, Bettles?"

"Five year next June high water."

"And have you once, in all that time, known me to break my word? Or heard of me breaking it?"

Both men shook their heads, striving to fathom what lay beyond.

"Well, then, what do you think of a promise made by me?"

"As good as your bond," from Bettles.

"The thing to safely sling yer hopes of heaven by," promptly indorsed Lon McFane.

"Listen! I, Malemute Kid, give you my word—and you know what that means—that the man who is not shot, stretches rope within ten minutes after the shooting." He stepped back as Pilate might have done after washing his hands.

A pause and a silence came over the men of Forty-Mile. The sky drew still closer, sending down a crystal flight of frost,—little geometric designs, perfect, evanescent as a breath, yet destined to exist till the returning sun had covered half its northern journey. Both men had led forlorn hopes in their time,—led, with a curse or a jest on their tongues, and in their souls an unswerving faith in the God of Chance. But that merciful deity had been shut out from the present deal. They studied the face of Malemute Kid, but they studied as one might the Sphinx. As the quiet minutes passed, a feeling that speech was incumbent on them, began to grow. At last, the howl of a wolf-dog cracked the silence from the direction of Forty-Mile. The weird sound swelled with all the pathos of a breaking heart, then died away in a long-drawn sob.

"Well I be danged!" Bettles turned up the collar of his mackinaw jacket and stared about him helplessly.

"It's a glorjus game ye'r runnin', Kid," cried Lon McFane. "All the percentage to the house an' niver a bit to the man that's buckin'. The Devil himself'd niver tackle such a cinch—and damned if I do."

There were chuckles, throttled in the conception, and winks brushed away with the frost which rimed the eyelashes, as the men climbed the ice-notched bank and started across the street to the Post. But the long howl had drawn nearer, invested with a new note of menace. A woman screamed round the corner. There was a cry of, "Here he comes!" Then an Indian boy, at the head of half a dozen frightened dogs, racing with death, dashed into the crowd. And behind came Yellow Fang, a bristle of hair and a flash of gray. Everybody but the Yankee fled. The Indian boy had tripped and fallen. Bettles stopped long enough to grip him by the



slack of his furs, then headed for a pile of cordwood already occupied by a number of his comrades. Yellow Fang, doubling after one of the dogs, came leaping back. The fleeing animal, free of the rabies but crazed with fright, whipped Bettles off his feet and flashed on up the street. Malemute Kid took a flying shot at Yellow Fang. The mad dog whirled a half air-spring, came down on his back, then, with a single leap, covered half the distance between himself and Bettles.

But the fatal spring was intercepted. Lon McFane leaped from the woodpile, encountering him in mid-air. Over they rolled, Lon holding him by the throat at arm's length, blinking under the fetid slaver which sprayed his face. Then Bettles, revolver in hand and coolly waiting a chance, settled the combat.

"'T was a square game, Kid," Lon remarked, rising to his feet and shaking the snow from out his sleeves; "with a fair percentage to meself that bucked it."

That night, while Lon McFane sought the forgiving arms of the Church in the direction of Father Roubeau's cabin, Malemute Kid and Scruff Mackenzie talked long to little purpose.

"But would you," persisted Mackenzie, "supposing they had fought?"

"Have I ever broken my word?"

"No; but that is n't the point. Answer the question. Would you?"

Malemute Kid straightened up. "Scruff, I've been asking myself that question ever since, and ——"

"Well?"

"Well, as yet, I have n't been able to answer."

## THE UNIVERSAL BOON

TO EACH of us the years benignant bring  
Some gift: to one the power to inflame  
By voice divine the souls of men,—to wring  
Impassioned tears from eyes long dry,—to make  
Minds dormant leap with virile thought, or wake  
Men somnolent to deeds of deathless fame.

Unto another comes the skill to paint  
With cunning art the colors of the rose  
So subtly, that beholders catch the faint  
Aroma from the swaying blossoms shed  
What time the clusters pendulous had fed  
The bandit bees that all their sweets disclose.

And oftimes he to whom the Power Supreme  
To thrill the world by word or work denies,  
Exultant in his stalwartness of limb,  
His lithe and sinewy strength and ruddy health,  
Complacent, finds a plenitude of wealth  
In firm-knit muscles and in clear-lit eyes.

And even to those compelled by frowning Fate  
To taste the bitterness of life,—to move  
Slowly in torturous anguish,—to await  
Elusive fortune with despairing eyes;—  
Even to such as we she ne'er denies  
One gift—the priceless boon of *moth r-love*.

C. L. Story.

# NEGOTIATIONS FOR CESSION OF CALIFORNIA

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**A**MID the vast amount of interesting and valuable historical matter published concerning California, it is somewhat surprising to note how little attention has been given to the various diplomatic negotiations which had for their object a change of sovereignty over the territory. Even our standard special histories, with their wealth of detail and evidence of exhaustive research, find space for only brief and casual references to this phase of the history of the State; while a perusal of the average text-book on United States history leaves the impression that the acquisition of New Mexico and California was merely a natural and unforeseen result of the Mexican War. The belief is not uncommon that for many years previous to the war California, reposing lazily along the shores of the great South Sea, hemmed in by her bulwarks of mountain and ocean, united by an almost imperceptible bond to the mother country, constituted a kind of territorial waif, compelled by her remoteness, inaccessibility, and lack of wealth, fairly to go a-begging for adopted parentage among the nations of the world. The truth, on the contrary, is, that not only our own Government, but England and France, at least of European nations, had long been casting covetous eyes toward this fair domain. Each had been much impressed by the soft climate, the fertility of the soil, and especially by the wonderful harbors along her coast; and the United States, jealous of the growing influence of her foreign rivals, had made several earnest attempts to secure the province as a trophy of diplomacy ere she forced it from Mexico as the guerdon of war. It is the purpose of this paper to bring together, in somewhat orderly array, some of the important facts and interesting incidents connected with negotiations for cession of California, not a few of which have until now gotten no farther on their way to the general public than dust-covered volumes of official documents, or the printed pages of voluminous diaries and private correspondence.

President Polk, in a conversation with the historian George Bancroft, a member of his newly-formed cabinet, occurring soon after his inauguration, is reported to have set forth the objects to be attained during his term of office as follows:—

“There are four great measures,” said he, striking his thigh forcibly as he spoke, “which are to be the measures of my administration: one, a reduction of the tariff; another, the independent treasury; a third, the settlement of the Oregon boundary question; and lastly, the acquisition of California.”

If the force of the gesture with which the President emphasized his declaration was intended to symbolize the energy and directness with which he was to set about his purposes, surely subsequent events did not belie its significance. If success is the badge of greatness, then no President of the United States has a better right to be called great than the belittled and much-abused Polk. Of the four clear-cut plans so emphatically announced, every one was accomplished in a single administration; the first three with little or no effort; the last at the expense of a costly and bloody war. None of these measures were of President Polk's own conception. The Oregon dispute was a vexatious heirloom; the tariff question had been a lively issue since 1816; the independent treasury had its inception as far back as 1834; and the annexation of California, the youngest and feeblest of Polk's quartet of adopted projects, took birth, so far as the records show, toward the close of the stormy administration of the hero of New Orleans.

Jackson's chief concern in his negotiations with Mexico had been to settle the Texas question by the purchase of that province. Anthony Butler—a “Mississippi land-jobber,” as John Quincy Adams briefly characterized him—was the agent employed in these transactions. Butler's estimate of political iniquity is disclosed in some parts of his correspondence, and his vanity and self-sufficiency in others. He boasts of his own duplicity; of insulting



the Mexican Minister of War, General Torrel, by writing him insulting letters, and then challenging him to a duel.

"Butler mystified with Alaman, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Alaman mystified with Butler," both these hopeful diplomatists, according to Adams, "playing a game of tame cheating."

Butler kept Jackson on the tenter-hooks of expectation for nearly half a dozen years, standing off and on, promising much and performing little. At last he boasted that he had accomplished the purpose of his mission and hastened to Washington with his scheme, which involved among other things, the bribing of the father confessor of Santa Anna's sister with half a million dollars. Adams recorded in the privacy of his diary—that rich mine of contemporary history—that such undisguised bribery was a little "too gross even for Jackson's stomach"; but while ostensibly disapproving it, the President sent Butler back to Mexico to carry on the negotiations in his own way.

Hitherto all proposals for the acquisition of Mexican territory had included Texas only, and the agent had been authorized to offer five million dollars for the peaceable cession of that province. At this point California was injected as an element into the negotiations. In a private note dated July 25, 1835, President Jackson proposed to Secretary Forsythe that additional instructions be sent to Butler to offer half a million dollars more for the line of the Rio Bravo del Norte (Rio Grande) to the thirty-seventh parallel, thence directly westward to the Pacific. It was a letter written by William A. Sloan, a purser in the United States Navy, directed to Secretary Forsythe, describing the desirability of the port of San Francisco as a place of resort for our numerous vessels engaged in the whaling business in the Pacific, that kindled the desire of the President for this extension of our western boundary. Instructions in harmony with these suggestions were accordingly transmitted to Butler, our *chargé d'affaires* at Mexico, proposing a boundary which would have passed somewhere near the present site of Santa Cruz or Gilroy, including the Santa Clara Valley, but leaving Monterey far to the south.

Suppose for a moment that this proposition had been accepted by Mexico! Would

the Mexican war have been fought? What now would be the condition of California "south of the Tehachapi"?

Not knowing, however, the precise latitude of the settlement, Forsythe feared that the line indicated might "be supposed to approach too near, if not to include, the Mexican settlement of Monterey"; therefore the *chargé* was authorized to agree to any provision that would give us the bay of San Francisco and exclude Monterey and neighboring territory. Butler blandly informed the Secretary that he was mistaken in his geography; that the place he meant was called Puerto Antonio Nuevo, "within which was a small town called San Francisco."

All propositions looking toward acquisition of territory from Mexico at this time, however, were unavailing; Santa Anna declaring that to entertain the proposition would be like signing the death warrant of his country, for "the United States would take one province after another until they had them all." Soon after receiving these instructions Butler's coarse and brutal conduct at the Mexican capital culminated in the affair with General Torrel. Santa Anna at once demanded his recall, but before his message reached Washington, President Jackson, disgusted with his agent's dallying methods in diplomacy, had notified him that he had been superseded, and the negotiations came to an end.

The next appearance of California above the horizon of diplomacy was in the administration of the willful and deserted Tyler; and it seems probable from all the evidence in the case, that had he not been "a President without a party," he might have brought his negotiations to a successful conclusion, and Polk been spared the disgrace and the nation the humiliation of a "causeless and relentless war." Tyler's pet scheme was to unite the United States, England, and Mexico, in a tripartite treaty, whereby the southern boundary of our possessions would extend from the Gulf of Mexico, up the Rio Grande to the thirty-sixth parallel of latitude; thence along that parallel to the Pacific Ocean; and the Oregon line should be fixed on the thirty-ninth parallel, and along the Columbia River to its mouth. By this arrangement our Pacific coast-line would have extended from the northwestern corner of the present

State of Oregon to Monterey. Tyler perceived that the annexation of Texas alone was likely to prove exceedingly unpopular, especially at the North; and the mutterings of discontent at any compromise on the Oregon question were already distinctly heard, which crystallized later in the campaign cry of "54-40 or fight!" Here was an opportunity to perform a master stroke of diplomacy. California should be the fair prize to distract the attention of the jealous sections; while Great Britain, in return for the Oregon concession, should graciously see to it that our sister republic humbly acquiesced.

The mere recognition of Texas, [wrote the President to Webster, who was carrying on the negotiations,] would have the effect, if we went into that matter, of separating the question from California, and of stirring up all the agitation which you anticipate: whereas, introduced in the same treaty, the three interests would be united, and would satisfy all sections of the country.

Knowing the great influence of Great Britain over Mexico, largely on account of the indebtedness of the latter to English capitalists, Tyler expected that influence to be exerted to coerce Mexico to accede to a treaty which would dispossess her of Texas, New Mexico, and California to the thirty-sixth parallel, in return for which she was to receive a stipulated sum of money, to which England would be asked to contribute a certain amount, besides forcing the concession, in consideration of the surrender of our claims to Oregon north of the Columbia. Although, as the President's son and biographer expresses it, these negotiations were "too delicate to commit to paper," nevertheless there is sufficient evidence upon which to found a belief that they had progressed to a point when the formal approval of the Government of Mexico was all that was necessary to bring the affair to a satisfactory conclusion. Tyler declared in a note to Webster at this time that,—

the assent of Mexico to such a treaty is all that will be wanting. The next will follow without an effort.

Adams wrote concerning a conversation with Webster on this matter:—

He has a private letter from Everett [Minister to England], and one from Lord Ashburton. They will take the line of the Columbia, and let us stretch south at the expense of Mexico.

Adams also records, with his characteristic candor and artlessness, that he suddenly

asked Webster if Waddy Thompson, United States Minister at Mexico, had been instructed to negotiate for California. The Secretary faltered, and said he did not know whether he could answer that question consistently with his official duty. Adams replied that his refusal to answer was a sufficient answer; and then these two great statesmen proceeded to have "warm, almost angry, words." Adams naïvely adds that he kept his own temper, but that he "pressed Webster more closely for an answer than was comfortable for him." Adams's conclusion was that such instructions had been given to Thompson.

Thompson himself wrote in 1846:—

I will not say what is our policy in regard to California. Perhaps it is that it remain in the hands of a weak power like Mexico, and that all the maritime powers may have the advantage of its ports. But one thing I will say, that it will be worth a war of twenty years to prevent England from acquiring it.

Thompson's actions at Mexico, his correspondence in regard to the expulsion of American citizens from California, together with Jones's fiasco at Monterey, all lend some probability to Adams's conjecture. President Tyler had "jocosely" charged Commodore Jones before he took command of the Pacific squadron, to "watch closely the French and British vessels, and not let them be the first to gain a presumptive right to any of the California harbors." In a subsequent conversation with Adams, Webster acknowledged that he had talked over the Oregon question with Lord Ashburton; that England wanted to come down the coast of the Pacific to the mouth of the Columbia River; and that the question had been put to Ashburton whether, if a cession from Mexico to include the port of San Francisco could be obtained, England would make any objections, and Lord Ashburton thought she would not. General Almonté, the Mexican representative at Washington, informed Adams that Webster had made a proposal for the cession by Mexico of six degrees of territory to the Pacific, including Santa Fé and Monterey. At the same time Almonté declared that the British consul had made an informal tender of mediation between Texas and Mexico, but that it had been rejected "with expressions of surprise." Several conferences concerning the triple agreement were now held with General Almonté, who at first,



very naturally, declined to receive the proposal, but "gradually gave way to the weight of arguments and inducements which were presented." Finally the negotiations for the "tripartite treaty" progressed so far that the matter was laid before the committees on foreign relations of the two Houses, and an appropriation was asked for a "special and extraordinary mission" to England, to which Webster was to have been appointed. By this stroke of policy, Tyler hoped at once to get Webster out of his Cabinet and conclude the tripartite treaty; but the House refused to make the appropriation, and the plan, for the time being, was dropped.

The aim during Mr. Webster's occupancy of the State Department was to secure from Mexico an extension of our southern boundary to the thirty-sixth parallel, which divides Lake Tulare into about equal parts and touches the Pacific a little north of Point Gorda, in Monterey County. The Secretary, though strongly opposed to the acquisition of any further southern territory, heartily favored this plan. In 1845, after the adoption of the resolution annexing Texas, Webster wrote to his son Fletcher:—

But she [England] will doubtless now take care that Mexico shall not cede California, nor any part thereof, to us. You know my opinion to have been, and it now is, that the port of San Francisco would be twenty times as valuable to us as all Texas.

When the resignation of Webster and the tragic death of Mr. Upshur had made way for Calhoun in the State Department, negotiations for acquisition of Texas and California appear to have been renewed. The conclusions as to these later proceedings in the Tyler administration rest upon rather slender evidence; but it seems probable that Calhoun's appetite for southern territory was more voracious than that of his New England predecessor, and that he endeavored to secure an extension of our boundary to the thirty-second parallel, the present southern limit of the State. Doctor Silas Reed, who was Surveyor-General of Missouri and Illinois during Tyler's term, in a letter written in 1888, declared that President Tyler explained to him, in a conversation the next day after Polk's inauguration, the terms of a treaty that had been agreed upon with Mexico

and only required the ratification of the Senate to make it binding. The terms of this treaty, according to Doctor Reed, were similar to those of the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, and he draws the conclusion that when President Polk desired a projet to send with his envoy, he merely copied the identical one which Calhoun had negotiated just before Tyler's term expired. No evidence, however, could be found in the State Department by Secretary Evarts, to whom Doctor Reed wrote, showing that any such negotiations had taken place. And in spite of Reed's expressed belief that the Mexican State Department must contain a copy of the treaty, or evidence of it, a search of that Department at Mexico failed to reveal any document throwing light upon the matter. The inevitable conclusion is, that Doctor Reed, who was a strong partisan of Tyler's, depended upon a memory not faultless, in which unconsciously the terms of the actual treaty negotiated by Trist at the conclusion of the war were presented as those of the proposed treaty mentioned by President Tyler. At any rate, he was clearly mistaken in supposing that the Mexican Government had agreed either to the Webster line of the thirty-sixth parallel or the Calhoun boundary of the thirty-second. Though it appears very likely that the American Minister at Washington had consented to Webster's proposal, and possibly to Calhoun's also, there is no reason for supposing that the negotiations had proceeded any further when they were cut short by Tyler's retirement.

By the opening of Polk's administration, the acquisition of California was a common topic of discussion, and was generally favored by both Whigs and Democrats. Even the stalwart *Whig Review*, though apprehensive in regard to "the spirit of conquest which seems to have seized our Government," declared that the purchase of California would not be an unwise investment; only for the sake of its ports, however, "for its soil every day grows leaner and leaner as we acquire more reliable information in regard to it." The newspapers favoring expansion, on the other hand, teemed with articles on the fertility of California, and its vast importance to the United States; but more than

all else, they laid stress on the secret designs of Great Britain to appropriate the Territory to herself, either by force or by treaty, as the prime motive for a counter movement on the part of our Government.

This fear that the most desirable and the most remote of Mexico's half-alienated provinces should wander voluntarily or be driven into the British fold, though based upon rather circumstantial evidence, was not wholly founded on mere suspicion. As early as 1843, in response to a resolution of the House of Representatives, Webster replied that there was no information in possession of the Department of State concerning any negotiations or overtures on the part of Great Britain for the acquisition of California; and in a postscript to a private letter to Webster, written after his return to England in 1844, Lord Ashburton referred to the alarm expressed when he was in America about England's supposed intentions of making a lodgment in California, and declared his belief that such a purpose was never dreamed of by anybody in England. Outside of England's traditional greed for territory and the suspicious movements of her war-ships in the Pacific, the principal reason for suspecting that she had designs on California was based on the great financial obligations of the Mexican Republic to certain English capitalists. In 1837 these debts aggregated more than fifty million dollars, and were secured by a mortgage embracing one hundred and twenty-five million acres of land situated in the Departments of Texas, Chihuahua, Sonora, and California. Provision was made by the Mexican Government in 1839, by which holders of these obligations might exchange their claim for land in any of the departments named, and settle as colonists upon their possessions. Care was exercised, however, that citizens of this country should be excluded from this privilege, lest the very scheme of colonization should be attempted which was afterward successfully carried out in both Texas and California.

Here, then, we find an explanation of the excessive influence which Great Britain exercised over Mexico, and which President Tyler endeavored to employ in the interests of the United States. Forbes, in his history, published in 1839, stated that there had been some thoughts of proposing to Mexico to cancel the whole debt in return

for a transfer of California to the creditors; and further suggested that if such a transfer took place, the creditors could be formed into a company and exercise a sort of sovereignty over the country, as the East India Company did in the Orient. Reputable English journals and periodicals, such as the *London Times* and the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, referred in very pointed terms to negotiations already entered into with Mexico for the acquisition of California, strongly advocating the proposal. It is scarcely a matter for surprise, therefore, that the Government of the United States should consider the time ripe for some definite action in regard to this fair province; so, under the vigorous, if not very discreet, management of President Polk, the curtain rose on the first act of the real drama, which was to culminate in arousing this Sleeping Beauty of the Pacific from her long repose, and in settling indisputably her status in the family of nations.

Almost the last act of the Tyler administration had been to approve the joint resolutions admitting Texas into the Union. Carrying out his previous threat, the Mexican Minister at Washington had demanded his passports. Mr. Shannon, our Minister, had left Mexico and all diplomatic intercourse had been abruptly broken off. Mexico was exceedingly sensitive over the matter. It was a critical period, when the most delicate management was necessary to prevent open rupture and hostilities between the two republics. Instead of this, however, Polk sent John Slidell to Mexico to storm the Department of Foreign Affairs, and by persistent bluster to endeavor to break down the diplomatic barriers which the Mexican Government had set up. On September 17, 1845, Secretary of State Buchanan directed John Black, United States Consul at Mexico, to inquire if the Mexican Government would receive an "envoy from the United States intrusted with full power to adjust all the questions in dispute between the two Governments." Black secured an interview with Señor Peña y Peña, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and presented the inquiry of the United States. Peña requested a private interview at his own house instead of at the department, and at eight o'clock in the evening, to avoid all suspicion from those Mexicans who were bitterly opposed to opening



negotiations. Black went to the Minister's house, found him alone in the library, and was politely and cordially received. Peña was a man of much culture and refinement, a lawyer and jurist of distinction, and an able and patriotic statesman. His state papers are models of composition, graced with all the elegances of speech indigenous to his race and language, and when occasion requires, display thorough legal knowledge and profound statesmanship. With such an antagonist the ardent and precipitate Slidell was destined to cut but a sorry figure in diplomatic correspondence. Peña handed the consul a formal answer to his communication, in which he was informed that the Mexican Government felt disposed to receive the "*commissioner* of the United States, who may come . . . with full powers . . . to settle the present *dispute* in a peaceable, reasonable, and honorable manner." He added that he hoped the commissioner would be a person endowed with the personal qualities proper to the attainment of a favorable result to the negotiations. It is rather unusual for a government in opening negotiations to specify in advance the characteristics necessary to render an envoy *persona grata*; but Mexico doubtless remembered Anthony Butler, and Powhatan Ellis, and Waddy Thompson, to its sorrow; and perhaps Señor Peña y Peña had some dim forebodings of the coming invasion of John Slidell, who was to prove no more diplomatic than his predecessors. It will be noticed that two words are italicized in Peña's note. The Minister agrees to receive a *commissioner*, not a *minister*, coming with full powers to settle the present *dispute*, not *disputes*. These distinctions are important, as the ultimate fate of Slidell's mission hinged upon the interpretation of Peña's phraseology.

On November 10, 1845, Secretary of State Buchanan directed Slidell to repair to his post at Mexico and present himself as "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States near the Government of Mexico." This is the formal title of a regular minister, not of a special envoy. Slidell was informed that he had been selected because of his perfect knowledge of the Spanish language, his well-known firmness and ability, and his "taste and talent for society!" He was to keep his eye on the foreign powers; to

consider the independence of Texas (the only question concerning which Mexico was willing to negotiate) as a settled fact, not to be called in question by Mexico; and to look after claims of citizens of the United States against Mexico. There was one other subject of vast importance to the United States which would demand his particular attention. From information possessed by the State Department, Buchanan informed him, it was seriously apprehended that both Great Britain and France had designs upon California. The United States did not intend to interfere between California and Mexico, yet it would vigorously interfere to prevent the Territory from becoming a French or British colony. Slidell was instructed to discover if Mexico had any designs of ceding California to any other nation. The consequences would be disastrous if all the great advantages of the bay and harbor of San Francisco should be turned against us by cession to Great Britain, our greatest commercial rival. It was doubted whether the authority of Mexico, which was merely nominal over California, would ever be re-established, and it was the desire of the President that Slidell should use his best efforts to obtain a cession of that province to the United States. He was assured that money would be no object when compared with the value of the acquisition. After sounding the Mexican Government, if he found a prospect of success, it was declared that the President would not hesitate to authorize him to offer, in addition to the assumption of the just claims of our citizens on Mexico, twenty-five million dollars for a boundary running due west from the southern extremity of New Mexico to the Pacific Ocean; or from any other point on the western boundary of New Mexico which would embrace Monterey within our limits. If Monterey could not be obtained, he was authorized to offer twenty millions, in addition to assumption of claims, for any boundary that would include the bay and harbor of San Francisco.

Here, then, we have revealed the real object of Slidell's mission, viz., the acquisition of California. That Secretary Buchanan, an experienced diplomatist himself, had a due appreciation of the delicacy of the negotiations, if his minister had not, and perceived the difficulties in the way of

their successful conclusion, is shown by his closing words of caution. Slidell is reminded that the Mexicans are proverbially jealous; that they have been irritated against this country by recent events (annexation of Texas), and by the intrigues of foreign powers. The Minister must not wound their national vanity. He might have to endure unjust reproaches, but he must endure all patiently. "It would be difficult to raise a point of honor," writes the Secretary, "between the United States and so feeble and distracted a power as Mexico." This would teach the Minister "to bear and forbear much" for the sake of accomplishing the great objects of his mission. Thus ran the Minister's written instructions. How well this accomplished envoy, with his "taste and talent for society," heeded these timely cautions, we shall presently see.

Whatever other secret commands he received were communicated to him by President Polk himself, in a private interview, and have never been made public. Concerning this interview, Slidell wrote to Buchanan that the President had enjoined him not to communicate what had been said to him to a living soul. A glimpse is caught of the commissioner's personal characteristics through the anxiety he expresses in this letter lest the fact that he had revealed the purposes of his mission to his wife might be regarded as a violation of the President's solemn injunction. He begs Buchanan to explain the matter to the President, declaring that he is sure that his wife could keep a secret, because she had not even told her mother; that he never had any secrets from her anyway; besides, she lived in the country where there was not much gossip; and at any rate, if he had been mysterious with her, she would have been shrewd enough to guess what was in the wind! Slidell was, at least, a domestic diplomatist of the first rank. That this was a bona fide mission, arranged with a profound desire for success on the part of the President, there is no good reason to doubt; that it was not a mere sham, designed only to throw dust in the eyes of the public and disguise the real purposes of the administration, is attested by the commissioner's written instructions. The failure of the mission may be ascribed with propriety, not to the connivance of Polk

nor the advice of Buchanan, but to the blundering impetuosity of the Minister himself.

Slidell arrived at Vera Cruz November 30th. The Government of Mexico, of which General Herrera was the temporary head, was at this time tottering to its fall. The revolutionary party had seized upon the Texas question to effect its overthrow. Herrera's inclination to restore friendly relations with the United States and his agreement to receive a commissioner were violently assailed. No art was spared to rouse the indignation of the susceptible people. Public feeling was wrought up to a white heat of passion. Under these circumstances it behooved Herrera's Government to act with the utmost circumspection. Slidell's precipitate arrival in the country was like a firebrand to the inflammable populace, and it flashed out in the customary denunciations and threatening demonstrations. Consul Black was instantly informed by Señor Peña that his Government was not ready to receive the commissioner; that he had not been expected until January; that his appearance at the capital at this inopportune time might prove destructive to the Government, and thus defeat the whole affair; that the opposition were denouncing the members of the existing Government as traitors for entering into negotiations with the United States; and the consul was entreated to prevent Slidell, if possible, from even disembarking at Vera Cruz, much less from coming on to the capital. But Slidell was already on his way toward the City of Mexico. Black hastened to intercept him, and at Puebla laid before him Peña's serious objections to receiving him at that crisis. Slidell was not to be restrained, even by such an emphatic warning. He addressed a note at once to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, requesting to be informed when an interview would be granted him, and hastened onward toward the capital.

Nothing will be gained by following minutely the progress of Slidell's efforts to break into the Mexican diplomatic corps. He continued to bombard the Department of Foreign Affairs with written and verbal messages, sent through Consul Black, growing more impatient and peremptory with every rebuff. Peña courteously, but ingenuously, replied to these demands, setting forth a variety of reasons, some well-founded,



others, doubtless, merely fictitious, why his Government could not give a definite answer at that particular juncture. He endeavored, however, to make Slidell's period of waiting less irksome by suggesting to Consul Black that he was glad to hear that the United States Commissioner was an accomplished lawyer, and as Peña himself was of that profession, if etiquette permitted, he should take pleasure in making a social call upon Slidell, and in cultivating his acquaintance before he was officially received. Unfortunately the records fail to disclose whether or not this momentous proposal was accepted. Perhaps the offered social courtesy was counterbalanced by another red rag of diplomacy which Peña persisted in flaunting in the commissioner's face, in that he invariably declined to address Slidell in his official capacity of United States Minister; to which offense the latter, in a note "couched in the most respectful terms," called the Mexican official's attention, and suggested the hope that this "inadvertence" would not be repeated.

On December 20th, Peña gave a final answer to Slidell's reiterated demands, informing him that the Government of Mexico declined to receive him in the capacity in which he had come. The reasons assigned for the refusal, boiled down, were, that Mexico had agreed to receive a *commissioner* empowered to settle the *question* under dispute between the two Governments, and that Mexico understood that question to be Texas; instead, a minister had been sent whose credentials made no allusion to any dispute, save in a single expression to the effect that the United States desired to "*restore friendly relations*" between the two republics; but that this single word, "restore," was not sufficient to give Slidell the character of special commissioner; that if he should be received as a regular minister, it would be equivalent to a declaration that the nations were on a friendly footing, with no serious dispute between them. The conclusion, therefore, was that until the dispute which actually existed had been adjusted, no regular minister would be received.

This was the Mexican side of the controversy in a nutshell. It resolved itself, after all, into mere word-juggling—the interpretation which the respective Governments gave to the phraseology of their

dispatches and instructions. Perhaps Peña and Buchanan, both experienced and wily diplomatists, had each so phrased his communications as to leave a loophole for retreat, or worse, through which to lead to an open rupture. A juster conclusion, however, seems to be that both Governments were desirous of peace, and that the negotiations were begun in good faith; but that Slidell's inopportune arrival when the existence of the Mexican Government was trembling in the balance, his rash and impetuous conduct afterward, and the publication of the whole affair in the Mexican journals, forced Peña to take advantage of a real discrepancy between the conditions on which he had agreed to receive a commissioner and the manner in which the United States Government had attempted to fulfill them.

We need only glance at Slidell's reply to Peña's ultimatum. He declares that he refrains from full expression of his feelings lest he may overstep the bounds of courtesy and diplomatic language, as if that had been unusual on the part of our Ministers to Mexico! He will avoid, he says, any expressions calculated to offend the sensibilities of the Mexican Government; but he has no such compunctions concerning Señor Peña, whom he proceeds to call, by implication of course, several kinds of diplomatic prevaricator, and to accuse of double dealing and premeditated deceit.

After this outburst, Slidell retired to Jalapa, near the Gulf coast, to recover his temper, watch the turn of affairs, and ponder fresh schemes to prop up the twin doctrines of States' rights and human slavery, of which he was so ardent a supporter, and for whose sake he was afterward to sacrifice home and native land.

On December 29th, the Mexican Government of General Herrera yielded to General Paredes without a struggle. Slidell presented the question of his recognition to the new Government on March 1st. On the 15th he received, as he had anticipated, a peremptory refusal. He at once demanded his passports, which were issued to him, as he remarked, "with a promptness very unusual in Mexican diplomacy," and thus ended the first act of Polk's spirited drama.

In anticipation of the rejection of Slidell, military preparations had been going on

for some time in the United States, and the news of the failure of his mission was soon followed by the opening of hostilities and a formal declaration that a state of war existed. Success attended every movement of our armies; but the Mexicans continued to resist stubbornly, if not successfully, and made no sign of submission. Taylor's brilliant defensive victory at Buena Vista occurred February 22 and 23, 1847; Vera Cruz and San Juan D'Ulloa capitulated to Scott on March 29th. It was thought at Washington that, by these victories, the pride of Mexico would surely be broken and that she would be ready to consider proposals for peace. Accordingly, Nicholas P. Trist was sent to General Scott's headquarters clothed with full powers to conclude a treaty. Trist had been educated at the United States Military Academy, where he remained for some time after graduating as assistant instructor in French; had studied law under Thomas Jefferson; had been private secretary to President Jackson, United States Consul at Havana, and was now chief clerk of the State Department,—altogether a man apparently well fitted for the important trust confided to him.

Before starting on his mission, Trist was furnished with a projet of a treaty, according to which that part of the proposed boundary which affected California was to proceed from the southwestern corner of New Mexico, northward along the western line of New Mexico, until it intersected the first branch of the Gila River; thence down this stream to its junction with the Colorado; thence down the latter and the middle of the Gulf of California to the ocean. In consideration for this extension of territory, the United States was willing to pay fifteen million dollars, and assume all claims of its citizens against Mexico already allowed by the arbitrator, and others not to exceed three million dollars. Trist was subsequently instructed, if possible, to arrange the boundary so that it would run along the thirty-second parallel from the Rio Grande to the Gulf of California; or if this could not be obtained, to run it due west from the southwest angle of New Mexico to the Gulf. The purpose of these changes was to include the whole course of the Gila, as information had been received from Major Emory that the valley of that river

presented a favorable route for a railroad to the Pacific, the "Sunset" route which the Southern Pacific afterward utilized.

A week later another communication was forwarded instructing Trist to insist upon the thirty-second parallel, but not to make the acquisition of Lower California a *sine qua non*. The purpose of this was to make sure of the port of San Diego, which, Buchanan declared, "was said to be of nearly equal importance to the United States as San Francisco." It was stated that Major Emory had ascertained the latitude of San Diego to be  $32^{\circ} 44' 59''$ , and that the harbor was some miles south of the town (Old Town). These last instructions named the boundary described in the alleged treaty which Doctor Reed declared had been negotiated by President Tyler in 1845. The commissioner was also authorized in case the Mexicans would not accept fifteen millions for New Mexico and Upper and Lower California, to offer any amount not to exceed thirty millions, payable in installments of three millions annually, provided the right of transit and passage across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec should form a part of the treaty. If Lower California was left out, he was to pay not more than twenty millions.

Trist had no sooner landed in Mexico and opened communications with General Scott than he got into a fierce altercation with the peppery old hero which required more diplomacy to suppress than was afterward employed in negotiating with the enemy. Scott was not in political touch with his Government. He had been an avowed aspirant for the Whig nomination for the Presidency, and was still considered an available candidate. He was apparently jealous and suspicious of everybody who was not of his coterie of supporters. He had had serious misunderstandings with the administration concerning the conduct of the war before he left Washington, and after he had taken the field in person, his correspondence with the department displays a running fire of complaint, criticism, and characteristic distrust. Even with inferiors at the seat of war, his relations were far from being universally cordial. In fact, the brave old commander, whose sobriquet of "Old Fuss and Feathers" was not wholly unmerited, had worked himself up into a



state of chronic irritability. Scott was, therefore, immediately on the defensive when Trist appeared as an envoy to treat directly with the enemy, and the commissioner certainly took no pains to allay the general's suspicions.

Trist's first move was offensive. Instead of communicating with General Scott in person and fully explaining his mission, the commissioner sent a sealed packet requesting the general to forward it to the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, and handed him a mysterious communication from the Secretary of War, which the general interpreted as ordering him to cease hostilities and agree to an armistice whenever Trist should request it. Scott was naturally incensed that it should appear, as he phrased it, that the Secretary of War should propose to degrade him by requiring that "the commander of the army should defer to the chief clerk of the Department of State." He declined to forward the sealed packet unless furnished with a copy of its contents, and declared that until some one outranking him in military authority should appear, no person should be permitted to deal with the Mexican military authorities save through himself.

An acrimonious correspondence followed, much of it in rather a childish vein, which sadly interfered with the progress of Trist's mission, and ultimately called down upon both men a severe rebuke from their respective departments. Trist traveled about with the headquarters of the army, every possible personal attention and courtesy being shown him under Scott's orders, waiting for an opportunity to enter upon his mission, finally sending his packet to the Minister of Foreign Affairs through the medium of the British legation. Before the receipt of the rebuke from Washington, Trist had addressed a conciliatory letter to General Scott, which smoothed the way to more friendly feelings, and afterward the relations between the two men became more cordial. Scott subsequently attributed the breaking out of the quarrel to his own belief that Trist's appointment was due largely to the commissioner's well-known antipathy to himself, on account of some old misunderstanding; Trist's offensiveness was explained by his ill-health.

Notwithstanding the series of crushing defeats which the Mexicans had suffered, they had not yet been sufficiently humbled,

and received Trist's proposals with no great alacrity. The Mexican Congress declining to take the initiative, the question of negotiations was left in the hands of Santa Anna, whose secret agents soon began to intrigue with the United States Commissioner. Trist and the commanding general both appear to have been led to consent to the conditions for opening negotiations, which involved the customary bribe to be paid to Santa Anna, who also gave them to understand that before he could safely appoint commissioners to sue for peace, the Americans must advance to the capital and carry one of its outworks.

A correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican*, writing from the base of operations at the time, gave an interesting account of a council of war summoned for a most curious purpose at this juncture, viz., to consider concerning the disposition of the three million dollars—a significant sum in American diplomacy—which had been set apart by Congress for expenses of negotiations for peace. Every general of Scott's command excepting Worth was present. The Commander-in-Chief first gave his opinion, which favored using the money as a bribe to Santa Anna; Pillow followed in the same strain; the gallant Quitman, later of filibustering fame, looked upon the bribe with disfavor; Shields denounced the whole scheme in unmeasured terms; Cadwallader indorsed the stand taken by Shields; while Quigg regarded it solely as a political question, and declined to express his opinion. The correspondent adds that Shields had an interview the next day with Trist, and as a result the latter "withdrew all papers connected with this mode of settling the matter." Thus ended this unpleasant episode, and it was not until the victories at Contreras, August 19th, and Churubusco, August 20th, and Santa Anna had obtained Scott's consent to an armistice, that the voice of diplomacy could make itself heard with effect.

Even then, when the conferences began, the propositions of the two Governments seemed hopelessly far asunder. The spirit with which the Mexicans entered upon negotiations may be judged by the instructions which the Government gave to its commissioners:—

In New Mexico and in the few leagues which intervene between the right of the Nueces and the left of the Bravo is peace or war. If the

commissioner of the United States will not leave to the Mexican Government more to choose than between this cession and death, in vain his Government commands him; henceforth he can be assured what the answer will be. If, likewise, the United States have made their election, and prefer violence or our humiliation, it shall be they who will answer to God and to the world.

Such proud yet despairing protests touched the heart of Trist, not yet wholly encased in the steely armor of diplomacy, and he deigned to listen to counter propositions, which evoked severe censure from his superior, and earned for him a peremptory notice of recall.

After Trist had presented to the Mexican commissioners the projet of the treaty to which his Government was willing to accede, he was somewhat astonished to find that Mexico had some conditions of her own to submit. These, prepared under the instructions of the Council of Ministers, embraced among other things the following proposals: that the United States should purchase Texas to the Nueces and California to include the port of San Francisco only; that the army of the United States should evacuate Mexican territory and the blockade of her ports be raised, before negotiations should begin; that a war indemnification should be paid to Mexico, and also that the United States should agree to indemnify private citizens of Mexico for all losses sustained on account of hostilities; that the United States should engage not to permit slavery in any part of the acquired territory; and finally, these extraordinary demands closed with the requirement that "as a general basis to treat of peace, it should be considered as if the Mexican Government had triumphed," and as if it could still carry on the war with advantage! No wonder Buchanan declared that to propose such terms was mockery, and to accept them "would disgrace us in the eyes of the world, and be justly condemned by the whole American people."

Rumors had by this time reached Washington, which Buchanan hastened to inform Trist in advance that he did not credit, to the effect that our commissioner had agreed that, if the other terms of the treaty were made satisfactory, he would submit to his Government, "with some hope of a favorable result," the question of surrendering to Mexico that portion of Texas between the

Nueces and the Rio Grande, and of Upper California south of the thirty-third parallel. But, alas! for our "roving diplomatist," a dispatch from him soon confirmed the rumors, and aroused to unwonted wrath the usually placid Buchanan. A severe letter of censure was indited and, together with the peremptory note of recall, was at once dispatched to the recreant commissioner.

In the mean time the truce had ended, and hostilities had, for the time being, put an end to negotiations; and when they were resumed the flag of the Union was floating over the Mexican capital and Mexico was writhing under Scott's effective system of martial law. By this time, however, when Mexico was at last sufficiently humbled to treat rationally, Trist's recall had reached him, and the United States was without a representative accredited to carry on peace negotiations. Scott declined to take any responsibility in the matter. In this crisis Trist rose to the occasion, set aside his feelings of pique and wounded pride, "assumed the risk of punishment for what might be construed as an act of monstrous insubordination," and apparently actuated by a spirit of unselfish and wise patriotism, which this brief but stormy diplomatic experience seems to have developed in him, resolved, as he himself records, "for good or for evil, to carry home a treaty of peace."

On February 2, 1848, Trist triumphantly addressed the State Department, from which he had not received a scrap of official intelligence since his letter of recall, announcing that he transmitted a treaty, "signed an hour before at the city of Guadalupe, a spot which, agreeably to the creed of this country, is the most sacred on earth, as being the scene of the miraculous appearance of the Virgin for the purpose of declaring that Mexico was taken under her special protection." What a shock the Mexican commissioners must have received to their faith in the prowess of their blessed protectress, as on that sacred spot they affixed their names to the document which stripped their country of some of its fairest possessions!

The precious document, perhaps the only treaty negotiated and signed by a private citizen without authority, formal or informal, from his Government, was intrusted to the care of James L. Treaner,



the correspondent of the New Orleans *Delta*, who had given such celebrity during the war to the signature of "Mustang," and was by him carried to New Orleans and forwarded thence by pony express to Washington, where on March 10, 1848, the Senate ratified it by a vote of thirty-eight to fifteen. By its terms the boundary between this country and Mexico was fixed on the Rio Grande, along the southern line of New Mexico to its western termination, northward to the Gila, down this stream to the Colorado, thence to a point on the Pacific Coast, "distant one marine league south of the southernmost point of the port of San Diego." For this new territory the United States was to pay fifteen million dollars and assume claims of our citizens against Mexico already allowed, and new ones to an amount not to exceed three and one fourth millions.

The territory subsequently acquired from Mexico to round out our possessions to their present limits was secured by the Gadsden treaty of 1853, for the sum of ten million dollars; but this in no way affected the boundary of California.

Trist, who was not the only negotiator who has been sacrificed on the altar of diplomacy, though ultimately successful in the highest degree, never received the credit he seems to have deserved for his share in these momentous transactions. He was ordered home under arrest by Polk and relegated to the obscurity of private life in his Virginia home, where he practiced his profession and amused himself by translating from the French a treatise on "Milch Cows," until President Grant rescued him in 1870, and he rounded out his public career with an anti-climax by accepting the postmastership of Alexandria. In

1871 Congress gave tardy recognition to Trist's merits in these transactions by appropriating the sum of \$14,559.90 to him in lieu of his salary, which Polk had refused to pay him.

The President appointed Ambrose H. Servier, United States Senator from Arkansas, and Nathan Clifford, of Maine, Attorney-General, as envoys to Mexico to exchange ratifications. They reached Querétaro at five o'clock P.M., May 25, 1848, at the very moment the treaty had been confirmed by the Mexican Senate by a vote of thirty-three to five, it having previously passed the House of Deputies. The United States Commissioners were met by a military escort four leagues from the city and conducted to a house prepared for their use by the Mexican Government, where they were made to feel by every attention and courtesy that their mission was a welcome one. The exchange of ratifications took place at Querétaro on May 30, 1848, and the commissioners then repaired to the City of Mexico, where the three million dollars, the first installment of the indemnity, which had been carried from Washington in coin, was paid over to the Mexican authorities. Servier immediately started for home, bearing with him the treaty and ratifications. Clifford, at first compelled to linger for the receipt for the three millions, which the Mexicans insisted upon counting, was later appointed United States Minister, and remained at Mexico in that capacity. On June 12th the United States flag was lowered from the national standard at the City of Mexico, and the Mexican flag was hoisted in its stead. On July 4th, President Polk made proclamation of the welcome peace, and a new era dawned in California.



# THE FLOWERS OF SAN JUAN

By KATHARINE LANSING

PANCHACHA was fifteen, with two long braids of dark hair, and a pair of soft black eyes, that caused a strange thrill in the heart of Pepe Valdez, the *aquador*, who was filling his huge red earthen jars in the *patio* outside her window.

Pepe was an industrious fellow, and his kind heart was reflected in his swarthy face. All day long, up and down the streets he made his rounds, in and out of the doorways and *patios*, full of news, a favorite everywhere. He wore the picturesque dress of his calling, wide cotton trousers of a dull blue, a white blouse, an apron of russet leather, and a waistcoat of the same, fastened across the front with bright brass buttons. A small straw cap with a leather visor, surmounted his thick black hair, and on his strong bare feet were bound a pair of *guaraches*, or leather sandals of the country.

The *patio* where Pepe lived was like many in and about the City of Mexico, and formed the home of numerous families of the poorer class. It was ill-paved and dirty, surrounded by one-story adobe buildings, painted a pale yellow. In nearly every window pots of flowers bloomed, strings of bright-hued garments flapped in the breeze, or a bird swung in a cage. Children, dogs, and chickens, roamed about unmolested in the warm sunshine, and down near the entrance, beneath a goodly fig-tree, a group of women were washing. They had tossed aside their *rebosos*, and in their white *camisas* and bright cotton skirts, were kneeling on the stones, while they wrung and beat the clothes as only Mexican women can, gossiping together in the sweet, high voices, peculiar to their race.

"Look at Pepe casting eyes at Pancha's window," said one.

"He's been a long time at it," said another, "*Dios mio!* how she loves to play the fool with him. My Miguel would stand no such trifling and airs; why he courted and married me between the Feast of the Trinity and San Juan's Day."

"Ah! but Chaunita, thou wast a bird more ready to be caught than Pancha," put in a third.

This raised a general laugh, for it was well-known that as far as courting went Chaunita had done most of it herself.

"Easy caught was I? That's all thou knowest. Why Pedro and Manuel were mad with love for me, but," pointing to her small head with its smooth black braids, "that's level. I know a good thing when I see it. Pancha don't."

"Ya! ya! let the *niña* be," piped up an old crone; "let her fool while she can. 'T won't last, 't won't last."

Meanwhile Pepe stood lingering with his eyes bent on the sunny window, but seeing no signs of any one, he slowly swung his burden on his broad back, and took his way out of the *patio*, waving a "*Buenos dias*" to the women as he passed. As soon as he had disappeared, Pancha peeped forth from the doorway.

"Ha! gone has he, the silly one!" And turning, she hurried out to the wide stone entrance leading into the street, but no Pepe was visible.

It was a long street, straight as an arrow and flanked by somber stone houses, with their balconied windows and striped awnings. She stood looking up the street. At the far end, one could see a strip of green country, and a distant line of purple blue mountains. Few people were passing, it being nearly noon, and Pancha leaned against the doorway and glanced idly up at the soft gray sky. A man came riding slowly by on a prancing bay horse, and as he passed he eyed curiously the slender, graceful figure in the doorway. He had a handsome dark face beneath his great brown *sombrero*. About his waist was knotted a scarlet *faja*, or sash, and the silver trimmings on his jacket and trousers glistened in the sun.

Attracted by the champing of the heavy silver bit, Pancha looked up, and she felt the rosy color rising from throat to brow, and to the very tips of her little ears at the look of admiration that flashed from his





Pancha

eyes. Then she looked down, while the man rode slowly on, turning in his saddle from time to time to glance back.

"Dios mio!" he muttered, "'t is a pretty face," while Pancha, peeping from behind her reboso, thought, "Ah! what a fine gentleman! He is rich, too; the buttons on his jacket are as big as a silver peso."

Would he turn the next corner? No. The next and the next was passed, then suddenly drawing rein he wheeled round and came slowly back. He touched the horse with his cruel silver spurs, and the animal, frightened and irritated, began to rear and prance, curveting from side to side, while the rider, apparently in danger, was

secretly enjoying this opportunity to show off his horsemanship.

Pancha, now deeply interested, watched every movement with her great wondering eyes. At length the horse, tossing his head, broke into a quick run, and as they passed, the rider swept from his head his sombrero in graceful salute, and disappeared around the corner with a long, searching glance.

At that instant the great bell in the cathedral chimed out the hour of twelve. "Ave Maria, 't is the hour of prayer! Ave Maria, 't is the hour of love!"

Pancha crossed herself, muttering a hurried prayer, and turned back into the patio.

It was deserted now, and the savory smells of cooking rising in the air announced the approach of the dinner hour. As Pancha drew near her own doorway the familiar pat! pat! slap! slap! of old Manuela making the tortillas fell on her ear. The old woman, wrinkled and brown, was seated on the stone floor, beside a charcoal oven, rolling in her thin brown hands the flat cakes of flour and water.

"Ah, niña! niña!" she cried, "where hast thou been? Haste thee to help me; the muchachito will soon be here, hungry as a hawk."

While Pancha busied herself about the room, her thoughts flew back to the stranger. Who could he be, and whence did he come? "Ah!" she thought with a half sigh, "he would be a lover worth having."

Now, Pancha was an orphan, and made her home with the old woman she called "mi tia." They supported themselves making dulces, or sweetmeats of fruits. What they did not sell at the bakery around the corner, Felipe, Pancha's brother, peddled about the streets on a tray. The living thus made was a scanty one, but sufficient for their wants; it takes little to content these children of the sun, who live but for to-day.

When the simple dinner was over and washed down by a tlaco's worth of pulque, brought by Pancha in a small brown pitcher from the nearest pulque-shop, she stretched herself out on a straw mat and fell asleep.

She slept long and heavily, and awoke to find that the room was empty and that the sun had left the window and traveled far round to the west. She shook down her long hair and began with deft fingers to braid it, chirping from time to time to the cincongle hanging in the wooden cage above her head. Suddenly something lying on the window-sill attracted her attention, and drawing near, she saw it was three red roses with rich velvet petals surrounded by fresh green leaves.

"Oh! que linda! que bonita!" she cried, catching them up. "Who could have put them there? Not Pepe, surely. Who, then?"

A thrill went over her. Could it be the stranger who had passed that morning on horseback? Something seemed to tell her

it was. She held the roses up and glanced backward at her image reflected in a small mirror. Her first thought was to twine them in her dusky locks. But no; Manuela would inquire whence they came. As she stood thus wondering and excited, inhaling the rich perfume of the roses, a step startled her, and hastily slipping them into her camisa, she turned and saw Pepe standing in the doorway.

"Madre di Dios! what a fright thou hast given me!"

"Frightened thee! querida!" said Pepe with a short, good-natured laugh. Then noticing her agitation, "Why, thou art trembling. Come let us go into the Alameda. I have much to tell thee."

At length, when they sallied forth they encountered old Manuela, who joined them. It was a lovely afternoon in summer, and the streets were full of people and carriages making their way toward the Paseo de la Reforma. Pepe turned off into one of the long shady alleys of the Alameda, where the trees met overhead and only the faint roar of the traffic on the Juarez Avenue fell on the ear. They drew near to one of the half-circle stone benches. Manuela seated herself, and puffing her cigarette, with half-closed eyes, pondered the fate of her lottery-ticket. The lovers drew to one side.

Pepe looked down at the small low-browed, piquant face so near his own, and scanned with loving eyes every feature.

"Ah! my Pancha, I love thee so!" he whispered.

"Thou hast told me that many times already, Pepe. Is that all the news thou hast for me?" she said with a half pout, and giving him a long look from under her lashes.

Pepe laughed. "Vida mia," he said, playfully pinching her ear, "listen well. Dost thou remember Sancho, the aquador in the next street? He is ill. Yesterday they took him to the hospital, poor boy! I fear he will never return. Somebody must take his place. I can have it if I want. Of course it means double work, but I can get double pay; and so, luz di mi ojos, if Our Lady and the saints prosper me, we can be married in September. What dost thou say?" Pancha listened in silence, with a far-away, preoccupied air that puzzled and disappointed her lover.



"Yes! yes! in September. I could not be ready before."

Long they sat lingering in the charming twilight hour, until at length, as they were rising to go, the roses slipped from Pancha's bosom and fell at her feet. She would have gathered them under her reboso, but Pepe's quick eyes saw them.

"Roses! Where didst thou get them, Panchita?"

For one instant the truth trembled on her lips. Then she told a lie.

"Some children gave them to me."

"Children gave thee roses like these! Why, where would they get them?"

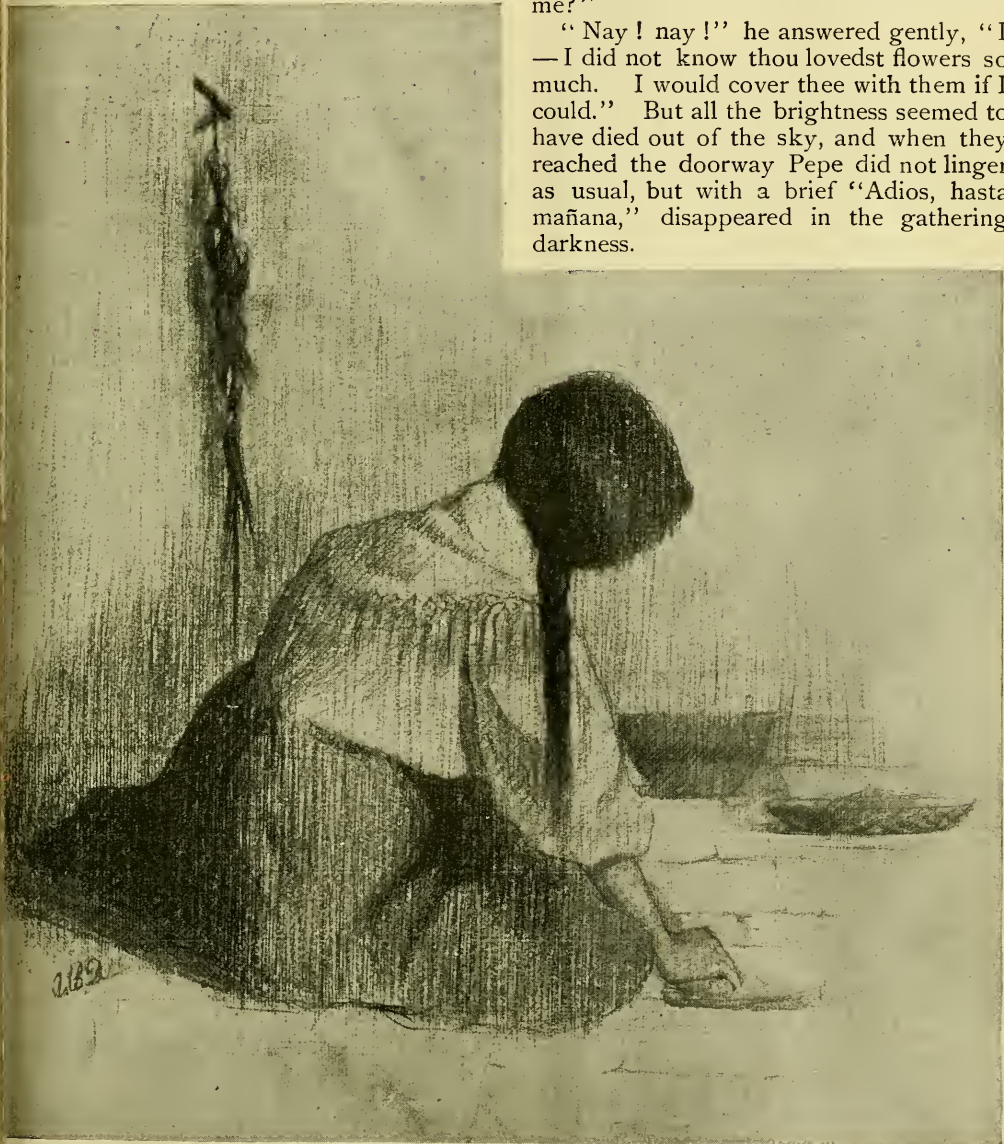
"In the flower market near the cathedral," she answered glibly. "They are getting ready for the fiesta to-morrow, and sweeping and cleaning up."

"But they would never throw away fine roses like these," said Pepe in amazement.

Pancha snatched them angrily away.

"Ya! ya! perhaps thou dost not believe me?"

"Nay! nay!" he answered gently, "I—I did not know thou lovedst flowers so much. I would cover thee with them if I could." But all the brightness seemed to have died out of the sky, and when they reached the doorway Pepe did not linger as usual, but with a brief "Adios, hasta mañana," disappeared in the gathering darkness.



Making Tortillas

The following morning Pancha and Manuela were up in the early dawn putting the finishes on their dulces. It was the Feast of St. John the Baptist, and, as they worked, the sound of the church-bells was wafted in to them on the fresh morning air. The streets were alive with people dressed in their best on their way to mass, or to the different suburban resorts.

When at last all was ready, Pancha started with Manuela toward the cathedral in time for the ten-o'clock mass. Ere they had proceeded far, Felipe came running after them.

"Hola! Pancha, hola! See! Pepe sends these. He will be in the plaza at twelve." And he put into Pancha's hand a bunch of fragrant white starlike flowers, still wet with dew, and bound together with a long blade of grass—the flowers of San Juan, ever dear to Mexican hearts.

Pancha took them with a smile. "He loves me! he loves me!" she thought.

In the cathedral the air was heavy with the faint, sweet odor of the rising incense. The ringing of the bells and burst of music announced that mass had begun, and the great organ was rolling forth its rich tones. The crowd was so dense that it was with some difficulty they worked their way in among the kneeling people. As Pancha's rosary slipped through her fingers and her lips murmured a prayer, her eyes wandered among the throng of upturned faces as if seeking someone. To her impressionable and imaginative nature, every man who bore any resemblance to the stranger of the day before must be he, and when, on closer scrutiny, it proved a mistake, a look of disappointment swept over her face.

"If he knew I was coming here — perhaps —" she thought, but at the sight of the flowers in her lap her conscience smote her. "Our Lady and San Antonio protect me!" she muttered, crossing herself.

Outside in the old plaza all was sunlight and music. A waltz played by the orchestra was floating out on the air. Hundreds of Indians having erected small booths, were selling fruits, sweetmeats, toys, and trinkets, while the crowd jostled one another, and boys, bearing on their heads pails of ices, darted to and fro crying in their shrill voices, "He-la-dos! ne-vadas!" Pepe soon appeared with smiling face, and the little cloud of yesterday melted away.

"And now to the Castañeda," he cried, referring to a public garden much frequented on feast days.

That was a day long to be remembered. How they danced, and swung in the great swings, and feasted on the melon and sweet cakes that Pepe bought! How they joked and laughed! Pancha had twined in her braids the white flowers that Pepe had given her that morning. Her eyes shone and her cheeks glowed like the heart of a rose. Many turned to cast admiring glances at her.

Toward dusk she strayed a little way from the others, and standing by a large bush, was suddenly conscious that some one was watching her from the other side. She peered among the leaves. Yes, there was a man of medium height and slender build. She recognized at once the handsome, cunning face beneath the great sombrero.

"Buenas tardes, señorita," he whispered in a low, musical voice. "You do not wear my flowers. I sent you three roses,—one for your mouth and one for each cheek,—but you do not wear them."

"Ah! señor,—I," began Pancha, half-frightened, half-pleased.

"Do not fear, mi palomita del alma," he whispered, coming nearer. "Thou always wearest roses in thy cheeks. They are much fairer than any I could send thee." But at this moment Pepe appeared, and the man, with a cunning leer, moved quickly away.

They strolled along in silence. "Who was that?" he said suddenly.

Now, Pancha was provoked and annoyed that Pepe should come at such an inopportune moment, and answered shortly, "Who is what?"

Pepe caught her roughly by the wrist. "Do not play the fool. That man is not of thy class, and bodes thee no good."

"Stop, Pepe! thou art too rough; that hurts me."

"Yes, I mean to hurt thee. Who is that man? I say. Ha! thou hast no answer. He can give thee roses, and thou canst lie to me."

Pancha was no coward; she struggled to free herself, and her black eyes snapped with anger. "Fool!" she cried. "What has the man to do with thee?"

"Para dios! I will have to do with him before the night passes," said Pepe fiercely.



"Dost thou think I have no words or smiles for any one but thee? Keep thy flowers!" she cried passionately, tearing them from her hair and trampling them beneath her feet. "I like roses better."

"Thou shalt never wear another as long as thou livest."

"We shall see! we shall see! Let me go, I say!" then confronting him, "Oh! I hate thee! I hate thee!"

Pepe dropped her arm instantly. Then without one word he left her.

Almost before he knew it he found himself at the entrance of the garden and halfway up the street. He never went armed, but he stopped now before a dingy pawnshop, and for two reals purchased a long cruel knife in a shabby case, and thrust it into his blouse. He reeled from side to side, putting his hand to his head. Two men passed him in their red serapes, for the night was chill. "Poor wretch!" said one, "he's drunk."

"Diablo!" thought Pepe, "I will take a drink. 'T will steady me."

Across the street on the corner, was the "NocheBuena," a gayly decorated pulqueria, brilliantly lit and half-full of men. Pepe could hear the clinking of the glasses and a confused murmur of voices and laughter. He crossed over, and entering, stood leaning up against the long counter. Behind it was an array of bottles and glasses, and above, in a bright gilt frame, hung a picture of the Virgin Guadalupe. It seemed strangely out of place, but Pepe did not look at the picture.

Presently the proprietor, catching sight of him, called out gayly, "Ah, friend Pepe! welcome! thou dost not often favor us. Sit down! sit down! 't is a pity if an honest man cannot take a drink on a feast day." And he placed before him a bottle of pulque and a tall green glass, which he filled.

"Health to the friend and a piece of white money."

"Bueno! bueno!" laughed the men standing near. "He will need plenty of that on his wedding day, eh! Pepito?" but seeing that Pepe was silent and unlike himself, they gradually withdrew.

Left alone, he consumed glass after glass of the sour white pulque until the change in his pocket was exhausted, and the room, already dense with cigarette smoke, seemed

whirling around his head. Two men were playing dice near the door. A third entered and stood looking on. Suddenly Pepe caught his eye. It was the man he had seen with Pancha.

With one bound he sprang to his feet, overturning the table and glasses before him. They fell with a loud crash on the stone floor.

The man was too quick for him, however; agile as a monkey, he turned and fled into the dimly lighted street. The Mexicans, startled at the crash, sprang up, but nobody interfered; they were used to such scenes.

Pepe, with a cry of rage, and overturning everything before him, quickly followed. A carriage was passing rapidly, but with only one thought in his confused and befuddled brain, he did not heed the coachman's loud cry of "Cuidado! cuidado!" The next instant something struck him. The knife slipped from his fingers. A noise like thunder roared in his ears. Then all grew silent and dark.

For two days following their quarrel, Pancha wore a defiant look in her black eyes and carried herself with a little proud touch-me-not air that, alas! was soon to be humbled. Her days of fooling, sure enough, did n't last.

"Em," she mused, "Señor Pepe! I will teach him to mind his own business. I can chew him, but I cannot swallow him," she added with a disdainful swing of her red petticoat and her hands firmly planted on her hips. "He can keep his white flowers; nobody wants them."

When, however, the evening of the second day came and no Pepe appeared Pancha was puzzled. To make matters worse, the man with the prancing horse had not ridden by once, although she had hung about half a day, looking up and down the street. She had not counted to lose them both, and her eyes filled with angry tears of disappointment.

A group of women were filling their brown earthen pitchers at the fountain, and unseen, Pancha slipped by and entered her own door. From the open window she could hear their conversation.

"Yes, 't was a terrible blow, the doctors at the hospital say. 'T is a miracle he was not killed right out."

"'T was the horses' hoofs that struck him," said another. "Poor Pepe!"

At this Pancha leaned nearer the window, with beating heart and cheeks rapidly turning pale.

"The Holy Mother protect us all! we can never know what is before us," said the first speaker. "Who would have thought to see him so near death? There is not a better heart in Mexico than Pepe Valdez. He will have many to mourn him."

"Si! si!" chimed in all the women.

Pancha, pale as a ghost, was out of the room like a flash. "What is it?" she cried. "What is it about Pepe?"

The women were round her in an instant. "Do not take it so hard, niña. Hast thou not heard?"

Old Manuela joined the group now, and when she learned the cause of their excitement, her voice went up in a wail of woe. The kind-hearted women tried to comfort Pancha, but she only sobbed the harder. "Nobody understands," she kept repeating. "God help me! if he dies I have killed him!"

It was some time before they could quiet her, but at length she sobbed herself to sleep on a mat near the door. At the first streak of dawn, she was up and on her way to the hospital. But she could learn there little of any satisfaction. Pepe was still unconscious. No, she could not see him. Poor little Pancha! She turned away, her eyes filling with tears. Then a thought came to her. "I will go to Our Lady of Guadalupe. She will save my Pepe. Our Lady will hear me."

Now, it is a long distance from the city out to the shrine of Guadalupe, but Pancha, nothing daunted, started along the white highway. From time to time she stopped to rest beneath the feathery pepper-trees that lined the roadside, and dipped her tired feet in the long acequias, which, swollen from the recent rains, were filled with brown water overflowing from the distant lakes. The two great peaks, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, were hidden in a bank of fleecy clouds; but Pancha did not heed the wonderful purple mountains below and the stretch of verdant country, so refreshing to the eye, that lay between.

Along the roadside, droves of little burros, their patient backs laden up to their long flopping ears, passed by, driven by

barefooted men and boys in coarse white cotton clothes and great hats. Women, with all kinds of garden produce, and coops of chickens on their bare brown shoulders, followed by groups of children, hastened by; but Pancha had eyes and ears for nothing.

The sun was high in the heavens when at length she passed the cathedral of Guadalupe, and turning off to the right, climbed the steep hill to the chapel and entered. How long she knelt before the altar, she did not know. Such prayers as she had never before uttered rose to her lips now, as with outstretched arms she pleaded for her lover's life. At length, faint and exhausted, she took her way toward home.

As she drew near to the entrance of the patio, old Manuela was on the lookout.

"Niña, niña, what a fright thou hast given me! Where hast thou been? I have sought thee since morning."

Pancha, well-nigh exhausted, could only sink down, murmuring one word, "Pepe?"

"No better, poor boy! no better." And the old woman, unable to restrain herself any further, burst into tears, in which Pancha joined, and another wretched night was passed.

The next morning Pancha repeated her journey to Guadalupe. Just at the entrance of the chapel she stopped and purchased two long candles. A blind beggar woman was sitting near, holding out her skinny hands for alms. Pancha took from her little dirty, crumpled handkerchief her last copper cent and laid it in the woman's hand. "Good Mother," she whispered, "pray for a dying man! Pray! pray!" And as the fingers closed over the money, the old crone's weak, quavering voice rose in a chant for the dying. Pancha placed the candles before the altar, and it was not until they had burned to their sockets that she rose from her knees and turned homeward.

Chaunita was alone in the patio washing, singing, as she worked, a merry snatch of song. The sound of her mirth broke harshly on Pancha's ear. "How could any one sing when Pepe was dying and life was so dreary!" she thought.

Chaunita looked up with a saucy speech on her lips, but at the sight of the pale face before her, her manner changed.





"She knelt before the altar"

"Good evening to thee, Pancha."

"Good evening, Chaunita."

"Where hast thou been?"

"To the shrine of Guadalupe."

"Thou wilt need to go there often."

"Yes, we all have need to pray."

"Pepe is near death to-day; he lies there like a log and knows no one. If Our Lady cannot save him, nobody can."

Pancha listened in stony silence, and crossing over to her own door, she closed it behind her. Once inside, however, all

her passionate nature gave way. Tossing her reboso on the floor, she looked up at a picture of the Virgin hanging on the wall. "Cruel, cruel Mother!" she cried, stamping her feet and shaking her fist at the sacred picture. "Thou canst save my Pepe, and thou wilt not. Have I not prayed to thee, weeping and fasting for two days? Have I not vowed to give thee a silver heart if thou wilt save him? Did I not burn candles at thine altar, and give my last cent to the poor? But thou wilt not

hear my prayers. Thou dost not love thy poor children. It is a lie! I will never believe in thee again, never, never!" She knew it was blasphemy, but what mattered it? If Pepe died, she could die too.

It happened, however, that Pepe was not to die. The long life-line in his broad palm foretold him many days to come. The fates fought for him, and slowly but surely life quickened again in his veins.

One evening near dusk, as he lay in a half stupor, there seemed to come floating to him a fragrant, subtle perfume, that recalled the country and the gardens beyond Chapultepec. He slowly opened his eyes, and before him on the ugly yellow counterpane lay a bunch of snow-white, starlike flowers. A Sister of Charity standing by laid her thin hand on his head.

"Some one has been here to see thee, my good fellow,—a little girl with big eyes. Thou wert sleeping; so she left these flowers. She said thou wouldst understand."

Pepe stretched out his hand and laid the little nosegay against his pale lips.

"Panchita mia!" was all he said.

The past had faded away. The bitterness and anger had vanished. He only saw before him "the little girl with big eyes." After this he mended rapidly; and what pen can picture the joy, when at length he was able to leave the hospital, supported by Pancha and old Manuela.

Felipe capered in front, balancing on his head his tray of dulces, which were in great danger of being tipped into the gutter. But nobody would have scolded him; every one was too happy.

What talks they had in the dear old Alameda! Both were changed somewhat.

The great scar on Pepe's forehead, where death had touched him, made him look older. There was an expression in his eyes that told of the soul's suffering, and lines about the mouth that heretofore had been made only for laughter. Little restless, coquettish Pancha wore a more serious air. Her heart had been like a well-strung lute on which many fingers had played; but the hand of love had touched the key-note now and filled all her life with music of a different kind.

As soon as Pepe could walk, almost the first place they went to was the shrine of Guadalupe. Pancha had previously hung to the right of the altar a small silver heart as the token of her gratitude. It had taken all her earnings for many months; but what mattered that? Was not Pepe safe? And with joy she paid her vow.

While they knelt in the dim light, it seemed to Pancha that the Virgin's face softened, that the eyes moved and the lips smiled, and a benediction like the peace of heaven stole over her.

They were married on the last day of October, on the eve of All Saints, in the Church of Corpus Christi, and every one said there never was a happier couple or two people better suited to each other.

The poor adobe hut to which Pepe took his little black-eyed bride seemed a palace to them. Here they planted mignonette, jessamines, tuberoses, spicy pinks, and all the sweet-smelling flowers that Mexicans dearly love; but among them all none received more care than a plat beneath Pancha's window, where blooming in all their starlike beauty grew the "Flowers of San Juan."





# REDWOOD BLOOMS

By VIOLA L. BOARDMAN

Down in the redwood cañons, cool and deep,  
The shadows of the forest ever sleep;  
The odorous redwoods, wet with fog and dew,  
Touch with the bay, and mingle with the yew.

ON FIRST visiting a redwood forest one is struck with the solemn silence.

The eye, which instinctively seeks the tops of the tall trees, finds no feathered friends among the distant branches. When the neck grows weary and the gaze turns earthward, here too is a lack. Where are the flowers which Nature spreads in such profusion over the valleys?

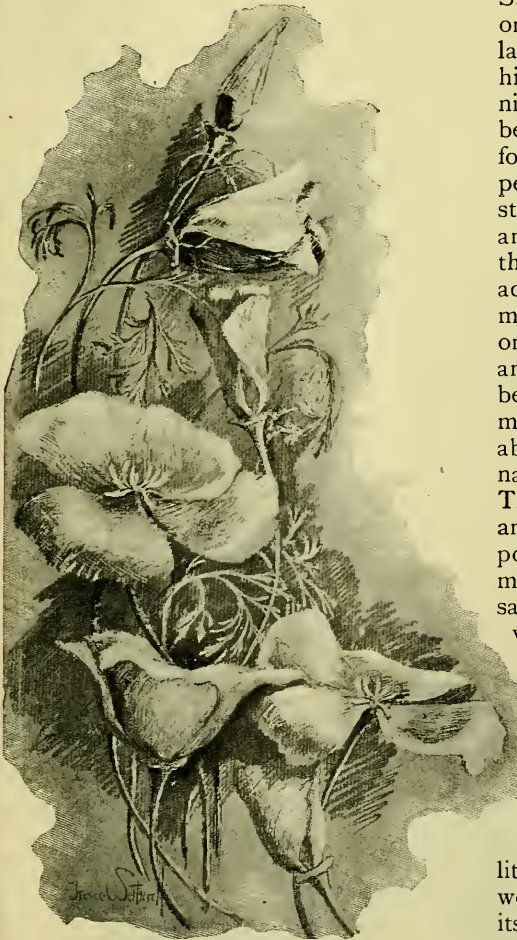
They are not to be seen, surely; but Dame Nature is not to blame. She has

sown the seeds and planted the bulbs where they peacefully sleep till,—

His echoing ax the settler swings  
Amid the sea-like solitude,—

and summons them forth. During a stay of five years in the heart of a Mendocino forest, I made the acquaintance of over a hundred varieties of flowers, not including the blooms of trees, nor of edible berries. Summer, the season of flowers in other States, cannot claim that exclusive honor on this evergreen shore. Spring is most lavish, yet Winter is far from niggardly in his floral gifts. By Christmas the manzanita's clusters of pink-tinted white fairy-bells scatter their fragrance abroad. Soon follow the delicate cardamine, whose pink petals nod defiance to Jack Frost. Its stem is from eight to eighteen inches high, and it is so different from its paler sisters that come with the early spring flowers in adjoining counties that it deserves especial mention. The cruciform bloom is not its only charm; the foliage, too, is beautiful and peculiar. The leaves are plain maroon below, and variegated dark green and rich maroon above, and are of every conceivable form, from simple kidney-shaped to narrow, deep-lobed, and even compound. The plant grows from deep-seated tubers, and would, no doubt, be prized as a winter pot-plant in the colder States. Cardamine means heart-cure, but why it is hard to say, unless its early coming cures the blues, which the long, dreary rains may have engendered. Nature early sends a plant with a dense mass of fernlike foliage. From these radical leaves shoots up a spike of crimson flowers, crowded with crimson bracts, which the children love to pull apart for the honey at the base of the blooms.

Soon the soaked soil laughs with the pretty little primrose — *anagallis* (from a Greek word meaning to laugh). It stretches its lazy arms out from every corner, its



*Eschscholtzia*



Buttercups

bright red blooms smiling up, whenever the sun shines, from every opposite leaf-axil. No wonder its common name is Poor-man's-weather-glass!

Its cousin, the queer mosquito-bill (*Dodecatheon media*), bears little resemblance to it, with its erect stem holding its bracteate umbel of nodding pink blooms with reflexed petals, leaving the crowded dark anthers pointing forward like a veritable bill.

The modest yellow violet, with its upper petals lined with brown, nestles close in its bed of green. Its paler relative, on a taller stem, lives lower down in the cañons.

The redwood sorrel is an oxalis any Eastern florist might be proud to own. The large hairy leaflets, with white stripes along their midribs, are from one to one and a half inches broad; the five petals, six to twelve lines long, are white or rose-colored, often veined with purple.

Before blustering March has given way to teary April, the ubiquitous, waxy, evergreen huckleberry wreaths are adorned with their graceful bells; and the raspberry and strawberry make pretty promise of sweets to come.

By the middle of April at least thirty varieties of wild-flowers have enlivened the scene, including the pink orchid, which resembles a much-trimmed lady-slipper, the tri-leaved wake-robin, the yellow buttercup, royal iris, and our State flower, the golden eschscholtzia. Oh, that a man with such a name as Eschscholtz should have first discovered it!

Before the

Pussy-Ear (*Calochortus*)





Yellow Violet

month is gone a dozen new kinds have opened their bright eyes to the sun. The last to come, as a sweet surprise, is the pussy-ear (*Calochortus*). Its leaf so closely resembles coarse grass that it is smiling over the hillsides before its presence is scarcely suspected. Eagerly the children hold it to the purring pussy's ear. Sure enough! Just the shape and just as hairy!

Bright May brings the blue-bonneted lupine, the large, white lady-slipper, the white iris, the purple larkspur, the showy dogwood, the rosy sweetbrier, the dread snapdragon with his bloody stem, and the yerba santa, that herb of the saints, with its five-cleft tubes of purity.

Then follow so rapidly the many fair ones of Flora's family that they cannot longer be noticed in order. Some striking varieties, however, must not be omitted.

Lest the never-ending green be overdone, she shows some of her loveliest blossoms with no green save the surrounding forest. There are waxy white flowers on spikes nearly a foot high, each bloom with a pitcher-shaped center. Then there are spikes of five-petaled, reddish-brown blooms. Also several queer plants which

are parasites on the roots of trees, — clusters of fleshy spikes with five-cleft tube-shaped flowers. Another still more odd leafless plant is the "squirrel's grandfather," which



sends up its scaly stem from deep-seated tubers till it reaches the open air, where it resembles a Norway pine cone. Between the burlike bracts come the blooms; so





Lady Slipper

that in course of time it becomes a pyramid of white and reddish-striped flowers. Later, when seedtime comes, the mass appears like a bunch of Mission grapes. For years we studied this strange plant before we discovered that its large warty tuber depended upon the madreño root for life. Unfortunately we were not its first discoverers, for its jaw-breaking botanical name, *Boschniakia strobilacea*, was given in honor of the Russian, Boschniak, the latter part of the name meaning "like a pine cone."

In the deep wood there is a plant resembling bunch-grass, which, although not good for stock to eat, makes excellent mattresses. The rough, harsh blades give it the local name of cutty-grass. A lovely ball of white blooms shoots up from the center of the bunch and retains its beauty for weeks.

A bulbous plant with broader leaves has flowers somewhat similar, although on a looser raceme, each bloom about the size of a buttercup, and each of its six petals painted orange at its base.

The lily has six representatives; the

delicate, creamy, odorless chemise, which early nods over its pair of mottled radical leaves, is followed by a homely triangular kinsman (even the stem is three-sided)



with a most intolerable odor. The wood-lily, a dark-striped flower, with leaves in whorls, and double the stamen and petals, is not so offensive to the nose.



Then follow the green lily, and the gorgeous tiger-lily which brightens the water-courses.

By the middle of June the climax of lilaceous beauty and fragrance is reached in the Washington lily. It attains a height of several feet. The stately stalk, ornamented with its lively whorls of foliage, seeming to emulate its redwood neighbors, has been known to reach the height of seven feet. The freckled blooms, white at first, grow darker till they are a rich magenta. The father of our country might well be proud of such a namesake.

The wild hyacinth, or camas, with dark blue flowers in loose racemes, has a truncated bulb which the natives esteem as an article of diet. The *Brodiea laxa*, sometimes found two feet tall, resembles it, but with its open umbel of nodding bells is more graceful.

The coccinea, standing one to three feet high, with its cluster of bright pendent blooms, looks like a bunch of red fire-crackers.

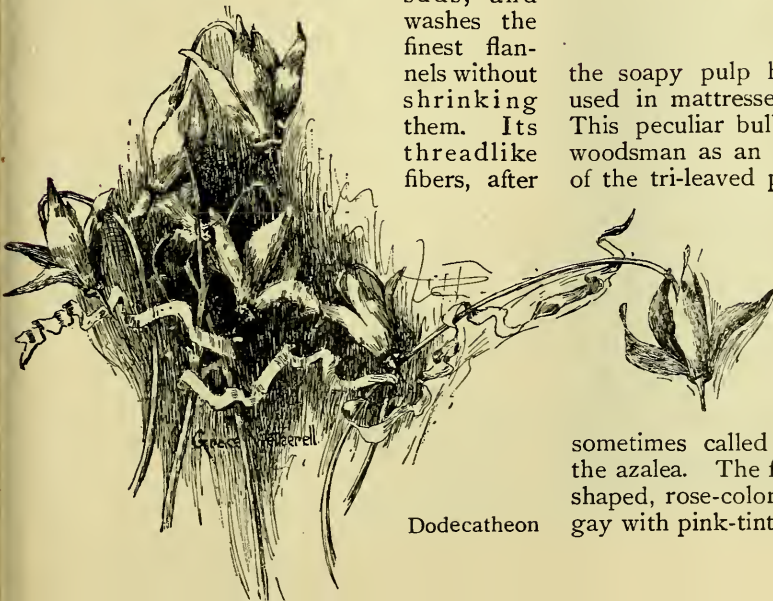
Soap-root (*Chlorogalum*) is here, too, with its long, slender, glossy green leaves gracefully gathered upon their midribs into double ruffles. Its modest, purple-veined flowers, eight to ten lines long, spreading out from pedicels far above, give no hint of the possibilities wrapped up in the onion-like bulb below, which is sometimes used by the backwoods people as a substitute for soap. It makes a strong

suds, and washes the finest flannels without shrinking them. Its threadlike fibers, after

the soapy pulp has been removed, are used in mattresses as substitute for hair. This peculiar bulb is also valued by the woodsman as an antidote for the poison of the tri-leaved poison-oak, so abundant where soap-root grows.

Besides the members of the heath family already mentioned (the madroño, the manzanita, and the huckleberry), there are two rich-blooming shrubs, the rhododendron,

sometimes called the wild oleander, and the azalea. The former sports large, bell-shaped, rose-colored blooms; the latter is gay with pink-tinted, funnel-shaped, irreg-



Dodecatheon

ular-bordered flowers,—one larger petal being dashed with orange,—and its rare clusters are rich with an exquisite fragrance.



## “THE PALE GREEN ALDER-WAY”

AH, MAY comes merrily o’er the hill  
And passes with twinkling feet,  
With invitation in beck and glance  
And lure in her laughter sweet,—  
But I look down the pale green alder-way  
And “He never will come again,” I say.

At noon the red-vested robin calls  
His love to his shy brown mate,  
And half forgetting, I thrill to hear  
The speech of the little gate,—  
Then I look down the pale green alder-way  
And “He never will come again,” I say.

And when the hush of the golden noon  
Swims up to the deep blue sky,  
My poor heart leaps with the old delight  
If only a step comes nigh,—  
But I look down the pale green alder-way  
And “He never will come again,” I say.

When evening purples the distant hills,  
And none but the stars may see,  
I kneel me here, while the hours go by  
Slowly and silently,—  
And “Ah, up the pale green alder-way  
If he only might come again!” I pray.

O, pipes of summer and flutes of spring!  
O, bird and blossom and brook!  
My heart responds to your lure and call,—  
Then sadly I turn and look  
Down the path where the pale green alders grow,  
For he never will come again, I know.

*Ella Higginson.*



## AN ODE TO JOHN

**Y**OUR saddle-colored visage,  
Despite its childlike smile,  
Bears impress of a nature  
That's not devoid of guile.  
An able writer tells us  
That all your ways are dark;  
He hit the case exactly  
In that one trite remark.

We ventured mild remonstrance  
Upon your tricks, at first,  
Now, with quiet resignation,  
We let you do your worst;  
And while oftentimes consigning  
Your race to realms below,  
We scarce could do without you,—  
If you should really go.

For household ministration  
What help so cheap is hired?  
And yet your views of dealing  
Leave much to be desired:  
The tea-can's ever empty,  
The way the sugar goes  
Is something quite astounding,—  
Till one your weakness knows.

We fain would argue matters,  
And urge a prior claim;  
You give us bland attention  
And—pillage just the same.  
E'en on the weekly washing  
You exercise your skill;  
'Tis brought back sans the buttons,—  
But never sans the bill!

*J. Torrey Connor.*





## A SUCCESSFUL PACIFIC COAST WRITER

ELLA HIGGINSON

By ELIZABETH A. VORE

**P**OETRY and idealism are usually deemed inseparable, and undoubtedly the majority of poets are idealists. It is not uncommon for the writer of verse to achieve success in other lines of literature;

but the work of such almost invariably belongs to the idealistic school, and it is very unusual for a poet, whose verse has not only possessed so high a merit as to win for it national reputation, but has been char-



acterized by the vivid imagery, deep feeling, and intensity of the idealist,—to achieve success as the author of stories of a distinctive and pronounced realistic nature.

In the character of Ella Higginson, the rising young author and poet, we have both the idealist and realist, each as strongly developed as they are distinct. Mrs. Higginson's reputation as the writer of some of the best verse and cleverest short stories from the Far West, has long been established on the Pacific Coast, and during the last three or four years her work has attracted much attention in the literary world. The collecting of her most popular short stories and their recent publication in book form has called forth such warm praise from the best critics in America and England, that any facts relating to her work or herself are of much interest to the reading public, and particularly to the people of the Pacific Coast, who have from the first rising of this bright light in the literary horizon of the West prophesied for her the brilliant success she is so rapidly winning.

Mrs. Higginson is a Western woman by adoption; she came to the Pacific Coast when a mere child, and has grown up among the scenes which she so graphically describes. For many years her home has been in the Puget Sound region. Here the scenes of many of her stories are laid, and while not obtrusively local, the most of them have more or less local color, which adds to their attractiveness.

The first recognition won by this versatile writer was as a poet. A few years ago there appeared in various Eastern and Pacific Coast publications frequent bits of verse of such high merit, fraught with so much feeling and possessing so sensuous a charm, that they sprang into immediate prominence. Many of them were widely copied by the newspapers East and West, and republished in the leading reviews of London and the East. One which attracted universal attention was "God's Creed," which appeared originally in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*. The verses quoted reflect the spirituality which characterizes the poet:—

Forgive me that I hear thy creeds  
Unawed and unafraid;  
They are too small for one whose ears  
Have heard God's organ played—

Who in wide, noble solitudes  
In simple faith hath prayed.

I watched the dawn come up the east,  
Like angels chaste and still;  
I felt my heart beat wild and strong,  
My veins with white fire thrill,  
For it was Easter morn — and Christ  
Was with me on the hill!

The following quotation is from "The New West," which, after going the rounds of the American newspapers, was republished and very favorably commented upon by some of the best London reviews. It is as strong and forceful as is the independence and progression of the West:—

Stand up, my West! Lift thy young, noble head  
On the pillar of thy proud, white throat,  
And let thy gold hair on the sea-winds float.  
In the world's march keep lofty tread  
And firm. If passion from the South has fled,  
And from the North and East, there yet remains  
Its leaping fire in thy full, swelling veins.

About four years ago Mrs. Higginson began to turn her attention to story-writing, her field being the short story, in which she has achieved such phenomenal success, considering the length of time she has devoted to it, that she now gives the greater part of her time to this work, although she is still producing some of the best and truest poetry that is being written on the Pacific Coast. Her stories and verse have appeared in the *Century*, *Harper's Weekly*, *McClure's Magazine*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Lippincott's*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*, and other leading publications of the East; and she is one of the oldest OVERLAND writers, in which publication some of her best work has appeared.

About a year ago some of her most popular stories were collected and published, under the name of "The Flower that Grew in the Sand," by a Seattle publishing-house. The wide-spread attention the book attracted, caused the Macmillans to acquire the right of publication, and new editions have been recently issued by them in the East and London, under the title of "The Land of the Snow Pearls."

From the same house comes a later book by Mrs. Higginson. "A Forest Orchid" is a collection of stories descriptive of early life in the Far West. Both books have been widely reviewed in both the East and in

London; and there was a warm welcome awaiting "The Snow Pearls," the latest book (just out) from the pen of this versatile and tireless writer. "The Snow Pearls" is a poem, issued in elegant binding, and handsomely illustrated with full-page pictures of scenery in and about Puget Sound, by Maud Miner Biglow. The poem itself is fully up to Mrs. Higginson's high standard.

Although her success as a poet is enviable, it is as a short-story writer that she is winning her greatest fame. Her style is strong, powerful, and realistic. The minor strain that runs through many of her stories is brightened by unexpected touches of quaint humor. She is never sensational, nor can she be called an emotional writer; but she writes from the heart, of the plain, every-day folk she meets, and consequently she touches the heart. Her stories are unpretentious tales of common people, told simply and naturally, yet so vivid and graphic are they, that they charm the reader from first to last. She is as keen a student of human nature as she is a close observer of incident and detail, and her sympathetic comprehension of the trials and joys, the hardships and romances, of the humble, hard-working people who constitute her characters, and her ability to

interpret them with such dramatic power and delicacy of touch as to make the commonplace beautiful, are among the strongest features of her work. Critics are debating as to her ability of keeping up her high standard in an extended story. They will shortly have an opportunity to test this, as she is at work upon a novel which will be published in the near future.

Mrs. Higginson's home at New Whatcom, Wash., is an ideal home for a poet and weaver of fair fancies. It is on the shores of Puget Sound, and over three hundred feet above it, with magnificent views on every side,—noble snow-domes, emerald hills, the dim stretch of somber pine forest,—while below is the busy little city of New Whatcom, and the ever-changing blue of the waters of Puget Sound.

Small wonder that amid this wild picturesqueness she should draw inspiration for the work that is bringing her warm recognition. As for the fair young author herself, she is exceedingly modest and unassuming,—small and slight, with a winning manner, and a pair of earnest, honest eyes that reflect the rare sweetness of her nature. Her forthcoming book will be eagerly watched for by all lovers of delicate yet powerful literature.

## "IN SPRINGTIME, THE ONLY PRETTY RING-TIME"

I LIE upon the glad green grass,  
And gaze into the far blue sky,—  
White cloudlike fairies o'er me pass,  
And birds and bees go flitting by.

Far overhead the old oaks rear  
Their broad crowns for my canopy,—  
And from their trunks slim dryads peer,  
With laughing eyes to mock at me.

A heavy scent is flung around  
From roses sparkling with the dew.  
My soul is drunk with sight and sound,—  
I close my eyes,—and dream of you.

*Maida Castelhun.*



# THE ENDING OF THE WATSON CASE

By SUSAN LORD CURRIER

FOR the eleventh time that afternoon Mrs. Watson laid aside the black skirt she was making over and went out to the front gate. She shaded her eyes with a wrinkled brown hand and looked off down the dusty road. No, she was not mistaken this time — there was a cloud of dust rising in the distance, and it must be the Moores coming from town, since no one else had passed the house that day.

She waited patiently until they should come within speaking distance. Strength seemed suddenly to leave her, as the heavy farm-wagon drew up in front of the gate.

"Back again, are you?" she asked, trying to make her voice sound natural.

"Yes; we had considerable many errands to do, and the store is always crowded on Saturday afternoons. We got some mail for you." And Mr. Moore began fishing in the bottom of the wagon-box.

"Are n't you feeling well, Mrs. Watson?" asked Mrs. Moore in the sympathetic tones that seem natural to most fleshy women. "You are looking more peaked than usual, and I ain't seen you out to church for the last three months."

"I am feeling about the same, thank you."

"Two papers and a letter," announced Mr. Moore, who had at last succeeded in finding the mail. "It must be about time for you to get the decision from the Supreme Court. Should n't wonder if your letter has the news, seeing it's from your lawyer."

Mrs. Watson reached out a trembling hand for her mail. "Yes, it is about time to hear," she said slowly, but making no effort to open the letter. "Thank you for getting the mail." And she turned toward the house.

The Moores drove on, disappointed because Mrs. Watson had not shared with them the contents of her letter. "Martha Watson is looking terrible bad," Mrs. Moore said, following with her eyes the listless figure moving toward the house. "She don't seem to have any life, and she's getting more wrinkled and black every day, except her hair, and that's turning white."

"It ain't to be wondered at, ma, with that lawsuit going on," spoke up the eldest of three girls in a back seat. "And it's a shame the way Henry treats her. They were saying in town to-day that he never goes near her any more, and after all she's done for him."

"You can't expect much of a fellow that's half Indian. They are a treacherous lot." Mr. Moore emphasized his remarks by bringing the lines down sharply on the off horse.

The house seemed suddenly dark and close to Mrs. Watson. "I'll go out into the orchard," she said half aloud. She picked up a pair of silver-bowed eyeglasses from her work-table, and with that new weariness in her limbs, passed on into the cool orchard.

The luscious cherries of Western Washington hung heavy from their branches. "Those cherries have to be canned tomorrow," Mrs. Watson thought, with a sudden pang of neglected duty.

In the heart of the orchard was the family burying-place. There were two graves — one with an unpainted fence and a tangle of vines, and the other, the larger of the two, inclosed with an iron fence and marked by a handsome stone of white marble.

Mrs. Watson sank down on her trembling knees beside the marble tombstone. "I have come out here, John, to find out," she whispered brokenly.

When Mrs. Watson had read her letter, she wept for very joy. "I am your widow, John," she whispered to the unresponsive mound at her side. "I am your widow, and I was your real and lawful wife, as we both thought. The Supreme Court has decided, and the other court was all wrong in its decision. No one can take that comfort away from me."

The shadows in the orchard grew longer and deeper, but still Mrs. Watson did not leave her place beside the grave. Her mind was busy with the past. Once more she and John Watson were boy and girl together. How she had loved the handsome, fair-haired lad, with his gay, over-

flowing spirits! But she had been shy and distant, and he had gone off to the Pacific Coast with his boyish love unconfessed. It seemed to the friends of John Watson that he had gone to the ends of the world, so long and difficult was the journey to the Washington Territory of those days.

"This is no place for a woman," he wrote to his mother in one of his letters. "This wild frontier life is for men who want to rough it."

One day John returned to the old home,—a new John, bearded and sober. An accident in a logging-camp had compelled him to take a vacation for a while. Martha was dumb when she saw him; but the years had given him clearer vision and he cursed himself for his former blindness.

The last night of his visit home he called on Martha. "I love you," he said, with the frankness that characterized him, "but I cannot ask you to marry me. I have been such a blamed fool.

"I do not know how it came about,—no one knows, I suppose,—but it was all like a new world, out there, with no one to care what you did or how you lived. By and by I didn't care, either. You will never wish to see me again when I tell you. The men nearly all had Indian wives. I took one, Martha." He covered his face with his hands, that he might not see the look on her face.

"Have I thrown away all my chances for happiness because of that miserable piece of folly? Still, you do not know—how could you? It was so wild, so lonely out there. Jennie tried to do the best for me she could. She was neat and tidy about the house, but I was never satisfied with my life. There were two children, a boy and a girl. The boy is four now, and very dark; the little girl, who was light, died, and we buried her in the orchard.

"After the baby died, Jennie became restless, and went off in her canoe for days at a time. Whenever I was away in camp, she had the house full of Indians. I wouldn't stand that; so we separated, and she went back to the reservation. That's all, Martha; but it has changed my whole life." He paced restlessly up and down the little sitting-room, the veins standing out on his forehead.

Martha sat with clasped hands, and her eyes wide with a nameless dread. "John,"

she whispered, and it seemed as though all the blood in her body had sought her face, "was n't there a marriage ceremony?"

He could not meet the questioning look in her eyes. "Not what you would call a marriage ceremony," he faltered. "The Indians have very primitive ideas of marriage." And then he broke out in sudden pain and anger, "You never will forgive me, you never can, and the sooner I leave the better!"

He had almost reached the door, when she sprang in front of him, her slight form trembling. "Don't ask me to forgive you, John Watson,—ask the Lord, and if you are truly sorry, He will forgive. Who am I that I should set myself above the Lord? And, John, I love you, and it seems to me I always have." It was the cry of a lifetime.

John did not return alone to Puget Sound. There were busy days for the young couple, but both delighted in work. John set fire to the old log cabin and built a large new house for his bride; he would have nothing to remind her of his past life. Then, when everything was completed and they had moved into their new home, Martha said to John one evening as they walked on the river-bank: "There is one thing more I want done before my happiness is quite complete. I wish you would bring Henry home,—he is your son, and I am afraid his mother neglects him since she has married again."

John caught her up in his strong arms. "You are not only a good woman, Martha, but you are a saint," he said huskily. Mrs. Watson, kneeling beside her husband's grave twenty years later, holding in her hand the crumpled letter from her lawyers, remembered perfectly the close pressure of John Watson's arms about her and the touch of his face against hers.

Some one called in a sharp voice from the house, "Mis' Watson! Mis' Watson, where be ye?"

"I am coming," she answered, suddenly realizing that the sun had set and that it was time to do the chores. "Guess I've been dreaming a good spell," she said softly to herself as she scrambled to her feet, "but it ain't every day a body gets good news." She tucked the letter into her dress and hurried to the house.



"Oh, it's you, Mr. Peterson," she said briskly. "I am sorry I kept you waiting; but I had clean forgotten that you were coming for the cherries."

"I think you must have had some good news." And Mr. Peterson looked closely at the eager face of his old neighbor. "Anyhow, you are feeling better."

"I have had good news," said Mrs. Watson with solemn gladness. "I don't mind telling you, since you have always been interested in John's affairs. The Supreme Court has reversed the decision of the lower court. They hold that the marriages according to Indian customs are not binding for the State of Washington. That makes our marriage legal, without any doubt. You don't know what that means to a woman, Mr. Peterson."

Mr. Peterson, who had been the lifelong friend of John Watson, looked up with frank admiration from the cherry-pail he was filling. "You have stood this trouble well, Mrs. Watson, without ever a complaint. I can't see what kind of a heart Henry Watson has to leave you, who have done everything for him, and take up the part of that Indian woman. Where'd he be to-day if you had n't brought him up?"

"Henry was always a good son to me until he got into that wild set. I could n't have asked for a better son than he was while he staid at home. Perhaps we judge him too hard; it may be that he feels a sense of duty to his real mother, although she is an Indian."

"Sense of duty!" said Mr. Peterson, scornfully. "He was after the money there was in it. Every half-breed in the State felt he had a personal interest in making you lose your fine farm. I tell you what, there will be some wry faces when they hear the decision."

"You haven't seen Henry, have you, of late?" asked Mrs. Watson, awkwardly. In spite of everything, her heart longed for the boy.

"No; he went up the river to cruise some timber-claims. But he is expected back any day now."

Mr. Peterson had started off with his cherries, when a sudden thought made him turn. "Those Indians and half-breeds have done so much talking and have so much feeling about this case, that I'd be a little careful how I staid alone nights, just

at first. You can't trust them. The old woman will be glad to have you come over and stop with us for a while."

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Peterson; but I would rather stay here. The Indians have never troubled me yet, even when they've been drinking, and I guess they won't now."

It was late when Mrs. Watson finished her evening's work, and sat down beside her shaded lamp. Charlie Peterson, her neighbor's eldest boy, came over night and morning to milk the cows; but Mrs. Watson's active hands found plenty to do besides.

"I will write him a letter," she thought, "and tell him that half the farm is his. He is the only child, and half Indian or not, it belongs to him."

She sat writing her letter until far into the night. When she had finished, she leaned back in her chair with a sigh of satisfaction, and when morning broke she was still sitting there with a faint smile on her lips and the letter still held tightly clasped in her hand.

It was long after the light in Martha Watson's sitting-room had gone out, that a canoe brushed its long nose in the sand of the river-bank just in front of the house. A tall figure leaped ashore and made fast the canoe. Even in the moonlight one could see that he was very dark.

He made his way quietly to the kitchen door; it was unlocked, and he entered. For a few seconds he seemed undecided as to whether or not he ought to make his presence known. Then he took off his shoes and moved softly up the back-stairs. A little later the sound of a key turning in a lock broke the stillness, and then all was quiet again.

Charlie Peterson set the milk-pails down on the kitchen floor the next morning with a low whistle of surprise. "It's the first time Mrs. Watson ever overslept," he said aloud to the forlorn-looking cat in the doorway!

He stepped into the sitting-room beyond, and his eyes fell on the quiet figure in the arm-chair. When he saw the pool of blood on the floor at her side, he broke out into a cry of terror and ran from the room.

The sun was shining brightly into the window of his small bedroom, when Henry

Watson awoke from his deep sleep. It was a moment before he could tell where he was, and he sprang to his feet and began dressing hurriedly. "Wonder if mother knows I am here," was his first thought. Then the fear of meeting her who had been more than a mother to his neglected boyish self grew upon him and he dressed more slowly.

"Mother," he said falteringly, as he opened the kitchen door, but there was no answer. "Mother," he called again in a louder voice, hurrying on to the sitting-room.

There she sat in her arm-chair, the familiar form he knew so well in its neat gingham house-dress; but there was a dignity about the quiet figure that he had never seen before. He could not see clearly for the blur of tears in his eyes. "Mother," he faltered, and remorse filled his soul for the months of their estrangement. "I have come back for your forgiveness." But the quiet figure never turned, and the poor pinched cheeks were cold to his lips.

"O God! it is too late!" And he knelt on the floor at her side, trying vainly to warm her chilled hands with his.

The letter she had written dropped to the floor; mechanically he stooped to pick it up. When he saw that it was addressed to himself, and read what she had written of tenderness and of solicitude for his welfare, the horror of his own ingratitude overcame him. For months he had been urging on the claims of his Indian mother against her, his real mother, and in the moment of her triumph her first act had been to frame this tender, imploring letter, asking for his speedy return.

But who had done this terrible deed? Why had he not thought of this before? Who had stolen upon a poor defenseless woman in the dark? He began searching in a sort of frenzy for some clew. The death-wound had been given by some kind of a sharp instrument from the rear. The room was in order—nothing had been disturbed. Well, he would sound the alarm and let the neighbors know what a dastardly thing had been done. Hatless and dazed, Henry Watson rushed off to notify the people of the neighborhood; but at the door he was frozen with a new terror.

The yard was filling with a crowd of

excited men and boys, and the flowers which Martha Watson's busy hands had tended were being trampled under ruthless feet.

"They've murdered her," he said in a helpless way, feeling that something ought to be said.

There was an ominous silence, and then it was Mr. Peterson who spoke: "Yes, you're about right; they've murdered her."

Instantly the crowd broke into an angry hum of voices. Mr. Peterson stepped to Henry Watson's side on the small porch.

"Let us hear what he has to say for himself, men," he shouted, and the fierce voices sank to whispers.

"Henry Watson, tell us what you know of the murder that's been done—the murder of your stepmother, Mrs. Watson."

"Before God, I don't know anything about it. I have just found her dead."

"Let him account for his sudden presence here, when he has n't been near the house before for months," called out a voice from the crowd.

All listened intently for the halting answer.

"Mother sent for me to come. Bob Jones brought word when I was up the river. He said she was making herself sick because I did n't come home, and that the lawsuit need n't make any difference. I got here about two this morning, and then I went up to my room without knocking, so as not to disturb her. She never has locked up this part of the house."

The men laughed jeeringly. "Let him account for what he said in Bill James's saloon—that if the courts gave the farm to Mrs. Watson, the Indians would see that justice was done, even if it took a bullet or two."

The wretched man groaned aloud. "A fellow ain't accountable for what he says when he's drunk," he said hoarsely.

A burly Swede now stepped forward. "No use to talk any more. He killed Mrs. Watson, and we will kill him."

A dozen horny hands reached forward to drag Watson from the porch. He offered no resistance to their brute strength, but moved on passively with the crowd to a thicket of crab-apple-trees behind the house. The trees had been his father's pride.



The stubborn endurance of his class came to his assistance, and by no word or look after the first shock was over did he betray any interest in the proceedings. A short rope was thrown over a limb, and the end of the rope placed about Henry Watson's neck.

"Now, if you have any getting ready to do, get ready," said Mr. Peterson, solemnly.

Henry remembered a lynching in which his father had been a ringleader, where the condemned man had had no time even for a whispered prayer, and he felt that he ought to be grateful.

"I'm ready when you are," he said shortly; "but some time you'll find out that I am innocent."

Just then a wild figure broke through the grove of apple-trees and fought its way to Henry's side. The streaming hair and tattered gown betrayed the owner's sex, but in the hoarse voice there was no resemblance to anything womanly. The silence of death came over the crowd, for the woman was Jennie, Henry's Indian mother.

"What for do you hang my boy?"

she demanded fiercely. "I killed that woman in there," pointing scornfully toward the house. "Here is the knife." And she drew from the folds of her dress a blood-stained knife. With incredible swiftness, she drew the rope over Henry's head and placed it around her own. "Now!"

For a moment no one spoke; then a faint-hearted rancher on the outskirts of the crowd coughed uneasily and said something about going home, but no one moved.

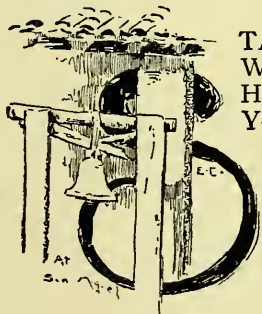
"What made you kill Mrs. Watson?" asked the stern voice of Mr. Peterson.

"I have let her go too long. She got my husband, and then my boy, and now the courts give her everything! Kiss me, Henry, just once. You've kissed her lots."

Henry bent and kissed the face of the Indian woman. A deep joy of mother-love transformed the wild eyes into something beautiful to look upon. She motioned the men to do their work quickly, and Henry was pushed to one side, his presence no longer necessary.

## MISSION BELLS

### I



TANDING in an orchard-skirted lane,  
Willow-bowered by branches gnarled and old,  
Here at dawn I watch the darkness wane, —  
Yonder swings a gate on hinge of gold!

Hark!

Matin bells in rose-wreathed San José  
Calling to their western sister-chime:  
"Peal, O peal for birth of crimson day;  
Peal for morn in all its dewy prime!"

### II

Once again I walk the ancient path,  
Willow-bowered by branches gnarled and old,  
Here at eve I watch the aftermath,  
All its glory suddenly outrolled!

Hark!

Vesper bells in Santa Clara's towers  
Calling to the bells of San José:  
"Toll, O toll for sunset's dying hours,  
Toll for purple passing of the day!"

*Clarence Urmey.*

# TRAINING OF TEACHERS

By THOMAS J. KIRK

STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

NO ONE denies the importance of having trained teachers for our schools. The only question is how best to obtain them. Californians have been generous and enthusiastic in support of the public schools. Teachers are paid good wages, schools are maintained for a comparatively long term each school year, liberal provisions are made for teachers' institutes and libraries, and normal schools are provided for the free and efficient instruction of would-be teachers. The result is that our teachers are among the finest in the Republic, and our schools take rank with the best.

The teachers' institute has been an important factor in bringing our schools and teachers to their high standing. Teachers have gathered new inspiration year by year and have gone back to their work refreshed, determined to labor more earnestly and to study their work more faithfully. It is perhaps due to aspirations awakened at these institutes that teachers are asking for better opportunities for self-improvement. There is a general desire among the teachers of the State to know more about their work and the subjects which they must teach. Some enter our normals; some the universities; some make long journeys at considerable expense to attend vacation schools; while others, unable to spend the time or the money, endeavor to study at home. It is with the hope of meeting this want that I suggest the substitution of the summer normal for the county institute.

There are over seventy-four hundred teachers now employed in this State, of whom less than thirty per cent have had professional training. It is necessary, therefore, to provide for training teachers after they engage in teaching.

I believe that the following statements will be readily admitted:—

First. Every teacher ought to be professionally equipped for her work. Certain foundation principles underlie the education of the child. These have been wrought out and carefully stated by able and faith-

ful men and women after long study. For a teacher to be ignorant and remain ignorant of these principles is an injustice to the child which she attempts to teach. Certain methods have proved very helpful in education. The bad effects of mistakes on the child mind are too serious for the teacher to undertake to experiment and discover methods wholly for herself. New methods are being continually introduced, some good, some bad. For the teacher to be ignorant of the one or deceived by the other is a great wrong to the child.

Second. Teachers who have had professional training need to have their stock of knowledge renewed from time to time. Methods studied theoretically need to be tested by experience. A review of these methods after actual schoolroom tests will give to them a broader and deeper meaning. A month spent in school as a student will enable the teacher to realize that she has a mind yet susceptible of development, that the educational world is still wrestling with educational problems, and that if she would keep abreast of the times she must be an investigator and a thinker.

Third. Many persons enter upon professions as a means of self-support, and without considering their fitness or liking for the work. They remain in the calling because it is easier to remain than to change. Such persons frequently obtain certificates and teach when they cannot get other lucrative employment, and return to teaching when other employment fails. They are always careful to keep their certificates renewed. While it is not desirable that teachers be required to pass frequent examinations, I submit that it would be wise policy to make the continuance or renewal of a teacher's certificate contingent upon successful continuous professional work. The teacher who is not willing and determined to keep abreast of the profession ought to be dropped.

Fourth. Since the State assumes a stewardship over the education of the child, it is its imperative duty to provide for the proper training of those to whom she in-



trusts this education, and to see that each teacher avails herself of the opportunities offered.

The teachers' summer training-school seems to be the most practical means of reaching the teacher at work. Ten or more such schools conducted in various portions of the State during each vacation season would be of incalculable value. The instructors for such schools should be licensed, appointed, and paid, by the State. They should be persons of scholarly attainments, yet who have had much experience in the common schools. These schools should not be places for theorizing and speculating, but their time should be devoted to the impartation of knowledge, to the presentation of tried and accepted methods and principles of teaching, and to the mental development of the teacher. A school should pursue one subject or related group of subjects each season, another the next, and so on, until through a series of years there shall have been a systematic study and training in all the subjects of the common-school curriculum. Different groups of subjects should be taken up in different schools in the same season, and the teacher should be free to attend the school which best suits her wants. It is not necessary that all these vacation schools should be in session at the same time. The same set of instructors might conduct three or more schools in as many different places during a single vacation season, and the same student might attend two or more different schools. Attendance should be made obligatory on teachers who have not had a course of professional training in some school of recognized standing. They should be required to attend until they have completed a prescribed course, when they should receive a certificate which would entitle them to take rank as professional teachers. Professional teachers should be required to attend at least one session every four years. The renewal of certificates and the granting of certificates on credentials should be made contingent on compliance with the above requirements.

It may be objected that the maintenance of these summer schools will be a great expense to the State. It will not be so expensive as to have our children taught by unskilled teachers. Money spent in rendering our teachers more efficient is

wise economy. The institutes in the various counties as at present conducted cost the State \$12,000 a year for incidental expenses. This added to the salaries of teachers while in attendance makes a total of over \$150,000, enough to conduct a five-week summer training-school in every county in the State.

It may be further objected that the abandonment of the county institute will deprive the county superintendent of a valuable means of keeping in touch with his teachers. In many of the more populous counties the institutes must now be conducted much like conventions and in departments, so that the superintendent has little time or opportunity for conference with individuals. A system of local gatherings would be more valuable to the superintendent in learning the wants and desires of his teachers, and afford him better opportunities for aiding them in their work. The time is near when the county superintendent must indeed superintend, and a deputy in all counties be provided to attend to the office work.

Our State University and our State Normal Schools, especially those at San José and Los Angeles, may soon be expected to enter upon regular work during the entire year. Continuous sessions are now being favorably considered by the regents and faculties of all these State institutions. Many teachers will then pursue regular courses during their vacations, and in time become regular graduates. To such persons methods and principles will have different meanings from what they have to the students who have never taught. The experience of continuous session in the University of Chicago and in the State Normal Schools of Minnesota has been highly gratifying. I am confident many teachers will rejoice when it becomes possible for them to pursue regular normal or university work during their vacation periods, and I predict that such institutions as open their doors the year round will be rewarded by the enrollment of the most desirable class of students during the summer season. This new departure in our State University and Normal Schools may so fully meet the demands of our teachers for higher scholastic attainments and greater professional skill as to render the establishment of many summer training-schools unnecessary.

## "SWEET EVALINA"

By ELWYN IRVING HOFFMAN

“WAY down in the valley  
Where the lily first blows,  
And the wind from the mountain  
Ruffles the rose,  
Dwells dear Evalina,  
The fond little dove,  
The belle of the valley,  
The girl that I love!”

It was Clark, coming from the cow-corral with a bucket of milk, and singing as he came. He had just finished his nightly “wrassle,” as he termed it, with “Sofy,” a vicious bovine who generally kicked the milk out of the bucket and the daylights out of Clark twice a day—“in the morning, O so early,” and the evening, O so late! On this particular occasion, however, Sofy had been quite well-behaved, and Clark had escaped with a whole hide and a whole bucket of milk; hence the joyous voice that soared up through the purple twilight of the autumn evening and warned me of my host’s return. I had been sitting for a half an hour on Clark’s front porch, while Clark did up his chores,—smoking my pipe in bachelor meditation, with my eyes scanning the brown hills that stretched away and away, like a dark ocean; or resting musingly on the few faint star-buds that were slowly bursting into bloom in the distant sky.

“You may just as well save yourselves all that trouble, you stars,” I had said, “for the moon will be up in an hour or so, and when she comes you’ll have to put on your hats and go home.”

But the stars would n’t listen to me, and kept steadily at work unfolding their golden petals, until, by the time Clark had put away the milk and joined me on the porch, all of them were winking and blinking and glimmering and gleaming, like so many little bright camp-fires.

The night was sultry,—indeed, it was *very* sultry. There was no wind abroad,—none at all. The blue smoke of the autumn had drifted in over the hills, and the air was surcharged with heat of a most depressive kind. It was so oppressive that I turned to Clark, when he came out dragging his chair behind him, as one flies to the oases on a desert.

“Clark, for heaven’s sake, sing me a song, tell me a story, or dance me a cat-schottische! It’s getting mighty ‘monopolously’ here.”

Clark laughed. “I like it. I jest like to set out here on these warm autumn evenings an’ look away over the hills, an’ watch the stars, an’ think o’ things.”

A silence. Then slowly: “Seems as if a feller can think o’ things better in the dusk like this, when everything is shadowy,—same as a feller can talk better to his girl when the light’s out.”

“Clark,” I said, “did you ever have a girl?”

“Sure!”

“Well, suppose you tell me about her.”

Clark was leaning forward in his chair, lighting his pipe, and as the match flared up I scanned his face closely. It was a very sober face, I thought. “Maybe I’ve touched on a tender spot,” I said to myself.

“I beg your pardon, Clark,” I said hastily, “if you’d rather not speak of it; you know I did n’t think when I spoke. Let’s talk of something else.”

Clark laughed reassuringly. “O, that’s all O K,” he said; “it happened a long time ago, an’ don’t hurt me none now. A feller gits over things like that, you know, an’ I’d jest as soon tell you about her as not; only, there ain’t nothin’ to tell.”

He smoked on in silence for a while, tipping backward and forward in his chair, his pipe-bowl glaring faintly in the dark at regular intervals, which showed that if he felt any emotion it did not interfere with his lungs.

“You know that ol’ song of ‘Evalina,’ don’t you? I was a-singin’ it when I came from the corral. Well, her name was Evalina, jest like it is in the song, an’ she lives ‘way down in th’ valley,’ too. I won’t say jest where, or you’d know her, mebbe; but I’ll tell you that much. I never sing that song, or hear it sung, but I think of her. Funny, how songs will recall places to a feller’s mind! Well, to git down to steady pullin’,—it began when Eva and me was goin’ to school. She



uster come up to school on a little gray pony, and as I was the biggest boy there and she the oldest girl, we kind of hobnobbed together. I was always there first to build the fire for the teacher; and I generally unsaddled her pony for her of a mornin', an' watered it at noon, and got it ready for her again at night. Sometimes I went with her down the road a ways, talkin' to her, for I was livin' close to the school-house then, and it was on my way home. What did she look like? O, she was n't no great beauty,—a sort of a little round dumplin' of a girl, with clear gray eyes, and—and—I think her hair was light, though I ain't sure. But she was smart an' good-natured, an' I got so I fairly worshipped her."

Clark sighed—for I distinctly heard it.

"I sometimes wish I was back there again—in that ol' schoolhouse on the hill—gatherin' pine-nuts for the girls, or riding Eva's pony to water down at the crick."

A coyote was yap-yaping somewhere away over the shadowy hills; an owl hooted from the depths of the ravine below the house; a drowsy tinkle from the direction of the barn told where "Sofy" was dreamily chewing her cud; while a sleepy murmur located the little stream of water that flows by Clark's bachelor home. As Clark smoked on in silence, dreaming of his school-days, I listened to these mellow night-sounds, my own thoughts as far away as the twinkling stars. Presently, the pines around the house began to sigh and tremble, as if they were whispering something to each other, and a light breath of cool wind fanned our cheeks.

"Ah," said Clark, "the moon-wind is comin',—her Majesty'll soon be on deck now." Then, in a different tone: "Now, about 'Sweet Evalina.' When I left school we was lovers, an' Eva had promised to marry me as soon as I could git a place of my own to live on. We made it all up the last day of school, when I was takin' my books home for good. I worked for a feller over in Penn Valley till I got some money ahead, an' then I came over here an' took up this ranch and built a house. After a while I got some horses an' cows an' chickens, an' had a pretty good start of a ranch. I'd been goin' to see Eva every Sunday, and we uster go to dances,

and other things, together. Eva's old man seemed to like me pretty well, but her ma did n't, though she did n't say nothin'. Well, one day a family came up here from somewhere down towards Marysville, an' settled near Eva's father's place. There was the old woman, one girl, an' four or five boys. The ol' lady smoked a pipe an' went barefoot, an' the whole crowd was lazy an' good-fer-nothin'. All the boys drank,—gettin' full every time they went to Grass Valley or Nevada, an' whoopin' things up jest like ol' Scar-Faced Dick. The youngest one, Bert, was about my age, an' pritty soon he got to goin' to see Eva. Eva's dad told her what kind of a feller he was, an' said she should n't marry him; but her ma kind of took to him, and as she ruled that particular ranch, Bert got the first show. Funny how a girl's mother'll do things like that, ain't it? They'll claim to be mighty ambitious for her, an' then they'll marry her off to some scalawag that ain't worth the powder to blow him to Halifax, or any other place beginning with H. I s'pose if Eva'd had lots of grit, like those heroines yo' read of in books, she'd have done different; but her ma kept ding-donging at her about Bert till Eva got to half believe she liked him. Well, the upshot of the whole matter was that one Sunday evenin' when I rode down to see her, she told me she was goin' to marry Bert. She was standin' at the front gate when I rode up, an' I never got off my horse. When she told me what she had to say, I said: 'All right, Eva; good-by,' and turned my horse around; but she called me back, an' came out an' stood by my horse braidin' its mane. She must have braided it pritty tight, fer it stayed that way fer months. She wanted to know if I was mad. I told her no. If she did n't care enough fer me to marry me, an' did care enough fer Bert, it was all right as it was, though I did n't think she'd be happy with him. I told her that I'd loved her ever since she was a little girl, an' had worked hard fer her fer over six years, an' had jest got a little home fer her.

"'But, Eva,' says I, 'if you love Bert mor'n you do me, why that settles it.'"

"She did n't say anything, an' I rode away, she watchin' me from the gate. I can see her face yet as she said good-by;

an' I remember the kind of night it was. The moon was risin' behind th' pines on th' hill, jest as it is now."

I had been watching the moon rise while Clark was talking. First, the sky had grown lighter and the stars had paled. Then the darkness had faded from the hills, and I could see them stretching away and away, range after range. Then a flash of moonlight touched some trees on the hill just opposite, and presently, big and yellow and serene, the moon seemed to lift itself with one mighty effort above the shaggy hill behind us. Then, when I turned, the whole world before me was bathed in mellow light, and the stars could scarcely be seen. The wind had grown fresher, and all the trees were whispering; and as I looked and listened, I heard the owl flap clumsily by on its way to some darker recess of the forest. And it was on such a poetic scene as this that Clark looked when he rode away from Eva!

"Did she marry Bert?" I asked.

"Yes; an' as you might suppose, he jest piled in on the family an' took th' ranch. The old man fairly hated him, an' finally went crazy over it an' died; an'

Eva ain't been very do'goned happy, I guess. I shouldn't think she would be anyway, for Bert turned out to be the worst of the lot. Jest the other day I met him an' two of his brothers comin' home from Grass Valley. Bert had been up with a load of hay, an' to get a load of grub, but all they brought back was three big loads of whisky. Bert an' one of the brothers was laid out, paralyzed, in the bed of the wagon, an' the other cuss was jest able to set on the seat, hold the reins, an' let the horses go."

"Well, Clark," I said, after a while, "let's sing the chorus of 'Evalina' and go to bed,—we want to go down and see that Chinaman at Rice's crossing early in the morning."

So we sang, with voices that would have charmed a coyote,—

"O, Eva-leen-ah! Swe-e-t Eva-leen-ah,  
My love for you will nev-er, nev-er di-i-e!  
Dear Eva-leen-ah! Swe-e-t Eva-leen-ah,  
My love for you will nev-er, nev-er di-i-e!"

Then we knocked the ashes out of our pipe-bowls and turned in.

## OLD HOME IN BUTTE

FROM 'neath closed eyes my loosened spirit went  
Back to the hills of Butte, to that dear scene,  
From which ambition strove my heart to wean,  
My childhood's home of beauty and content;  
A flowering vale it was, where gray pines bent  
Above the garden gay, the orchard green,  
A white-walled cottage nestled low between,  
And hedge-bound hay-fields rare wild odors sent.

Along the pebbly path I seemed to glide,  
To reach the porch o'er-hung with roses sweet,—  
When suddenly a burst of voices cried  
Of toil, of worldly triumph, wealth, and pride,—  
I woke;—whistles, bells, swift-passing feet,  
The noise and traffic of the brawling street.

*Lillian Shuey.*



# HIS STORY

## A TALE OF THE EARLY SIXTIES

By KATE T. TILDEN

THERE were not many of us in the little mountain settlement above Chico, in 1862. My uncle and I located in a pretty, wild valley where Rock Creek comes flowing down from the heights beyond, and the poppies and shooting-stars spangle the earth with gold and purple in the first glad days of spring, when Nature dons her gala-day attire, and the song-birds sing their sweetest.

Determined as we were to make our fortunes, we decided that our project of opening a mill was fully warranted by the number of families thereabouts. Twenty souls in all comprised the settlement. The Lawrences, mother, father, and three daughters, a mile below us, while half a mile above, in the cañon, the prettiest and wildest spot of all, lived the "Dagoes," as we Yankees called them in private.

Visitors to the mill exclaimed about the beauty of the spot, as they drove up the winding road and caught glimpses of the gray mill-building, neat cottages, and white-washed barns, set off by the green background broad fields of waving wheat. Those early days were happy ones,—till that hot day in July, 1862, when Belle Lawrence and her sister, riding double on their old black horse, came merrily up to our cottage, to ask the loan of our pony.

"We are bound up the cañon, berrying, and thought, perhaps, you would lend us Jack for the occasion, if you will let Artie come with us as escort."

Artie was my only boy, as bright a lad as ever grew, a little fellow of nine, who spent most of his time at his mother's side, learning his lessons, or with me in the mill. Already he could handle much of the mill machinery,—he was fast gaining the knowledge of his father's trade. But for all his old-fashioned ways, he was yet a child; the prospect of a berrying-trip up the wild glen he loved so well, with the sweet bird-sounds and mysterious whispers, made his eyes dance, and his eager "May I, father?" brought the quick response from me, "Yes; if mother has no objections."

"Mother" always was nervous, it took all our persuasive powers to win her consent. Even when won, it was with a foreboding of evil that her reluctant "Yes" came, making Artie skip with delight, as his mother put up a lunch for him.

The happy trio started off in glee,—we could hear their gay laughter and calls to the "Dagoes" as they passed the vine-wreathed shanty-home of our Spanish friends.

"I just know something dreadful is going to happen," said wife to me. "If nothing worse comes they may meet the bear. What on earth would those two girls do if they should?"

We had long been waiting for the bear which had been marauding our sheep-folds; three lambs were missing from our flock, Mr. Lawrence had lost a calf, and the "Dagoes" one after another, had been silently spirited away in the dead of night.

A hunting-party was being organized; when the moon should reach her full, vengeance was to be meted to the thief.

All day wife worried over the children up in the pretty gorge where the vines and flowers grow thick, and the gnarled live-oaks sway their great arms in the gentle breeze, inviting one to sleep restfully in their loving embrace, all day she kept gazing toward the hills, hoping to see the little cavalcade returning, laden with their spoils of luscious blackberries, which grow so plentifully among the hills, each girl decked with wild flowers, like some May Queen of the olden time.

I kept laughing at her fears. "Oh now, mother——" My words froze; there came Jack on the gallop, a small form clinging wildly to his mane, crying out some unintelligible words.

The horse stopped, trembling, at my command. With white face I lifted Artie from the saddle, blood streaming from his right hand, which hung useless at his side. He was scarcely able to speak, but we finally made out the whole cruel story from his broken words.

Some distance from him Belle and Josie were diligently gathering the berries, when they were suddenly startled by the frightened snorting of the horses. Artie raised his head in time to see Belle fall silently to the ground, shot through the heart by an arrow; before he and Josie could reach each other, a second dart laid her beside her sister. Then life returned to his terrified body. Seizing Jack, he gave the command, "Home!" and the horse, knowing well the danger, leaped forward.

Yes; Artie escaped with his life but by a hand's-breadth. As he turned for a last horrified glance at the scene, a large Indian sent a last revengeful arrow after the retreating figure, and the boy's right hand hung limp.

Many old settlers in that part of the country will remember the night that followed the cruel murder of the Lawrence girls, July 6, 1862. Late that night, our neighbors gathered with us in the stone mill. We dared not venture up the cañon after the poor girls, but a messenger had been dispatched to the village fifteen miles away, summoning aid in case of more trouble.

Suddenly in the bright light (a three-quarters moon shone in the heavens), a stealthy figure appeared, creeping around the barn. No one hesitated long, especially when two other black forms loomed into the light. Now the "bear" mystery was explained. Three shots rang out on the still night air; two dark forms leaped upward, then fell back motionless to the ground, to be replaced by others as formidable. War was on in earnest; we realized that.

Numbers were against us, but our women could handle rifles nigh as well as we could, and we were fortified in the strong stone mill. Back and forth sped bullets and arrows, the still night rang with sharp rifle-cracks and hideous war-whoops; the fair moonlight was sullied with powder-smoke.

Our time was well occupied between shooting and watching the wooden cottages of the settlement swallowed by the fires the red-coats, in their spite, had started in odd places. Of our homes, which we had built with toil and trouble, where we hoped to pass our lives in peace, nothing was left now but ashes.

Every moment the savages moved nearer, nearer our improvised fort,—only a question of time and they would burst the door. No one would contemplate the sequel.

The cries of our children lent courage to our hearts as the fight waxed hotter and our horrible fate stared us more certainly in the face. Those cries were answered by savage yells from the enemy as they charged wildly toward the mill. Faster blazed the fire from the fort. Would aid never come? Had our messenger fallen, killed by those human wolves? Two—three o'clock,—our ammunition was giving out; but now and again some red man, venturing closer than his brothers, was picked as a target by us, as men and women fired steadily from the windows. Four o'clock,—a shout fell on our strained ears that sent a prayer of heartfelt thanksgiving upward from men and women both. At last succor had arrived.

The savages gradually fell back under the fusillade from the determined villagers. A few parting shots laid low one or two of the brave men who had risked their lives for us. But a short half hour and we were saved and making preparations to leave our desolate ranches.

Only the stone mill, ivy-covered, stands beside the murmuring river, a monument to the martyrs who died in that last wild butchery in the valley; all else was destroyed long ere aid reached us. The following day a party of sturdy men, armed to the teeth, rode up the cañon in search of the two dead girls; a most thorough investigation, however, of every nook and cranny and brush-heap revealed nothing for which they searched, and with bowed heads the party sorrowfully returned to us. Painfully, gently, the news was broken to Mrs. Lawrence, who waited patiently for her loved girls' return. Thank God! she never realized the full import of the story.

You know now the reason why the dear white-haired lady with her mournful eyes goes hunting, hunting all the long days for the daughters who never come. You know the story of Artie's missing hand. Do you wonder that we avoid the valley as much as possible? The sight of it saddens us as only they are saddened who have passed through like trials.



# CAMPING IN A GOVERNMENT FOREST RESERVATION

## THE WOODLANDS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By JOHN H. BARBER

YOSEMITE all the world knows; and widely known, too, are all the more accessible portions of the great Sierra, where every summer thousands of campers from the cities and farmsteads of the plains find rest and recreation. Less known, however, are the mountain ranges of Southern California, — south of Tehachapi, as we say, — though no less are the opportunities here for adventurous travel, while the conditions met with are peculiarly interesting, and the landscape has a beauty all its own. Dense coniferous forests, like those of the Sierra Nevada, with their thousand singing streams, cannot be found here. Forests, truly there are, but of very different character, and with their growth of tall pines and firs much more sparse and scattered. Streams, too, abound; but the greater part of them are mere intermittent torrents overfed by the winter rains and then discharging their swollen waters incontinently upon the lowlands, but during the long, dry summer vanishing into the depths of the earth, leaving as melancholy mementoes of their brief, turbulent existence, the arid, desolate "washes" which often mar the face of the fairest vales of Southern California. Or it may be, as in some cases, the streams are not at fault, but have merely yielded themselves to the exigencies of civilization, being tapped in the cañons near their headwaters and diverted into the flumes and reservoirs of the irrigation works upon which the welfare of our far-famed orange and lemon groves is vitally dependent.

Closely connected alike with the intermittency of the streams, and with the control of the water supply by artificial means, is the matter of forest reserves. Though it remains still an open question whether the presence of woodlands does or does not increase the amount of rainfall, it is, nevertheless, an established fact that forest-cover on mountain slopes aids very materially in its conservation. The trees, underbrush,

and herbage, retard the flow of the fallen water over the surface of the ground; the accumulated leaf-mold absorbs it like a sponge; the roots assist it to percolate through the soil, and the shade of heavy foliage protects it from evaporation. Thus the rain-water passes very rapidly into the soil, where, safe from evaporation, it gradually feeds the springs, the gentle but continuous flow of which secures a comparatively uniform supply of water the year round. How different is the case where the forest-cover has been burned off or otherwise removed. There the bulk of the precious fluid, as fast as it falls, flows rapidly down the naked slopes, swells the streams for the time to raging torrents, and is borne off in flood, perhaps devastating the lowlands on its way, to be lost in the ocean.

All who have occasion to ponder these facts are led inevitably to the conclusion that the preservation, and, if need be, restoration, of the forest-cover of the areas surrounding water-sources is essential to the continued welfare of the sections dependent on those sources. So is it matter of congratulation that an enlightened policy on the part of our Government has led to the establishment of forest reserves covering important watersheds in many parts of this country, even though that policy has not yet extended to the very necessary step of patrolling the reservations, to say nothing of the application to them of a rational system of forest control and management.<sup>1</sup>

There are four such reservations in Southern California. Three of them occupy a practically continuous belt of country covering the main mountain chain composed of the Sierra Madre, San Bernardino, and San Jacinto Mountains, and including within their limits the highest peaks in this part of the State. These reserves are all

<sup>1</sup> An exception to this statement will be noted by those who have read Captain Lockwood's article on "Uncle Sam's Troopers in the National Parks of California," in the April OVERLAND.—ED.

of recent establishment. The San Gabriel, the most westerly, with an area of about nine hundred square miles, or over half a million acres, was set aside by President Harrison in 1892; while the San Bernardino and San Jacinto reservations, each with an area of eleven hundred and fifty square miles, or nearly three-quarters of a million acres, were established by President Cleveland in 1893 and 1897, respectively, the setting aside of the latter being one of the latest of his official acts. It will be seen that these reserves extend through Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and Riverside counties and into San Diego County, thus protecting the water-sources upon which all the important citrus districts of this part of the State depend for their irrigation water. In fact, the importance of these forest reserves to the citrus industry can scarcely be overestimated. The fourth reservation is the smallest of all, and indeed is but a tiny domain compared with the others. It occupies Trabuco Cañon and the adjacent slopes on the border-line of Orange and Riverside counties, and its area is only about seventy-five square miles.

An enthusiastic interest in all forestry matters engendered in the writer a desire to spend some time in one of these reservations. For various reasons, chiefly of convenience, the San Gabriel reservation was chosen, and thitherward, with light wagon and camping outfit, he and the best of comrades set out one bright June day. Our immediate destination was Mount Gleason, a fine peak in the western portion of that reservation and a few miles from the mountain town of Acton, Los Angeles County.

Leaving Santa Monica, our way lay through the extensive grounds of the National Soldiers' Home, along the Cahuenga foothills, then northward through the pass of that name, from the summit of which half a century ago Frémont beheld as fair a prospect as ever unrolled itself before the eyes of man. We paused a moment to enjoy it as it is to-day, — on the left, the long sweep of the San Gabriel Valley rising eastward to the lofty wall of the Sierra, and to the southward losing itself in misty distances; on the right, one long stretch of golden grain-fields rolling away westward to the far blue

line of the Pacific. A final glance at that blue sea-line, which we were not to behold again until we should descry it afar from the summit of the Sierra, then we turned our faces inland and descended the pass to the San Fernando Valley, with its curious contrasts of fruitful orchard and barren waste. Crossing this, visiting the Mission on our way, we climbed laboriously the steep divide pierced by perhaps the longest railroad tunnel in the State.

Here we left behind the country of the sycamores, and invaded the land of the cottonwoods. By the roadside, in corners of the fields, shading the dooryards at Newhall, everywhere they met the eye, their fresh green foliage trembling to the slightest air, beckoning the tired wayfarer from the hot, glaring, dusty road to shady depths of coolness and repose. We saw them often in the long defile of the Soledad Pass, from the homesteads embosomed in them, in fertile nooks of the lower Soledad, to the pastoral surroundings of the old paper-mill near Acton.

Several days we loitered in the Soledad, delighting in its silences and loneliness; for though it is the highway from the populous valleys of the southern counties to the broad plains of the great central valley, there is little enough travel through it nowadays, except upon the railroad. Save for that thin bright streak of metal, and the occasional reverberating scream and rumble of the passing train, one might well imagine himself back in the days when Vasquez haunted the Soledad and ruthlessly levied tribute on the miners who passed down that way with gold toil-won from the desert or from the mountain fastnesses. A ruined cabin in the narrow gorge above Lang Station might be the very place where "Old Tex," after the capture of Vasquez, made his dramatic but unsuccessful attempt to take Chaves, the lieutenant of the band. Well named, indeed, is El Cañon de la Soledad, and in its still recesses, sleeps Nature rarely beautiful, like the princess of the tale, awaiting him who comes a-wooing her.

Rambling on up the pass, we arrived at the little mountain town of Acton, twenty-six hundred feet above sea-level, and some eight or ten miles from the summit of our mountain goal. Acton lies in the midst of mountains rich in auriferous rocks, and





An Acton Bee-Ranch on a Mountain Covered with White Sage

many are the gold-mines in its vicinity. The air at these altitudes is like a good champagne, clear, dry, and wonderfully invigorating, the locality at the same time being sheltered from the distressing winds which sweep the Antelope Valley farther north. Naturally the neighborhood has become to some extent a resort for invalids. The mountains immediately surrounding the town, and extending back to the north and west, are bare of large timber, but plentifully dotted with junipers and covered with sagebrush, which affords excellent pasturage for innumerable colonies of industrious bees, this being one of the best honey-producing districts in the State. To the south and east, however, lie the loftier, forest-covered peaks of the Sierra Madre, and thither, after replenishing our stores of necessities, we turned.

Back a mile or two along the "wash" of the Santa Clara, and then up a long, narrow, winding cañon lies the road into the Forest Reserve. Below, to the right, amid most picturesque surroundings stands the old paper-mill, its immense water-wheel hanging idle, though for no lack of grist, for the yuccas which it was intended to turn into paper still flourish as nothing else can in the desert just beyond. Up the cañon we went until the road ended

abruptly at a little mountain ranch,— a few dozen apple-trees knee-deep in purple-blossomed alfalfa, and a tiny cabin of pine shakes which seemed a mere incident to a huge stone chimney. The owner, an old bachelor miner, met us with the characteristic greeting that we were "welcome as water." We camped over night under the inevitable cottonwood hard by his cabin, and by the camp-fire he told us many stories of stirring times on the Tuolumne, and of lonely prospecting trips among the mountains of the south. In the morning he directed us to the Gleason trail, and leaving horse and wagon with our hospitable host, we packed our outfit up the mountain. Long and toilsome was the climb, the trail but a miner's pack-trail "brushed out" through the yuccas, greasewood, lilac, and wry-limbed manzanita, on the mountain-side, and in places precariously built up with brush and granite chips across the face of a precipice, where a single slip might mean a sheer fall of several hundred feet to the tops of the oaks below.

On the ascent, the view widens rapidly to the north, where beyond the intervening ridges lies the level expanse of the Antelope Valley with the Tehachapi range blue in the distance, but not until the summit

is reached does one appreciate the magnitude of the outlook from these heights. Southward, peak after peak in endless variety of form and coloring; north and east the shimmering expanse of the Mojave Desert lost in the luminous haze of a summer's day; westward, the sinuous length of the Soledad, with its shining river thread and the quaint shapes weatherworn on its clayey ridges, then fold upon fold of mountain and valley, one noble dome rising majestic over all, and far away on the very bound of vision the dim gray line where sky and ocean meet.

In a hollow commanding the eastern outlook beneath the shade of tall pines, we made the camp which was our abiding-

ing off precipitously to the south and east, but to the north and west sloping more or less gradually into narrow cañons, most of which debouch into the great Soledad Cañon, their waters feeding the upper reaches of the Santa Clara River. On this magnificent site Nature untrammelled has played the landscape architect with a free and lavish hand, but withal a touch as true and delicate as bold. The main feature, of course, is the forest growth. The tall pines and cedars are seldom closely crowded together, but stand for the most part somewhat aloof from each other, now in lordly groups, now in stately aisles, affording vistas of magnificent distance, and again apart, crowning some prominent



Acton—From the Schoolhouse

place from nightfall till the level rays of the morning sun struck again across the desert, firing to amethyst the cold gray of the morning mists and flooding all the plains with glory. The days were spent in exploring the neighboring slopes and cañons, botanizing, hunting, or simply idling and musing to the melody of the wind among the pines. In the forest mere existence is oftentimes sheer happiness compared with which the pleasures of the city are as the tinkling of a mandolin to the full diapason of an organ.

The top of Mount Gleason is a natural park many hundred acres in extent. In configuration it is a rolling plateau break-

point in solitary majesty. Scattered all through them are conifers of the younger generations, of all ages and sizes, from the seedlings a foot or two in height to the lusty young giants almost rivaling their sires; while here and there in impressive contrast appears the leafless trunk of some hoary veteran, palsied with age, but still erect, defying the elements. Here and there, too, are the prostrate forms of giants ripe with years, fallen to decay. Mingled with the conifers are oaks and other smaller trees, diversifying the landscape with their variety of foliage and habit. Beneath all is a sward of grasses and other low herbage, springy to the foot as turf and spangled





Gold-Mill on Mount Gleason

with innumerable flowers. Where the gullies break steeply out of the mountain's flanks stand the serried ranks of the big-coned Douglas spruce, extending down into the cañons, marshaled in brave array like the columns of a kingly pageant, while occasionally among them towers the noble form of a stately sugar-pine, a royal herald with outstretched arms dispensing largess.

Near the head of a long gully, convenient to a perennial spring of clear, cold mountain water, stands a typical miner's cabin built of pine slabs, rough-hewn from the log, nailed to timbers similarly wrought,

with roof of split pine "shakes." The door, the shutters of the unglazed windows, and the furnishings within,—table, chairs, bunks, and shelves,—are alike of rough-hewn pine. The only other material used in the construction is the rock of which the massive stone buttress of a fireplace is built. The spring behind the cabin is not the only one on the mountain-top. There are several at different points, decked about, even in July, with scarlet mimulus, tall ferns, airy columbines, and other moisture-loving plants. A few yards from the cabin door the end of a rude ladder projecting



An Outdoor Gold-Mill, Mount Gleason

above a platform of rough planks, reveals the shaft of a gold-mine, and nearer the spring, dug out on the side-hill, is the level, stone-paved floor of a rude arrastre, with its dump-heap of tailings below. Of such mines, or rather prospects more or less worked, there are five or six on this summit alone, and indeed all the mountains in this part of the reservation are dotted with mining-claims located before the reservation was established. The adjustment of

gerous, because more insidious, enemy is the scorpion, which occurs occasionally in dry sandy creek-bottoms, and is likely to crawl unobserved into clothing or bedding. One grows quite attached to the little horned toad, common in these wilds. Judged by some standards, he is not a beauty, but it cannot be denied that he has many good points about him. Birds, in the summer-time at least, one looks for in vain. Excepting the game-birds men-



Paper-Mill near Acton

the various rights involved promises an interesting task for the Department of the Interior.

There is good hunting in the reservations, both of small and large game. Quail, doves, and fat gray pine-squirrels, abound upon the heights, and the chaparral of the lower slopes and the cañon is full of rabbits, both jacks and cottontails. Deer may be had for the stalking, and he who knows where to look for bear is rarely disappointed, though Bruin's range becomes more restricted every year. Rattlesnakes must be looked out for, though they are less common on the upper slopes than in the cañons, and even here I have gone for weeks without seeing one. A more dan-

tioned and the ubiquitous jay, there are none to be seen.

Much might be said of the condition of the timber in the reserves, as typified in this locality, of possible means for its conservation and regulated use, and of the problems of afforestation, and of silviculture generally, which are involved in the proper management of the reserves. These, however, are considerations for the specialist rather than for the general reader, and they apply with equal force, though in differing degree, to the whole of our national forest domain. The especial significance of the southern reservations of California lies in the fact that certain conditions, which in the absence of a rational system of forest





Big Trees on Mount Gleason

control must eventually prevail in all our forest regions, are here intensified, so that one gets a plainer view of them and can see, so to speak, the very bones of the situation. No observant and thoughtful person can journey through the valleys of Southern California without being impressed by the enormous and rapidly increasing acreage dependent upon irrigation for the maturing of crops. He must remark also the extent of arid "wash" lands from which the fertility has been swept by unbridled winter floods. If, in addition, he continues his journey into the mountains and notes there the fire-swept

slopes, wholly or partially denuded of vegetation, which often finds great difficulty in re-establishing itself unaided, he cannot help realizing that, irrespective of the important question of future timber supplies, there is here urgent need for the adoption of a thorough, far-reaching, and effective forest policy. Happily the great watersheds here are now preserved from the dangers incident to private ownership, and the way is clear for governmental work in the right direction. May the time soon come when our wise men of the West shall appreciate fully the economic importance of such work and insist upon due provision for it!





The Rose Porch

## COLLEGE LIFE AT MILLS

By FRANCES SMITH

**H**ERBERT SPENCER, in his essay on education, draws an interesting comparison between a boys' and a girls' school, in the respect of physical education in each, and concludes his observations with these words upon the "Establishment for Young Ladies!"

During five months we have not once had our attention drawn to the premises by a shout or a laugh. Occasionally girls may be observed sauntering along the paths with their lesson-books in their hands, or else walking arm-in-arm. Once, indeed, we saw one chase another round the garden; but with this exception, nothing like vigorous exertion has been visible.

The above was written presumably of an English school for young ladies about the

year 1860. Whether such schools have changed since then, we are not concerned to inquire, but it is by no means a true picture of the life of the American college girl of to-day. If, perhaps, earlier in the century the idea obtained, that a woman's collegé meant "all work and no play," and exercise was rigidly taken as a part of the work, the end of the century brings a better plan, which is, to forget the idea of exercise, in the pleasure derived from it; to make duty and inclination so inseparable, that the bright face of the one hides the sterner lineaments of the other, for the time being; and to see that healthy, adaptive play has a recognized, acknowledged place in the routine of college life.





The Live Oaks

Mills College, situated so far from the "madding crowd," that the students giving their college yell at the top of their voices disturb no one, and yet so near to San Francisco, that the echoes of the city are distinctly heard, has a college life peculiarly its own. There is so much opportunity for outdoor life that the students take advantage of it in every way. Two tennis-courts offer good grounds for private practice, to defeat rival champions at public triumphs, and the young ladies play with a

its summons, the students gather round to cheer their favorite players, or encourage a weak member; and after a particularly good score, assure each other that the white and gold of the Mills team are sure to be the winning colors in the next inter-collegiate contest. Bicycling is in great favor, and the hard, well-sprinkled roads witness many of the students sprinting along on their level course.

And always there are the beautiful grounds, the miles of wooded paths, the old



The Physical Laboratory

grace and skill that only continued outdoor exercise gives.

Then there are pedestrian clubs, and the cherry-orchards of Haywards, the meadows of San Lorenzo, the slopes of Moraga Valley, Joaquin Miller's picturesque home, and the inevitable deserted gold-mine of all California scenery, are each visited in their turn, by Treadwell Clubs, or Straight-forward Walkers. Basket-ball is a favorite recreation — and when the bugle-call of the club sounds for practice, as the team obeys

oaks, the lake, the tangled snarl of the wild blackberry bushes winding adown the bank, the dank corners where the maidenhair fern hides; then billowing against the dark evergreen, the soft bloom-foam of the orchards, or the riotous beauty of the poppy-fields, all combine to make outdoor life a strong, health-giving reality, in this woman's college of the West.

The social life of the college impresses itself strongly on the students. Receptions are given by the juniors to the seniors, or





The Basket-Ball Team

by the sophomore class to the entering freshmen, and the girls are as particular about their attire as if it were their début; their escorts are as studiously polite as the most exacting young lady could wish. They see that their partner's card is filled for the dances, that she is served with refreshments, and at the close of the evening's festivities, they attend her home with many a lingering good-night.

The favorite recreation hall at the college is "The Gym," as the gymnasium is popularly called. Each Friday evening is set apart for recreation, and then the students learn "there is a time to dance," and do so to their hearts' content. But, on special occasions, the old "Gym" is transformed. Private boxes appear at the side as if by magic, orchestra-chairs occupy a front place, and even to the doors the house is filled with a sympathetic audience. Sometimes it is a gay operetta written by the students, '99 having given a very pretty one. Again it is a Greek play by the seniors, or a Latin one by the less ambitious sophomores. Woods, flowers, and vines, make it a forest of Arden, on

occasions, when the Mu Sigma Sigma, the college fraternity, entertains its guests; for the obliging old "Gym" lends itself to many uses. Then there are individual teas and receptions, class-teas and afternoons at-home, thus giving a charming social life to the students, the conventionalities of which they observe with minutest care.

On Washington's Birthday a visitor at Mills College would think "ye ancient colonial dames" had assembled to welcome him. Madam Randolph of Virginia, stiff and stately, assists Mrs. Washington in receiving the guests. Pretty Dolly Madison is yonder, talking with Elizabeth, the Quaker spouse of "the first great American," and others cluster round to listen to her vivacious wit.

Admission Day, September 9th, is always kept; the year's work has begun, the athletic teams, or clubs, have been organized, and it is a good time for the inauguration of college hospitalities, a good time to say, "We are organized for our year's work and recreation; let us give a thought to the social life among us."



Nathaniel Gray Hall

Then, when the year is almost closed, when the bustle of commencement is already heard and the shadows of parting already falling, Founder's Day comes, and the Alumnæ gather from far and near to be at their college home on May 4th. There is a special parlor in the Nathaniel Gray Hall where the Alumnæ hold their meetings, transact their business, and welcome the seniors to their midst. After luncheon, the "old girls" scatter, and wander at will over the college, note the changes, the improvements, and wish, mayhap, that they were at school again. Here is a group in the Art-Room, where the faces of Murillo's, Correggio's, and Raphael's Madonnas look down with their undying inspiration of love. There is a knot of Alumnæ in the French Room, finding familiar places in the views from Paris which adorn its walls. Yonder is a cluster of those to whom the Parthenon, the Temple of Theseus, the Castle of San Angelo, are sacred spots, and they walk up and down, seeing everywhere beautiful pictures to add to those on "Memory's walls." For pictures, good pictures, are hung in hall and room, and the Alumnæ greet the old with fond remembrance and welcome the new to honored companionship. In the Faculty Room some are looking at the

curriculum and noting the development of the literary life of the college. They are feeling that under this social charm, these athletic sports, is a strong, throbbing current of vigorous intellectual life which buoys and supports these as the ocean bears the white ships upon its bosom.

As they pass into the library and meet a group of college girls in cap and gown, who are diligently reading for themes, or studying for discussions, they catch a glimpse of the undercurrent of that trained thought which realizes that acquirement of every kind has a value

"both as knowledge and discipline." There are enough elective courses to enable the student not only to take those branches necessary to discipline the mind to accurate observation, close thinking, careful deductions, which are necessary for a good foundation, but on the completion of these, to follow special pursuits, for the fuller knowledge of favorite subjects.

Founder's Day at Mills! The old haunts are revisited, the old paths retrod, old friendships renewed, old faces remembered, the old school life is linked to the new, and the spirit of loyalty and love to Mills of its Alumnæ grows stronger each year, as the "girls come home."

In the years to come, when this pioneer woman's college of the Pacific Coast shall have developed into all that its youth promises, when generous endowment of its chairs shall have led to the highest success, when Mills College, fully equipped, shall be the greatest woman's college in the United States, her students, her Alumnæ, inspired by her influence shall mount

Higher and yet more high

into the broadest fields of womanly power and influence, and their proudest boast shall be, "I am an Alumna of Mills College."





Stages of Growth—To-day

## SHALL THERE BE A WOMAN'S COLLEGE IN CALIFORNIA?

By JANE SEYMOUR KLINK

PRESIDENT MILLS ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

**I**N THE San Francisco *Chronicle* of Sunday, March 26th, an article upon a "California College for Women" attracted my eye. The writer of this article "called attention to the fact that there exists

for a woman's college, and that there was no better place than Pasadena, and it would become under certain conditions the greatest woman's college in the United States.

This article interests me very much, both from a public and a personal point of view, and I come not to disprove what the writer says, "but here I am to speak that which I do know." There is, there has been for fifteen years, "a woman's college west of the Alleghanies,"—a college given



At Benicia in 1852

no woman's college of high grade west of the Alleghanies." Thereupon a movement was started in Pasadena to have a woman's college, and have it there. The committee has incorporated, and various amounts, from ten thousand dollars down, have been given.

President David Starr Jordan wrote, saying that he believed there was an opening for such a college on this coast, and that the time was coming when Cali-



Mills in 1871

to the State of California, its charter upon the same legislative act which incorporated Stanford, its curriculum, in the courses



Main Entrance

which it offers, parallel with those same courses at Smith, Wellesley, or Bryn-Mawr. Mills College, named for its founder, the Rev. Cyrus T. Mills, D. D., and his wife,



The Station

Susan L. Mills, is essentially both a woman's college and a State institution.

I do not quite understand the phrase

"of a high grade," coupled with the additional one which President Jordan uses, hoping that these college graduates could take graduate work at the universities. There has not been a large number of graduates from the college. In the eleven years since its first graduate received her degree there have been but few who have completed the course. But of these graduates there are students who are doing, and have done, graduate work at the State University and Stanford. Now, if there be no college of "high grade west of the Alleghanies," how is it that graduates of Mills College have been admitted to graduate work, one having received her degree of Master of Letters at the State University, another that of Master of Arts from Stanford, still others who are doing graduate work at the universities with the same end in view?

It is quite possible to understand how the mistake of the Eastern visitor has arisen. Mills College has long been known as Mills Seminary. Founded as a semi-



nary, for years it preserved the seminary outlines. But in 1885, it broadened its curriculum, and extended it to include a college course. However, partially from lack of funds, and also from lack of patronage for purely college work, the seminary was continued in connection with the college. The result is that the seminary still exists as a preparatory school, but the old name clings pre-eminent. Unfortunately there are many who are not aware that

life. Mount Holyoke, amid the greatest opposition, advanced from a seminary of the years past to a woman's college of the present, and in three years its identity as a seminary was merged in that of the college. Why? It was endowed on the one hand by princely gifts from large-hearted, public-spirited men and women; on the other, it was buoyed and sustained by the self-denial, the sacrifice, the persistent, earnest efforts of the thousands of its alumnæ,



College Hall

Mills Seminary of the past is at once Mills Seminary and College of the present, and will be the Mills College of the future.

What has prevented the more rapid college growth? Solely and simply the lack of funds—lack of dollars and cents with which to endow the chairs, that more courses of instruction may be offered than are now presented; lack of hard cash to put the college on a footing where it would not need the seminary contingent to supply with the means wherewith it must sustain

who insisted that it should be purely and entirely a college for women.

Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, — all began with preparatory or seminary departments; but they have grown out of them into colleges where the facilities for the higher education of women are most ample. And what has made the difference? Here is a college with situation and grounds that are unsurpassed in beauty. Right in the center of the sunland, with climatic advantages unequaled; near to San Francisco,



The Studio





Sage Library

with its libraries, its lectures, its music, all the advantages offered by a large city ; in touch with the universities, one of which is but a few miles distant, its professors in the strongest sympathy with it,—and yet the college grows so slowly. Just the pitiful lack of money ; the lack of endowment, sufficient to establish chairs for the professors, so that such elective courses may be given as will suit individual needs. The college needs such endowment, so that the courses offered may be broader, fuller, that there may be more professors. In short, it needs endowment for purely college work. Professor Jordan is right when he says “there is an opening for such a college on this coast.” Right in the sense that there is always an opening for a good school, as is shown by the fact that after the opening of Stanford University, the number of students at Berkeley increased largely. Let us have all the good schools we can, but when we have one already established and partially endowed,—buildings, laboratories, grounds, all complete,—and

only lacking the necessary endowment, why not strengthen it, and add to the prestige of long establishment, old-time associations,—early California institutions,—the money necessary for its endowment and its continuance, both as a reminder of the past and a monument for the future? President Jordan is right again when he says, “California will have a woman’s college which, following neither the traditions of the colleges for men nor hampered by the restrictions of annexes and co-educational schools, will be the most advanced college for women of the whole United States.” But when he says “no better location could be found than Pasadena,” it does not at all militate against the fact that another location just as good might be found elsewhere. And when this other location has been found, and its traditions and associations enshrined within the hearts of thousands of women, both of the Pacific Coast and the world, it were indeed unfortunate to establish *the* woman’s college of the Pacific Coast elsewhere.



The President's Parlor



When I read that Bryn-Mawr received a Christmas gift of one hundred thousand dollars, or that Wellesley has been given a donation of fifty thousand dollars, or that Mrs. Hearst and Miss Flood have generously given to the University of California, I am glad, heartily glad, that so much is being done for the cause of education; but at the same time, I am saddened with the thought, why are so few interested in the endowment of Mills College? Why cannot we be given large donations which we so sorely need? There is one fifty-thousand-dollar endowment, which supports one chair; we need ten more such endowments. There are fifty thousand dollars of endowments in scholarships; we need as much more,—for though, when one takes into consideration the fact that matriculation and library fees, board, washing, lights, fuel, tuition, and class-singing, are furnished for one hundred and eighty dollars for the half-year, still there are many to whom that small sum is impossible, and they should receive the aid which they need.

There is of necessity, there always will be, a distinctive note in Californian education—the note of the virile West, the note of individuality, the note of

advance, of progress. But when the conservatism of the East is blended by securing professors from Holyoke, Oxford, and Smith, to fill the chairs, the friction resulting is helpful, strengthening in the highest degree. While there is a strong feeling for co-education on the part of many, there is always the other side of the question, and there always will be found those who prefer to send their daughters to an exclusively woman's college. A course fitted for men cannot be, in all points, a course fitted for women; and so far from the universities objecting to colleges for women, they would be more than glad to see Mills College on a college basis entirely, and the number of its students catalogued far up in the hundreds.

With its advantages of climate, location, its beautiful grounds and buildings, Mills College should draw from the East as well as from the West, and properly endowed it *will* do so.

We appeal to the large-hearted men and women of the Pacific Coast for the endowment necessary to place us on a footing as broad and permanent as Bryn-Mawr, Smith, or any of the woman's colleges in the Eastern States.

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## MAN AND THE WORLD

TIME, of a vanishing cloud,  
 And a whirl of the dust that flies,  
 Fashioned a human heart, endowed  
 With light from the central skies.

'Twas cast on a furious flood  
 Of a million changeful things,  
 And fever and fear were its inmost blood,—  
 But the creature was born with wings.

His wings were a banner of flame  
 Among the stars unfurled;  
 And the light in Man, at the last, became  
 The light of the whole round world.

*Theodore C. Williams.*

# THE CRY OF A SOUL

By SAIDEE LOUISE GERARD

And let every soul  
Heed what it doth to-day, because to-morrow  
The same thing it shall find gone forward there  
To meet, and make and judge it.

*Edwin Arnold.*

THE wind shrieked and moaned through the trees. The night was dark, and there was something decidedly uncanny and unpleasant in the thought of walking three miles through the woods at midnight, with the wind and the owls making such terrible sounds.

An oath rose to the traveler's lips, but it trembled there as if afraid to fall, and he only said: "Strange they did n't meet me; I telegraphed orders plainly enough. I've got to tramp it, I suppose. This is what comes of having a 'magnificent country place,' with only a flag station within miles of it. But I can't understand this—orders were never disobeyed before. Hope I don't lose my way. By Jove! this is my first ill-luck, isn't it, and she said I would be punished. Will her words come true? Pshaw! I am not superstitious!" And he hastened on.

"Poor little girl!" he mused; "she took it rather worse, and rather differently than I expected. Most women would have cried, and reproached me; she turned white, and a look came into her eyes I can't make mine forget. I almost gave in under it. It was as though her heart had broken in two, and each half, quivering with the pain of the breaking, was confronting me through her eyes. She didn't scold me; she only pleaded with me, and when she found it useless, she said: 'You will be punished!' not as though she hoped I would, but as if it were something she would save me from. Ah, well! it had to be done. I must be free; and I was beginning to love her too much for my own good—and hers. Some fellows would have left her without saying a word. I wish I had. I'm glad it's over. She will love some one else in a week."

But at that thought a dull pain stirred in the region of the muscle that served all purposes of a heart. Suddenly he stood still. He thought he heard his name.

"I am nervous to-night," he said, and walked on.

Again he heard it—it came to him on the moaning wind, and chilled him more than the night had any power to do, for it was in the voice he had taught to grow tender when it spoke his name,—the voice he had taught to grow agonized when it spoke his name, and the look that he could not forget went before him through the darkness all the way, and that voice still called him in an agony of pleading. It was no dream-voice that he heard—it was as real as his own.

His sleep that night was restless. He dreamed of being in the tiny room, whose smallness had been large enough to hold his heaven. How she loved him! How happy they had been! But it must end, for he was growing to love her more than he believed it possible that he could love, and he must go. Why! in another month, ambition, love of freedom, the sweetness of selfishness, would all lie dead, and Love would rule him—that tyrant, absolute in its power. That would never do. It had been a hard task winning her love, but it was with her whole soul she loved when it came. He would say good-by, and run over to Europe for a while until she forgot him. He dreamed of the parting, and tossed and turned in his sleep. Then he dreamed he saw her alone in the little room, and she knelt down by the couch, in front of her dead mother's picture; she threw her head on her arms, and writhed, at first, in silent torture; then in the voice he had heard in the woods, she called his name over and over; she clenched her hands, and shiver after shiver passed over her. Then she rose to her feet, and staggering like a blind woman groping for something in the darkness, she threw her arms out till they touched the wall, then fell against them, and a cry came from her



soul, so powerful that the effort of it seemed as though it would either sever her soul from her body, or tear his loose from his own. The cry was his name, and he woke with a start, wide-awake, as we sometimes do, and the sound still vibrated in the darkness of his room. He could not sleep again, for something hurt and troubled him where his conscience would have been, had he possessed one.

An undertaker's wagon stopped in front of a large apartment-house in San Francisco.

A man followed the undertaker up the steps.

A man who for the past six months had been vainly trying to elude a strange fatality that had followed him everywhere. Ill-luck of all kinds had descended in a deluge upon him, and the last form it had taken was the loss of his fortune.

"I am not superstitious," he had reasoned, "but there surely is a 'hoodoo' on my life, and if going back to that little girl will rid me of it, back I will go. If it doesn't, why, I can leave her again. I wonder if what has befallen me is really retribution, or would it have happened anyway? Is it such a terrible thing to break a woman's heart?"

The undertaker rang the bell; the man stood behind him.

"I have come for the body of——"

"Miss Gray?" interrupted the man, impatient of waiting.

"Yes; Miss Gray," answered the undertaker.

Only three words, but they did what a torrent of pleading had never the power to do. Changed that automatic muscle, whose beating circulated his blood, into a living heart, that was changing all the blood that came into it, to an agony of love and remorse; and its dull, slow beating was strong enough to send it aching through his body.

They thought he groaned—he was only saying, "Retribution!"

"Go!" he said to the undertaker, "I must be alone with her." And the undertaker went slowly down the steps, unquestioning.

"What killed her?" he asked the landlady.

"They called it heart-failure,—yes, it was,—the failure of a heart to do its work

because it was broken. She died calling you so pitifully that it seemed as though you must hear."

He had heard that cry but a few hours ago,—it rang in his ears even now.

With bowed head he entered the little room, and for the first time unwelcomed; for the first time the still, sweet face did not smile at his coming. She lay on the couch, as if asleep. The cold hands lay unresponsive in his own. He called her name, and each sound of his voice a wail; but the eyes did not uncloze—she was too soundly sleeping.

Now that she was dead he loved her even as she had loved him.

"Why did it come to me too late? That I might know how you have suffered!"

The air he breathed was fire; his eyes looked out through a sea of fire; his heart, too heavy and too tired to beat, had transferred its action to his brain, and something that he thought must be his soul, was calling her back, so passionately, that it wrenched his body with every cry; and then some pitying angel touched his heart, and he wept,—wept until all the fire was quenched; wept, until from exhaustion, his eyes closed in forgetfulness. But not for long. He thought she called him, and he started up. One look at the silent figure undeceived him.

His first grief had spent itself, but its force had left him stunned, and he looked around the room in a dazed sort of way.

His eyes rested on a book, left open as though to mark the place where last she read.

With a reverence almost pitiful in its tenderness, he kissed the pages where her eyes had looked their last.

It was "The Life of Christ," by Clarke.

Mechanically he glanced down the page.

One sentence stood out clear through all the numb, dead feeling in his brain.

As a lake, so calm it might be glass, changes in a moment when the storm-wind strikes it, so his eyes changed at the reading of that sentence.

He read it again and again:

"THE VITAL POWER OF A LIVING MAN MAY ATTACH ITSELF TO THE SOUL THAT HAS LEFT THE BODY, AND DRAW IT BACK AGAIN!"

You have felt a building quiver with the power of machinery in motion, so

his body trembled at the start of his soul to call hers back; and then it seemed to him that the body before him dissolved, and became as air, and that his own did the same, and that they intermingled, and the life of his was the life of hers. He hardly knew whether he was living or dead. He did not care. If dead, his soul would be with hers; if living, it would yet find hers and draw it back.

His soul was all that was conscious now, it seemed going through space

At last, after what might have been years, or only moments, he felt an answering cry to his.

Then he became conscious of his body.

Was it his soul returning that caused such awful trembling, and did the form he

held tightly, quiver ever so slightly, but enough to say that life was there?

He loosed his hold and looked at her.

The eyelids trembled. She sighed as if in pain, then a shudder passed over her, and her eyes looked into his!

"Only another case of suspended animation, so strongly resembling death as to be taken for death," was the verdict of those learned ones who know; but to this day she still declares that she was dead, and that the voice of her love called her back.

"I found my heaven through it anyway," she says.

"Then I died, too, for I found mine," he answers.

## A SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART

TO-NIGHT, the hall is bright and fair,  
The waltzers gently sway;  
But I, whose heart is filled with care,  
Have drifted far away.  
The harp sounds like the bugle clear,  
Where smoke the army wraps;  
And for the violin, I hear  
The solemn sound of taps.

I see the freed insurgent slave  
Who stabs his savior's breast;  
I see—alas, a soldier's grave,  
Where some girl's heart must rest.  
I say good-night to each gay friend,  
Beneath the stars to pray,  
"Dear God, our battle line defend,  
On far Manila bay."

*L. T. Adaven.*





# THE WHISPERING GALLERY

By ROSSITER JOHNSON

*Some truths may be proclaimed upon the housetop;  
Others may be spoken by the fireside;  
Still others must be whispered in the ear of a friend.*

THE next time our quartet met in the Arbor of Abstraction, my friend Elacott propounded a very simple question, as if he expected three different answers and were himself prepared to give a fourth that would take the place of all three.

"What is your definition of 'impartial'?" said he.

"I don't define the word at all," said Miss Ravaline,—"I just use it when I want to."

Elacott looked dissatisfied, and turned to Mrs. Trenfield.

"My definition is, *See dictionary*," said she.

Then he turned to me.

"The word defines itself," said I. "Of course you know it means, without favor, treating all alike."

"That is according to the dictionary," said Elacott; "and it appears very simple; yet a great many persons who own unabridged dictionaries do not really know the meaning of that word."

"That sounds like a proposition one would like to see proved," said I.

"Certainly,—and the proof shall be forthcoming," said Elacott. "Let us make a simple application. Suppose a man having an estate of a hundred thousand dollars should die leaving ten children; and suppose his will said only that the property should be divided impartially among them. If you were the executor, how would you divide it?"

"Give them ten thousand dollars apiece, of course," said I, wondering what he was coming at.

"That would not be impartial," said Elacott. "For the children are not all of the same age. The oldest, we'll say, is twenty-five, and the youngest is five. Give them each ten thousand dollars, and when the youngest is as old as the eldest now is, his ten thousand, at simple interest, will have doubled. To one at the age of twenty-five you have given ten thousand, and to the other, at the same age you have given twenty thousand. Is that impartial?"

"But," said Mrs. Trenfield, "when twenty years have passed away with the youngest, exactly the same length of time will have passed away with the eldest; and if he also has put out his money at interest, it will have doubled like his brother's. Let us say, then, that to-day each receives ten thousand, and in twenty years each has twenty thousand. What could be more absolutely impartial?"

"That is a most excellent example of a great deal of popular argumentation," said Elacott. "You have left out of the account the fact that life is limited, from which it follows that it is more advantageous to have a certain gift, or possession, at five than

at twenty-five, or at twenty-five than at forty-five. This kind of error is not made by individual judgment alone; it sometimes happens that a great party or a whole people is led into serious folly by what seems like a clear proposition; and you will always find that some essential consideration has been omitted."

"Please give us an example," said Miss Ravaline.

"A remarkable example in American history," said he, "was the doctrine of popular sovereignty as applied to the Territories. Hundreds of thousands of men apparently educated and intelligent, and certainly honest, were carried away by it, and could not conceive why it was not the most excellent and impartial scheme that could be devised for the settlement of a great question."

"You allude to it as if we all understood it," said Mrs. Trenfield. "But I confess that I am not as well read as I should be in the history of my country, and I wish you would explain that subject."

"Briefly," said Elacott, "it was this: In the years just preceding the Civil War, one of the great parties was for excluding slavery from the Territories, and the larger part of the other was for admitting it. Then arose an eminent statesman in the United States Senate, who proposed that the Territories be thrown open to immigration, and when one had population enough to make a State, its inhabitants should determine for themselves, by popular vote, whether it should be admitted as a free State or as a slave State. And it was soon proved that we had hundreds of thousands of citizens who, logically speaking, could not see far enough ahead of their noses to detect the perfectly evident fallacy in that proposition. They honestly thought it was perfectly impartial and eminently wise."

"But I, too, must be shortsighted," said Mrs. Trenfield, "for I do not see it,—though perhaps I could if I studied over it a while."

"I will illustrate it for you," said Elacott. "Suppose I should select a site for a new town and should put up a large building, or group of buildings, and should invite machinists and cotton-spinners to come there and buy land and build cottages, promising that when they were all nicely settled we would determine by vote whether the great buildings should be a machine-shop or a cotton-factory. What would happen?"

"Nothing would happen," said she, "for no one would come."

"Why not?"

"Because, if the vote turned in favor of a machine-shop, the cotton-spinners would have to leave, and probably would lose most of their investments in ground and cottages; while if the vote was in favor of a cotton-factory, the machinists would be obliged to leave."

"Exactly so," said Elacott. "Probably no class of mechanics could be fooled by such a proposition; yet a very large section of our intelligent voters were once fooled by a proposition precisely analogous to that, when the matter at stake was a thing of national importance. But instead of both parties staying away,—as you say the machinists and cotton-spinners would do,—both came, and both came prepared to fight, and there was actual war in Kansas, with burning of houses, sacking of towns, bloodshed in the fields, and perjury in the courts. And all because so many persons lacked the simple skill to detect a fallacy. Knowledge of this weakness is the first article in the equipment of a demagogue. If I were a teacher, I would drill my pupils regularly in the detection and explanation of fallacies."



"It appears to me," said I, "that there is more of that kind of colossal blundering in political affairs than in all else. It is not alone 'the red fool fury of the Seine' that runs wild after a fallacy; every few years we see a corresponding phenomenon in our own enlightened country—not with dagger and fire-brand, to be sure, but with their ballots, behind which are the same ignorant assertiveness, and sometimes a great deal of the same blind frenzy. And the worst of it is, that when their Mokanna is unveiled and his hideous features appear, so far from being disconcerted, they are as ready as ever to raise their voices on the next issue and assume the same old superiority of wisdom."

"I suppose the explanation is," said Elacott, "that the field of politics offers the highest prizes to the demagogue, while at the same time political opinions once formed are the hardest to change. Put any principle or declaration into the platform of a party, and most of the regular members of the party will adopt it and defend it, though it may be that not half of them would have accepted it as an abstract proposition unconnected with any platform."

"It appears to me," said Mrs. Trenfield, "that you are framing a heavy indictment against your fellow-citizens for something that approaches idiocy."

"That is about the way it looks to me," said Elacott, "and sometimes I should be in despair of the Republic; but I remember that the good old ship has always plowed along somehow, and so I have faith that she always will, though she now and then reminds me of the Ship of Fools."

"I think," said Miss Ravaline, "there is a more serious danger than any you have mentioned, and it seems to arise from an erroneous idea of impartiality. I was walking through a beautiful park in one of our cities when I observed that it was adorned with two statues, equally fine, representing two well-known statesmen of an earlier generation. I have not neglected the reading of American history quite so much as my sister has, and I am familiar with the careers of those two men. They represented opposite and antagonistic ideas and policies. If one was right all his life, the other must have been wrong all his life. It was impossible for both to be right. And as it is the province of a statesman to find out what is best for his country and for mankind, and then do his utmost to bring it to pass, it follows that one or the other of those statues is an undeserved honor. And that is not the worst of it. When you have bestowed the honor upon the one who does not deserve it, you have robbed it of all value for the one who does. Moreover, by doing such things we are teaching a false and mischievous lesson to the rising generation."

"But," said Mrs. Trenfield, "who is to judge which is deserving and which undeserving? You would probably find very nearly the same division on that question now that there was on their two policies while they lived."

"If I had my way," said Miss Ravaline, "I would have no public statue erected to any man until he had been dead long enough for his countrymen to have arrived at a substantial agreement as to his merits. I would not permit the partisans of any political leader to thrust his effigy before the public gaze, in permanent form, when he had so recently closed his career that only his partisans could approve of it. Fame that can not afford to wait a few generations is not worth having. Washington had his critics and opponents while he lived; but now his countrymen are all agreed as to his patriotic virtues and services; therefore a portrait of Washington can hardly be out of place anywhere in our country. But some later Americans have been profusely honored

in that and other ways, about whom there is, to say the least, serious difference of opinion."

"What would you say," asked Elacott, "if I should remind you that the capitol of one of our States, now nearing completion, is to be adorned with effigies of several persons, some of whom are but recently deceased, and some of whom are still living?"

"I should say," Miss Ravaline answered, "that such adornment is in the worst possible taste. It violates a fundamental rule of architectural decoration, and it is nothing less than an attempt to forestall the judgment of posterity upon work that as yet is unfinished and untried, and is therefore not entitled to a verdict and a reward."

"I have been contemplating recently," said I, "a more monstrous and mischievous piece of impartiality than any you have mentioned. A certain man who aspires to be a historian is writing an elaborate history of one of the greatest struggles—perhaps the greatest—of modern times. And his fundamental principle, of which he never loses sight, is, to make it appear at all hazards that the right and the wrong were evenly balanced on the two sides of the conflict. If that were true, his labor would be in vain; for it would not be worth while to write the history at all. History, as well as fable, has no value unless it teaches something. If the historian can do nothing more than pace off paragraphs, count the casualties, and verify dates, he would better go into some other business. There is no such thing as a great, serious, and prolonged conflict in which both sides are right, or both sides wrong, or in which the right and wrong are equally mingled on the two sides. There may be mistakes on both sides; there may be good and bad men on both sides; but a great conflict means something, always,—a principle of some kind is at stake, and it is either right to uphold it or it is not right. If he who aspires to write its history cannot find out which is right, and cannot make it clear to the reader, he should leave the task to some other hand. He might as well think to benefit mankind by reciting a table of logarithms."

"But if I know the history you speak of,—and I think I do,"—said Miss Ravaline, "it has received high praise from many critics on the score of its impartiality."

"And that is only an extension of the wrong," said I. "After the historian has blinded himself to the truth, and twisted the facts, in order to make everything balance, the half-witted reviewer imagines that he has performed a great feat of impartiality, and proceeds to praise him therefor. I wonder, sometimes, whether it would be possible to teach either of them any better,—whether we could apply their principle of impartiality to anything that would make its absurdity plain enough for them to perceive it. Suppose two business men disagreed as to their transactions with each other, and an expert accountant should be called in to go over the books and settle the question. I presume he would see to it that all debits were on the debit side and all credits on the credit side, cast up every column of figures with absolute accuracy, and let the balance fall where it would. But if his ideas of impartiality were like those of some historians and critics, he would juggle with the figures, and shift the items about, till he made the account balance, and then blandly announce to the contestants that he was happy to say that neither owed the other anything."

"That is exactly what I had in mind when I asked the question that began this conversation," said Elacott. "But I think the erroneous conception of impartiality is not the only thing that produces falsification of history. Much of it is effected by incredulity and by what is called 'a judicial mind.' A great movement may go to extremes in many ways—great movements generally do go to extremes. The eye-witness, the



contemporary historian, may tell the exact truth about it; but the chances are that those who come after him will consider it their duty not to believe him fully. Their judicial minds will say to them, 'That writer was contemporary with the events of which he treats; he must have been swayed by the passions of the hour; there are always passions of the hour; he may have had his own ends to serve; he was a partisan, of course; perhaps he was even bribed to exaggerate; at all events, no one can write history acceptably till it is long past; those who witness it can know nothing of it; we who were not there are the only impartial narrators. We will therefore discount all this fellow's representations twenty-five per cent, and then we shall have exact history without prejudice.' So they go at it, paring away the truth with their cheese-knife pens. And two or three generations later another set of historians treat them in a similar way, paring off another twenty-five per cent of what *their* judicial minds tell *them* must be exaggeration. It reminds me of that stanza of Tennyson's,—

All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought  
Streamed onward, lost their edges, and did creep,  
Rolled on each other, rounded, smoothed, and brought  
Into the gulfs of sleep.

"History so treated finally becomes a smoothly-rounded story; but all the corners of truth have been knocked off,—all that gave it character is gone; and it rolls down the channels of literature, teaching nothing, and good for nothing. Walter Raleigh is said to have become disgusted with the idea of writing history when he found that, of several persons who witnessed a dog-fight, no two gave the same account of it. I am inclined to think he was a little hasty. It was not necessary that they all see it alike or agree as to the length of one dog's tail, or the number of spots on the other, or the hour and minute at which the tussle began. If they agreed on the question which dog deserved to be licked, and whether he got the licking he deserved, that was all that was essential. Only a judicial mind would expend its energies on the other circumstances. I thank heaven that I was not born with a judicial mind."



# ETC.

## The End of Vailima

IT LENDS a mournful interest to Mrs. Rose-Soley's article on Vailima to read in the recent dispatches that the house has been destroyed. Not only had the Samoan savages "looted and despoiled it, but later, it is said, a shell from the *Philadelphia* completely wrecked the building. It is consoling to know, however, that Mrs. Stevenson carefully brought with her when she came to America all the books, furniture, and bric-à-brac, that the Wizard had gathered about himself. These are now stored, it is said, in San Francisco, or near it.

It is hardly time yet to comment on the general situation in Samoa. It is hardly possible that three great nations should come to blows over a group of islands not worth in fee-simple the ammunition that would be fired in the first general engagement. Nor is it possible, we should hope, that if either of the powers has been put in the wrong by the acts of its representatives, there will be a refusal to disavow such acts and to render just reparation. The war that would result should these hopes prove false, would be a calamity that will retard civilization for a generation. The Spanish war has left us problems enough — if indeed, there were not domestic problems enough before — to keep us busy for a long time to come.

## To Convert Fog Into Rain

In the course of a recent Royal Institution lecture Professor Oliver Lodge made an experiment which may help to solve one of the most serious problems which the California farmer has to meet. It was a demonstration on a small scale of a method of converting fog into rain.

Dr. Lodge filled a bell jar with magnesium smoke. Ordinarily these thick fumes would take a long time to disperse. He then passed a charge of electricity through the jar, and the smoke began instantly to clear, the smoke particles uniting and falling in the form of a white snow of magnesia. The word used to describe this action of the smoke particles is electric "cohesion." The explanation of it, Dr. Lodge said, is beyond our scientific knowledge, and it is one of those great problems of electricity which he hoped would soon be solved. It is this quality

of electric cohesion which makes Hertzian wireless telegraphy possible — by the use of sensitive electric devices called "coherers," which, like the receiver of a telephone, serve to indicate certain forms of electric waves. But Dr. Lodge incidentally referred to a possible extension on a large scale of his magnesium smoke experiment. "Some people," said he, "may imagine that this experiment suggests a means of dispersing London fog. An adaptation of some such method might be suitable for the dispersion of real fog, of sea-fog, of fog arising from a moisture-charged atmosphere. A Scotch mist can be turned into rain by a suitable discharge of electricity; and ordinary rain can be changed into the large drops of a thunder shower by the electric discharge of the lightning flash. The reason for the size of the drops is, that owing to the incident of electric 'cohesion' the drops are attracted to one another and form conglomerate drops."

Here is a hint for some of our California scientists. If the fogs which sweep across the Coast Range could be precipitated into rain-drops at will, there would never be a recurrence of drought, by which the State last year lost over thirty million dollars. If a tithe of the money represented by the foolish bounty on coyote scalps could be used in making experiments along the lines suggested by Dr. Lodge's lecture, it is possible that some results of real value to the State might be reached. The subject is full of possibilities; and it is to be hoped that the attention thus directed to it may result in further investigation.

## The Paris Exposition

WE DESIRE to add our cordial assent to Mr. Ellison's views regarding the opportunity and the responsibility we have in regard to the Paris Exposition. Time is pressing, and yet the State has not awakened to the occasion. There must be a fairly representative showing in Paris in 1900 of what California and her sister commonwealths on the Pacific are. Material resources must be fully displayed, but not only these, our civilization, its social, educational, and moral aspects, must be made clear to a world inclined to be doubting or indifferent. The great plans of the University of California must be there to show in what the great public school system of the State culminates. The grand plan for the San Francisco park system must be there to show



what our aspirations are in esthetic lines. These are but examples; all that we have that is best must be prominently displayed. To do this will require not only money and time,—Californians are generous enough with these when once their attention is engaged,—but it will require that more difficult generosity—the laying aside of prejudices and personal interests, and the united, loyal, and harmonious working together of all the forces that make up a great State.

### The N. E. A. Convention.

THOSE who remember the gathering of the National Educational Association in California in 1888, will look upon the convention to be held in Los Angeles, in July of the present year, as an event of great importance. The thousands of teachers who come from all over the land to such conventions wield a mighty power. They are the more successful and more enterprising members of a profession that molds the world. Each on her return to the town from whence she came is an oracle to the circle, small or great, in which she moves. Her reports are taken as gospel. It belongs to every one of those who have to do with the reception of this host to see to it that the reports are favorable. And it is safe to trust such matters in the hands of the Los Angelenos. They know how to take care of the stranger within their gates, and to impress him with the beauties of California. It may be a disturbing factor that these visitors come with no hacking cough or hectic flush as a trade-mark, but Los Angeles will surmount even this difficulty.

### A Woman's College

PRESIDENT HARPER in his recent address at the banquet given him by the Regents of the University of California said, among much else of the highest practical importance, that it was one of the prime duties of the great university to influence and help the lesser institutions of learning near it: Chicago University had done much to bolster up many of the little colleges of Illinois and neighboring States. This is good doctrine, and it behooves every lover of higher education in California to forward the endeavor of Mills College to make of itself an institution that shall compare with any woman's college in the land for grade and resources. Let nobody hold back because he does not believe in the separation of the sexes in education, or because his sympathies are strongly enlisted with some other college. Pro-

fessor Holden, of the University of California, used to say, when Stanford University was established, that if we were going to inoculate the people with that strange thing called learning it was better to have two plague-spots than one. If we can have three points from which the infection shall spread, so much the better. The Woman's College will undoubtedly reach many who would never go to a co-educational institution.

And, by the way, should any San Francisco reader wish to see the beautiful spot shown in our Mills College pictures, it may be reached easily in an hour from the foot of Market Street. In the morning the even-hour trains stop at Sather, whence an electric-car goes to the college. In the afternoon the Alameda train must be taken, and at Tidal Bridge the same electric-car is reached.

### California and Paris Exposition of 1900.

THE Twentieth Century will enter upon its career by a grander gate than any preceding era. But few events and few epochs in the history of the race truly constitute international episodes of the highest importance and the most far-reaching suggestiveness. Such is to be the forthcoming Exposition of 1900 in Paris, France. The caravans that used to connect the Mediterranean and the waters of the Ganges have become steamers and railroad trains; the great fairs of interior Germany and Russia are practically obsolete, and the entire civilized world and that part as well which represents its semi-civilized life, will be gathered at Paris, in a completeness of array and grouping unparalleled for effectiveness and concentration.

The art of constructing a great Exposition has become systematized, and up to this day taste, liberality, and intuitive perceptions of proportion and grace, have given France the mastery of this art. For these reasons, and many others impossible to name here, the Exposition in Paris of 1900 will surpass all similar attempts in the past. So much for the general aspect of the occasion.

The real question, perhaps, that the majority of our readers will be interested in is this: What can the Pacific Slope do for itself at this unmatched opportunity, and specifically, what are the opportunities of California on the banks of the Seine? It is possible that one of the very best purposes subserved by such an exposition is that it compels an inventory of our own resources, our own possibilities and achieve-

ments, which, from their very familiarity, have lost their capacity for impressing us.

Specific reason exists why the United States should be present at this great event in a manner that she never before attempted. For, not only has this vast country never been adequately represented in any form at any previous international Exposition abroad, but at no former period in her history has such a complete representation become absolutely indispensable, in order to preserve her own dignity among the nations, and to prove to the world at large that she is thoroughly equipped for the exceedingly important rôle of an international power of the first magnitude. It is at this very focus that the bearing and the importance of the Pacific Coast, and more especially that of California, comes to the front with a conspicuousness that cannot be avoided, converting our State situation into a responsibility such as we never faced before. To shrink from it would be cowardice, and not to meet it adequately would mean a moral and material disaster which would require a long time to repair; for recent events in the Pacific Ocean have clearly made our State the pivot on which future international events of the greatest possible importance will swing.

The material resources of this State are computable in statistics and taxed values so far as they are developed. Those yet undeveloped are not computable, but are certain to exceed a hundred and a thousand fold those which can be reduced to tangible figures. To say that this State could maintain with ease a population of between ten and fifteen million people is merely repeating a truism; but what such absence of life-blood in the veins of our commonwealth implies in the line of duty to those upon whom devolves, or will devolve, the responsibility of an adequate display of the resources of our State, would require volumes to elaborate. The duty is there plain enough; the opportunity presented, without question, the greatest and most valuable from every vantage-point that will be afforded to our people within the next twenty-five years. We can, and it is hoped, we will, present ourselves in our very best attire in the heart of a capital which can be reached easier than any other city on the globe by the wealthy and intelligent classes of the European nations, numbering upward four hundred millions of people. So much for the opportunities of field and mine, of orchard and forest, of sea-shores and river delta. But when Destiny laid upon our shoulders the responsibility of becoming the vanguard of the Pacific Slope and Ocean history, we be-

came charged with far higher opportunities than those of mere commerce, even in the broad significance of that term. The world will scrutinize, and most keenly, what California presents in the realm of intellect and of art. Whatever her intellectual attributes be, they will be measured and weighed as never before.

There is nothing more suggestive in the recent history of our State than the fact that two of the widowed ladies of California should stand out against her intellectual horizon as the foremost agents of all that makes for her permanent prestige. The devotion, the intelligence, the far-reaching sagacity, of these two noble women in behalf of the future and its highest possibilities in science and art of our State cannot be too highly commended. Their action constitutes a challenge to the men of this commonwealth. It is a prophecy as well of the future. Surely the labor of Mrs. Stanford for the great institution named for her son, and the well-advanced plans of Mrs. Hearst for the University of California that will constitute a memorial of her late husband, should induce our many millionaires to bestir themselves, and what nobler opportunity ever came to their hands, than to signalize this event in Paris by inaugurating for our State a new intellectual era by a wise use of their surplus means, in such manner that it will immediately stimulate our art, our literature, and our education?

The Honorable Ferdinand W. Peck, the United States Commissioner-General to the Paris Exposition, will stand before the assembled nations of the world charged with the high office of the ambassador of the civilization of the United States. This civilization has been doubted, criticised, under-estimated, ridiculed, and lampooned, and is to this very day, even in the best quarters of Europe, to say the least, woefully misunderstood. For all this we are ourselves in a measure to blame. But what is meant to be brought out here is that California is nearly as much misunderstood by the country east of the Rocky Mountains as is the United States by the world at large.

The time is at hand, emphatically so, when many a new leaf must be turned over, and of these new leaves California should present, not merely the most golden, but the noblest, the most acceptable. To do all this will require time—above all things, immediate, active, and unselfish devotion to the greatest of public interests. The \$125,000 to be expended on behalf of California for the Exposition is not enough. More money, and above all things, more devo-



tion to an intelligent presentation of the highest interests of the State will be required; for it is doubtful if the Commissioners charged with collecting the material evidences of the resources of the State can find time requisite for the other more complicated, and more important duties. The jury by which the premier State of the Pacific Coast will be judged as worthy or unworthy to lead its own country in the greatest of all forthcoming historic dramas, the Pacific Ocean history of the next century,—this jury in the nature of things can take but scant cognizance of our tabulated mining products or of trainloads of produce; the number of our cattle and our gigantic lumber output. What is the character, and what is the aim, of your schools and institutions of learning? Who are the men and women in control, and what are the results obtained? How are art and letters sustained, and what constitutes your contributions to science? How are you solving, and in what spirit do you deal with, the problems of labor and capital? These are the questions, on the answer of which will depend our standing in our own country and the civilized world at large after the Exposition is over.

The actual space available for the United States, including that recently assigned for fine arts, comes to a total of about 220,000 square feet. Of these about 20,000 are set aside for education, liberal arts, and fine arts; machinery, electricity, civil engineering, and transportation, will be served with about 58,000 square feet. Of those departments in which California will be specially interested, agriculture and food products will have at its disposal 36,000 square feet; mines and metallurgy, 7,000; horticulture is credited with only something less than 3,000 feet; forestry and fisheries will divide an area of 6,000 feet, while for marine transportation there is set aside 3,000. The full classification of the various departments are not given for lack of space; also because there are many of these departments in which our commonwealth would not be specially interested. It is possible that an exchange of space between the various States can be inaugurated; for example, Massachusetts will demand all the space it can obtain from all her sister commonwealths for her textile division, when, on the other hand, she would have very little use for the horticultural space. An exchange of civilities in this direction between the East and the West ought to be among the very first efforts of the newly-authorized State Commissioners. The other and equally important factor to be borne in mind is that all

exhibits are supposed to be on the ground, ready for official installation by the end of February next. The Exposition opens April 1st.

In addition to all the regular exhibition structures of the United States, there will be a United States building for social purposes, for the erection of which 7,000 feet are donated. This building, it is presumed, will be historical in its architectural outlines and will contain a room for each commonwealth in the Union, which apartments are expected to become the headquarters of the traveling residents of each State. It is anticipated that each of these rooms will be so decorated as to indicate some special feature characteristic of the State for which the room is designated.

The other and special feature of the United States Exposition at Paris will be the dedication of an elaborate monument in honor of Lafayette. The sum of upward of \$200,000 is being expended for this purpose; a special square has been renamed the "Lafayette Square," in honor of the event. This gift of the United States in memory of the great French-American patriot has been officially accepted by the French Government, and the monument will be unveiled on the 4th of July, 1900, the American day of the Exposition.

The official exhibits for which awards will be made are in the nature of the case very limited, and will be arranged only under the authority of the United States officials charged with immediate management of the exhibits. Quality, rather than quantity, will, of course, govern all such displays. There will be objections to this procedure until its actual necessity is understood. This very limitation of space of official character furnishes an excellent opportunity, which, it is hoped, will be taken full advantage of. This is the opportunity for responsible corporations or firms to lease space for exhibition purposes in the immediate vicinity of the official space, or more properly speaking, the grounds of the Exposition. These leases are obtainable under the joint official guarantees of the Director-General, Picard, of Paris, and the United States Commissioner General, F.W. Peck, Auditorium, Chicago, through whom negotiations should be conducted.

Lack of space forbids farther enlargement upon this fascinating subject, in its endless ramifications into every department of human activity. The great Exposition is destined to become the most complete object university of modern civilization that the world has ever witnessed. Its popularity and its success are

assured in advance, and if Californians desire our proper place, an adequate recognition, and a share of it all at all commensurate with our own self-respect, our history, and our possibilities, we have not one hour to lose.

*Olaf Ellison,*

Special Representative Pacific Coast  
U. S. Commission, Paris, 1900.

### Mrs. Higginson's Work in the Overland.

IT WILL interest the readers of Mrs. Vore's article on Ella Higginson in this number to know how long and how good a contributor she has been to the OVERLAND. Here is a list of her writings in the magazine. All are poems but "Th' Las' Furrer," (April, 1892,) a story, and "The New West," (January, 1892,) a communication: "Dawn on Puget Sound," April, 1890; "The Grande Ronde Valley," December, 1890; "When She Lies Dead," May, 1890; "Evening in Switzerland," November, 1891; "After Death," October, 1891; "My Opal Sea," July, 1891; "In the Valley of Peace," March, 1892; "Th' Las' Furrer," (Story,) April, 1892; "The New West," (Communication,) January, 1892; "To Ina D. Coolbrith," September, 1892; "Sleep," July, 1892; "Christmas Eve," January, 1893; "Petaled Thorn," December, 1893; "Parting," August, 1893; "Last Message of

Summer," September, 1893; "Mount Baker," February, 1894; "Being So Bereft," April, 1898. Her poem in the present issue should be added to this list.

### A Correction.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND: I notice in the article in the April number of the OVERLAND, entitled "The Last Days of Old John Brown," Charleston is named as the place where he was tried and executed. This is a mistake. He was tried before Judge Richard Parker, and met his death on the gallows at Charlestown, Jefferson County, while Charleston is in Kanawha County.

Owing to the similarity in the names, the Post Office Department has lately directed that the name of the town in Jefferson County shall be written Charles Town, to prevent its being mistaken for Charleston, which latter is now the capital of the State of West Virginia.

Yours very respectfully,

CH. U. HIETT,

County Superintendent Schools,  
Hampshire County, W. Va.

[The mistake in question was caused by a too great reverence for the encyclopedia on the part of the proof-reader. It was not in the author's copy.—ED.]

## BOOK REVIEWS

### Mr. Vachell's New Novel.<sup>1</sup>

READERS of the OVERLAND know Mr. Vachell's work. His series of character sketches, "The Chronicles of San Lorenzo," appeared in this magazine, and later, besides other things, a more extended work, the novel, "The Quicksands of Pactolus." This will make them all the more interested in a new production of his, *The Procession of Life*,<sup>1</sup> published by the Appletons.

Mr. Vachell occupies a position of vantage, of which he makes the most. An Englishman born and bred, he has lived in California amid the scenes he portrays long enough to be of us as well as with us. The Old World standards he has, and holds to, with English persistence, and

yet he has had ground into him by actual contact with its business and social sides, the Southern Californian point of view. No languid tourist could portray the terrors of a "dry year" so feelingly as Mr. Vachell does, nor the blighting struggle of a mortgaged farm, or the seductive excitement of a "boom." All of these things have come into his life as a vital reality, and he knows whereof he speaks. He can see, too, the faults of his aristocratic English hero, Warrender,—his laziness, his lack of decision, his selfishness,—and contrasts these sharply with Jeff. Barber's virtues in all these directions. No American will feel in reading this book that his kind has been other than fairly pictured. There is no "British contempt," and none of that "certain condescension" to be noted in Mr. Vachell's work. It is a fair, honest, painstaking study of California life as it is.

<sup>1</sup> *The Procession of Life.* By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: D. Appleton & Company.: 1899.



It is to be feared that this very fairness, this accuracy of detail, will cause readers not Californian to misunderstand some of these episodes; we even fancy that Mr. Vachell's English readers will crave a glossary to explain such phrases as "raking in the spondulicks," or "Jee-whiz,"—not to mention the author's own favorite coinage, "a snoot," which he has abundantly defined.

The "snoot" episode is the chapter taken from "The Chronicles of San Lorenzo," which is acknowledged in the preface.

We speak particularly of this matter of local color, because we can testify as to its truthfulness; no reader East or West, British or American, can fail to note Mr. Vachell's strength in dealing with those matters that pertain to the essentials of human nature, the same the world over. The book, in spite of a name that may frighten some people by making them think it a philosophical treatise, will gain many readers and as many friends for its author.

### Through the Turf-Smoke.<sup>1</sup>

*Through the Turf-Smoke*, by Seumas MacManus ("Mac"), is a collection of short stories of the "Love, Lore, and Laughter of Old Ireland," as the title states. They are for the most part clever sketches of peasant life, with enough Irish brogue to satisfy the most rabid dialect gourmet in America. Mr. MacManus's Irishmen are real Irishmen,—not the article we are familiar with on the variety stage and in the funny papers, and as such, are comparative novelties to us, just as the negro with his characteristic music, ideas, and manner of talking, is different from the distorted creature of the "coon song."

This is MacManus's first book published in America. We should like to whisper a word of advice in his ear—that the American public does not need and does not want explicit directions for seeing the jokes when they occur. It is customary in England to italicise the word in a funny story on which the joke turns. That does not necessarily indicate that an Englishman could not do without it any more than that a Frenchman is so stupid he could not do without the "h" (*heure*) after every time of departure on the railroad time-table. He knows that 3:10 means the train leaves at 3:10 *heure*, but he likes to see the "h" because it is customary. Americans, on the other hand, will resent these explained jokes, because they are not used to having jokes explained.

The stories are tales that are dear to the hearts of the people of "Old Donegal," and even Mr. MacManus's literary ability must fail to make them as attractive as they would be beside the cottage-hearth, "through the turf-smoke," and out of the mouth of a real *shanachy*, or teller of tales.

"Stand at aise, three-an'-thirty," says the drill-sergeant of the Prince of Wales's Donegal Militia.

"I am at aise," says three-an'-thirty.

"Thurn out yer right toe," curtly. "That's not yer right toe, ye omadhaun ye; do ye know the toe ye bliss yerself with—the hand, I mane. Thurn out the toe of that hand—the toe of that fut."

"But I don't bliss meself with me fut, Corporlar."

"Number three-an'-thirty, thurn out the right toe of yer right fut immaijetly."

"Have a bit of raison with ye, Corporlar Muldoon; sure haven't I five toes on me right fut, an' I'm blowed if I know which of the five ye want me to turn out."

"Thurn out yer right fut immaijetly, . . . . ye scoundhril."

"There's me right fut out now. I did n't like for you to go an' reflect on me fut by evenin to me that I had only the one toe on it."

"Hould your tongue, sir."

"I'll have to let go the gun if I do."

### A Mind-Cure Novel.<sup>2</sup>

WARREN A. RODMAN's story of an Optimist, *Fate or Law?* combines an interesting story with a strong plea for a belief in the marvels of mind-cure. The author is the Secretary of the International Metaphysical League, and should know something of the subject, if any one does. It certainly is a question of great interest, and one that has seldom been used in a story.

Doctors, Mr. Rodman says, at one time, scoffed at hypnotism, and proved to the world that there could be no such thing, while now they are now trying to get full control of its practice, by law. When gas was first installed in the London House of Parliament, crowds flocked to see the new wonder, touching the fixtures gingerly to see if they were hot, thinking the flame came through the pipes; arguments that would incline us to believe in anything, and apply in no particular way to metaphysics.

Harry Vaughan, the hero of the story, deformed from birth, is made to overcome almost entirely his defects, merely by steadfastly holding before his mind an ideal of physical perfection, and is aunt cured in the same way of a case of paralysis. Then, again, Vaughan compels a

<sup>1</sup> *Through the Turf-Smoke*. By Seumas MacManus. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co.: 1899. Price 75 cents.

<sup>2</sup> *Fate or Law?* The story of an Optimist. By Warren A. Rodman. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.00.

tramp, who is about to attack him, to leave him unmolested, and "go his way in peace," by the force of his (Vaughan's) will. The world is by no means ready to allow that the mind can accomplish such wonders as these, and we think that Mr. Rodman has rather weakened his case by such monstrous impossibilities; whereas, we might have listened and been convinced, had we been shown something more rational. Harry Vaughan's transformation in no way mars the story, though, but rather makes it more interesting and novel; and it is noteworthy that the book is not a series of scientific essays, strung together with a tenuous thread of narrative, but a bright, lively tale. The characters are carefully and skillfully studied out, and Mr. Rodman's analysis of conflicting thoughts in the minds of his dramatis personæ, seems to us particularly good.

### Nests and Eggs of North-American Birds.<sup>1</sup>

A BOOK which has reached its fifth edition may well be considered a classic. It is not, therefore, with the idea of pointing out the scope and field of Davie's *Nests and Eggs of North-American Birds* that mention is made of it here. But the new edition is so much an improvement on the last,—its scope is so much wider and its descriptions so much more full,—that it is worthy of special mention for these things alone. The book has been profusely illustrated with pictures of the various birds; and while some of the cuts are poor for this day and generation, their presence adds much to the pleasure and usefulness of the book. The manual has proved popular through no adventitious quality. It is the one book that collectors of eggs and students of birds, with reference to their nesting habits, simply cannot do without.

### Briefer Notice.

*That Duel at the Chateau Marsanac*,<sup>2</sup> is a short story, in a bright little cover (designed by the author), of a game of chess played by two rivals for a fair lady's hand. The loser of the game is to give up his suit and leave an open field for the other. The fair lady at first watches the game with some indifference as to who is to be the winner, but toward the end, suddenly dis-

<sup>1</sup> That Duel at the Chateau Marsanac. By Walter Pulitzer. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.: 1899. Price 75 cents

<sup>2</sup> Nests and Eggs of North-American Birds. By Oliver Davie. Columbus: The London Press: 1898.

covers a passion for the young man who is getting worsted. Wild at the thought that she is going to lose him, she drugs a cup of coffee, presents it to the other, but the favored one drinks it by mistake. The story ends happily, however, for every one, except the rejected lover.

THE report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution<sup>3</sup> has an interesting sketch of the work done during the past year in the National Museum. It is a bulky volume, and impressive as an object-lesson of the variety and scope of the good work in science done by the Government for the general advancement of human knowledge. The second part is made up of articles describing and illustrating various collections in the museum by specialists in the various lines of work. One of the most interesting is that on chess and playing-cards, by Stewart Culin, whose articles on games have appeared in the OVERLAND.

### Books Received.

- The Story of France (1st vol.). By Thomas E. Watson. The Macmillan Co.
- Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons.
- The Cruise of the Cachalot. By Frank T. Bullen, First Mate. D. Appleton & Co.
- The Story of the Cotton Plant. (The Library of Useful Stories.) By F. Wilkinson. D. Appleton & Co.
- The Story of Old Fort Loudon. By Charles Egbert Craddock. The Macmillan Co.
- God's Prisoner. By John Oxenham. Henry Holt & Co.
- Introductory French Prose Composition. By Victor E. François. American Book Co.
- La Cigale Chez Les Fourmis. By Legouvé et Labiche. American Book Co.
- Uncle Sam in Business. By Daniel Bond. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.
- In Hell and the Way Out. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.
- Letters from Japan. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. The Macmillan Co.
- Twos and Threes. By Anna Olcott Commeline. F. Tennyson Neely.
- Hugh Gwyeth. A Roundhead Cavalier. By Beulah Marie Dix. The Macmillan Co.
- Stories of the Old Bay State. By Elbridge S. Brooks. American Book Co.
- History of the Know Nothing Party in Maryland. By Laurence Frederick Schmeckebier. The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore.

<sup>3</sup> Annual report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. Washington: Government Printing Office: 1898.





A QUIET HOUR



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CHIEF WOLF ROBE—CHEYENNE

See "The Congress of American Aborigines at the Omaha Exposition."

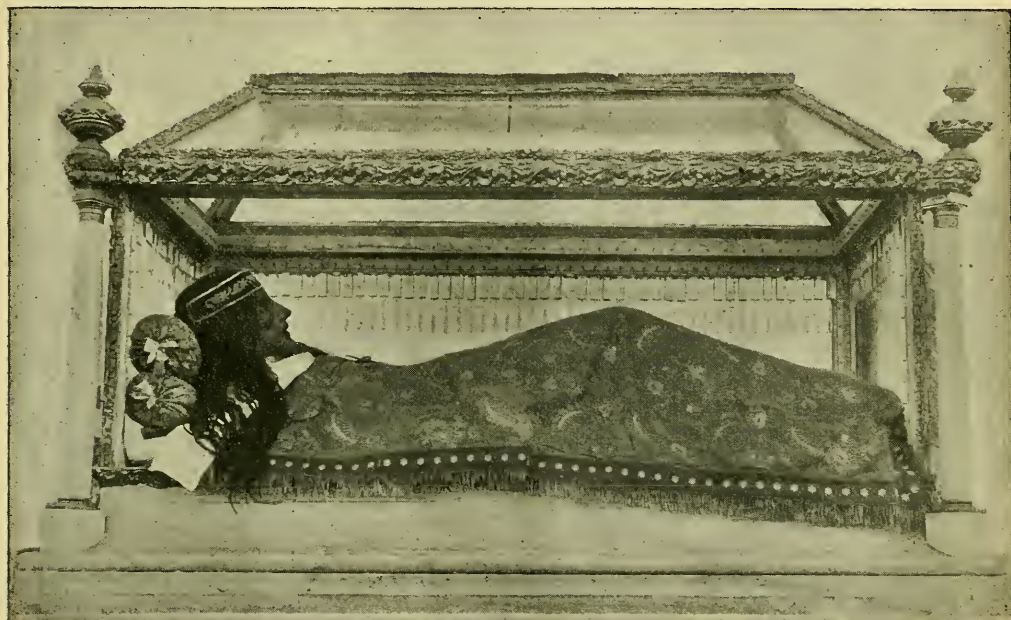


# Overland Monthly

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Nuestro Señor de Amecameca

## AMECAMECA

By CUNYNGHAM CUNNINGHAM

**A**MECAMECA of the Sacro Monte, —the prettiest, quaintest, and most picturesque pueblo in Mexico,—is famous for several reasons, the principal one perhaps being that from here one makes the ascent of the great volcano Popocatepetl. Here are the "Sacred Mountain," where lived good Fray Martin of the "Twelve Apostles," and the winding road of the fourteen stations, and here one can see the most grotesque and at the same time pathetic "Passion Plays" that the world can present.

One goes to Amecameca by way of a certain railway, commonly known as the "angel-maker," because it has made angels of many hapless tourists and travelers, and in the remote event that one arrives there fully alive and in possession of his due allotment of limbs and general faculties, he first proceeds to the quaint old parish church close to the station, which was built by the Dominicans in the year 1500. It is a very good-looking church, capable of holding a large audience, decorated with some good old wood carvings,



Festival on the Sacro Monte.

and with several fine pictures. One of these latter—"Christ Bearing the Cross"—is very well drawn, and the coloring is good. Over the entrance one is shocked to find a very melancholy pair of legs! They at one time belonged to the good Saint Sebastian, to whom the church was

dedicated; but unfortunately the big earthquakes of late years totally ruined and cast down (literally) the greater part of the good saint's anatomy, leaving only these legs as a token of his earlier presence. This church, thanks to Providence, has never been whitewashed and otherwise ren-





Road to the Sacro Monte

ovated. It remains much as the old friars left it, years ago; and with its Old-World pictures, carvings, queer old candle-holders, and beautiful Moorish dome, is pre-eminently one of the churches in Mexico that should be seen and studied. There are some slight inconsistencies about it. For example, on the high altar one will see an empty bottle bearing the legend, "Blank's Ale," containing a spray of lilies, or "Flor de San Juan," placed there by some devout peon who knows nothing about the great Blank! However, that is a small matter.

When we were last in Amecameca, the old churchyard was filled to overflowing (it was Easter Sunday) with a most remarkable and motley collection of Pharisees, publicans, sinners, ordinary everyday peons, and Roman soldiers. The *tout ensemble* and general get-up of these latter were something passing wonderful and fearful, and calculated to lead to bad dreams for many nights to come. We had

seen the Passion Play before, but never in Amecameca; besides that, on Easter Sunday the peons have generally forgotten about the Crucifixion, and proceed to celebrate the "Dia de Paseua" by divers feasts, rejoicings, and "pulque jags." But that day they still wore the pink cotton leggings, purple tunics, bows and arrows, and inverted tomato-cans that did duty for helmets, and stalked around with the accustomed gravity and importance of the Crucifixion-day. We soon learned that it was on account of the "Image" of Amecameca, which was that night to be conveyed up the hill again from the church, to the sound of music and revelry, there to remain until the next Holy Week. To remain for long in the company of these be-armed, be-whiskered, and be-tomato-canned Roman warriors was impossible. We incontinently fled, taking the steep street that leads up the "Sacred Hill," which, at least, would not be populated by the "noble Romans," who were all at the

"Parroquia," jealously guarding their precious image.

This road, a stone causeway, has been cut up the hillside to provide for the annual procession of Indians to the church on the top, where repose the bones of good Fray Martin, and where also the holy image is kept. Scattered all the way along it are "stations"—fourteen of them—built mostly of very exquisite tiles, and telling you in very crabbed Spanish and Latin to stop here and reflect on such-and-such a thing. There are fourteen of these stations at irregular intervals, and while one may not always stop to pray and consider, as the road runs on upward at an angle of about eight per cent, one is always glad to stop, under the pretense of "considering," in order to rest one's weary feet and breathe for a second or two. The road winds around through a dense thicket of very beautiful *ahuehuetes* (willows) and is paved with rough round stones. From here one catches glimpses of the two volcanoes, but it is better to wait until the top of the hill is reached, as from there one of the most magnificent views of the world is to be had. One is rewarded there for the heart-rending up-hill trip, at the end of which one is breathless, voiceless, purple in the face, and panting violently, with just enough strength left to sit flat on the ground, and wonder how the Indians, or any one else, can credit the story that their wonderful image was originally brought here three hundred years ago by a mule that had strayed from its companions and bore the image on its back all the way up this hill, stopping at last at the entrance to Fray Martin's cave. Surely the originator of this very picturesque legend could have known little of the nature of a mule!

When you have recovered your breath, you can travel a little farther onward, when you will get the best view of the town of Amecameca, at your feet, and the snow-clad "White Lady," with her mighty companion, Popocatepetl, as they tower into the dark blue of the sky, seeming so near that you might reach forward and take handfuls of snow from their sides. In reality, however, Popocatepetl is some hours' horseback scramble over the pedregal from Amecameca, whence the ascent is always made.

In May, unfortunately, a perfectly clear

view of the two mountains cannot be obtained, for then it is cloudy, and the mist and haze almost hide them from sight. Nevertheless, the outlook is glorious from the Padre's terrace on the "Holy Hill," with the quaint, red-roofed town of Amecameca; the white churches far off in the olive groves, their tiled domes glistening under the sun's rays; the gardens and orchards, and the silvery waters that glimmer beyond the green meadows; the purple of the lower foot-hills, and the ever-changing lights on the nearer mountains, all dominated by the two great volcanoes that rear their lofty heads far above the snow-line, and seem to dream tranquilly there in silent watch over the little town below. A grander scene it would be difficult to find.

It is with reluctance that one turns away from this, even to visit Fray Martin's cave and the other matters of interest. From the magnificent volcanoes, which glitter in the warm sunlight like two vast heaps of mingled snow and silver, the white fluffy clouds hovering jealously about their lofty summits, down to the cave of even a holy friar is a long step, and an unwelcome one, for one would prefer to spend all of the precious three hours in silent worship of Popocatepetl and his sleeping sweetheart.

The cave is a tiny one, rudely cut into the side of the sacred hill, doubtless by Fray Martin himself, and during his lifetime had neither adornment nor furnishings, save the good Father's straw petate and rude vessels. Now it is floored with glistening, exquisitely colored tiles, any of which is worth a fortune, and continually provocative of a breach of the tenth commandment. The low roof, damp, crumbling, and uncomfortable in the days of the Padre, is now smoothed and polished, and even colored. Over in the corner where his humble bed once was, a gilded and much decorated case now reposes, which has the honor of holding the Image of Amecameca,—empty when we saw it, because the image was being worshiped and prayed to down below in the town of Amecameca. Later, we did see it—a very curious image, unlike any that one can see anywhere in this image-loving country. There are many legends about it, of which that one implicating the mule is the most credulous. At any rate, it is certain that



the image has reposed in this same cave for more than three centuries—ever since the year 1530. It represents the dead Christ, being, of course, rudely fashioned. The material seems to be a sort of corn-stalk pith, or fiber, (perhaps a maguey preparation, known in those days, but now a lost art). While it is fully life-size, it

to steal it! To purchase it, no matter at what price, is out of the question.

In this very tiny cave Fray Martin lived for many years, doing many good works, greatly beloved of the Indians, and even of the animals of the ahuehuate forest thereabouts. He must have been another Saint Anthony; for the legend runs that even



A Penitent Going Up the Sacro Monte on Her Knees

weighs just two pounds! This is the idol of the Indians of Amecameca and the surrounding pueblos. Many persons have attempted to purchase it, and failed. Like the Titian "Entombment" at Tzintzuntzan, this image is secretly guarded day and night, and woe be unto the man who dares

the little beasts of the forest changed their holes and lairs in order to live near him, and the birds forsook their nests to be with and sing to him. His life seems, from the legends of the Indians of Amecameca, to have been full of pure and holy works, spent in self-denial and self-forgetfulness,

and given up to his "Indios" of Amecameca. He was of the Franciscan Order, and the conversion of hundreds of Indians was his work. They came to regard him much as the disciples of old must have thought of our Christ. On his death and burial at Tlalmanalco, the burial-ground then of his order, the Indians secretly stole his bones and buried them in the little cave that had for so many years been his only earthly home. There, even to this day, three hundred years afterward, Indians go yearly, and even monthly, to pray that the spirit of "El Padre Martin" may be with them, and give them such things as they may want.

These pilgrimages are very interesting, even to the Roman Catholics of Mexico, being a strange mixture of Aztec and Christian rites, Aztec predominating. No priests officiate,—the people have it all their own way, going after first holding their religious dance at the foot of the hill, in torchlight processions up the winding causeway, stopping to pray at each of the fourteen stations, where they leave little tokens of their presence, such as a lock of hair, a scrap of the reboso or tilma or cotton garment. Few strangers have seen this. We once surreptitiously watched one of these same dances, though not the Amecameca one. It is a droll thing, being merely a slow shuffling about, to the sound of the usual Indian music, pipe or reeds, by the men, and the dance about a pole that is decorated with ribbons and flowers by the girls. If one is unobserved by the dancers, it is an interesting thing to see. The moment they learn of your presence, however, the dance and the music abruptly stop, dark faces scowl, and strange words are muttered in an unknown dialect. You then see only a lot of very clean Indians, gazing sullenly at you, with blank and not very pleasant faces.

Very often the pilgrimage from the foot of the sacred hill to the cave of Fray Martin is made by the pilgrims on their knees, some of them even wear the crown of thorns (*corona de espinas*). We saw one of these fanatics the day we were at Amecameca, and were so lucky as to photograph her, unknown to the Indians thronging about her. Had they seen us in our profane occupation, there is no telling what might have happened. She was an

old woman, of perhaps fifty, clothed in veritable rags, soiled and worn with long travel. Her hair, matted and in strings, fell down over a peculiarly ugly and repulsive face, soiled with dirt and dust, and over both the blood from the cruel crown of thorns was trickling in sluggish streams! It was a most ghastly sight, this half-crazed creature, in her rags and crown of thorns, as she slowly wriggled along, on the ascent to the cave, muttering in her own dialect, speaking to no one, looking at no one, intent only on the fulfillment of her vow, careless of the sharp thorns that cut into her forehead and head and the stones that bruised her knees. Along her path followed a crowd of men and boys and women, who praised her, and even ran forward and threw their tilmas and rebosos before her, to soften the pilgrimage, many of the men holding her up by the hands when, from fatigue and weakness, she would be unable to wriggle on, falling often face downwards on the sharp rocks of the causeway.

Before going down the holy hill again, we were, by special request, taken over the humble rooms once occupied by Padre Tomas, our special friend and guide, now, alas! no longer there. His bare little room was still there, but the cat and the four doves had been taken away. Two things only remained—the queer old carved chair that he used to sit in, and the wooden skull before which he ate his meals of bread and water. For years Padre Tomas was the parish priest of Amecameca, greatly beloved by the Indians and Mexicans, and even by the "Gringo" strangers within the gates. But he had one weakness, an irresistible liking for practical jokes, which was the cause of his removal. He was sent away to other fields, as many another priest has been, and a stranger now has his place.

In those days, the Republic (?) of Mexico allowed no nunneries, and no monasteries. Priests and nuns could not even walk on the streets or in public places in their robes of office. Sometimes, in spite of the law, a surreptitious nunnery of pious women would be discovered. In spite of their tears, prayers, and entreaties, the assemblage would be broken up, and the sisters scattered. In fact, advice such as was given to Ophelia—"Get thee to a





Popocatepetl from Amecameca

nunnery!"—would have been wasted then. In Mexico there were no nunneries to get to. It was the duty of every priest to report a nunnery wherever he found two or three of the faithful gathered together; a criminal offense if he did not do so.

Now, Padre Tomas had a very soft heart, and for years he allowed to live and flourish under his very nose,—just across the patio, in fact,—a very comely and pious colony of nuns; all comely,—that is, except the Mother Superior. She, as Padre Tomas dolefully confessed, was as ugly as a woman could be,—fat, frowsy, and fifty, with a mustache! Though he would never own it, it was our private conviction that the good Father flirted mildly with the comely nuns, overlooking the Mother Superior, who would have been no woman if she had not resented it.

To cut a long story short, Padre Tomas safely sheltered, shepherded, and confessed these nuns—who all had money, by the way—for many years, doing in all ways

his duty by them, save in the matter of practical jokes, of which there were hundreds. There was the matter of snuff, for instance, which he administered to the whole flock, to cure the influenza. The incident of the burros, and the introduction into the general cell of a stuffed man (straw), and many other wicked plots, which were to him the source of infinite amusement, and to the poor nuns the most terrible frights. They never discovered the originator of these deeds, strange to say, putting them down as the work of the Evil One, who would not be exorcised.

The end came one fine day when the Padre, perhaps instigated thereto by the Devil, sent the Mother Superior, concealed in the vegetable-man's basket, a nice sharp razor, with the mild request that she use it on her upper lip. There was, as the Padre expressed it to us, *tableaux vivants*, and very nearly battle, murder, and sudden death. For the Mother's anger was

such, that altogether forgetting that she was a nun, and certainly not one to tell tales, she took the very first train to the City of Mexico, where she sought and obtained audience with the Archbishop, and unfolded to him her tale of woe. The consequence was that the whole clerical outfit of Amecameca was disbanded; the short-sighted Mother Superior and her flock were broken up and severely reprimanded, and our Padre was taken away from his parish, punished severely for both his disobedience of the law and the playing of practical jokes on the nuns, and finally sent off to the Sierras, where he labors now among a lot of rough mining men and peons and burros. Pobre Padre Tomas!

In the little chapel of Guadalupe, at the very crest of the hill, hang innumerable very touching pictures of the saints, and any amount of votive offerings. These latter are worthy of careful study and investigation, for one may be sure that their like was never seen elsewhere on earth, or under the earth, for that matter,—all of them, of course, dedicated to the image of the Sacro Monte, and every one of them worth (to curiosity-seekers) hundreds of dollars. One of them particularly excites one's curiosity—a small square picture, done in subdued browns and greens, representing a holy friar on his sick-bed, with other monks giving him spiritual consolation, while "Our Señor of the Sacred Mountain" looms up in the background, all really quite well drawn and expressed. Underneath this touching representation is written, in very crabbed old-fashioned Spanish script, the following legend:—

In the year 1541, the holy Padre Domingo, being very seriously afflicted with an "enfermedad" of the liver, had been given up by the practitioners of medicine. He commended himself to the Saviour, received the last sacrament, and was beginning to grow cold, when, lo and behold! there appeared to him our Most Merciful Señor of the Sacred Mountain, who restored his life and health. In token whereof, this picture was painted and hung in the Holy Chapel, in perpetual commemoration of the healing powers possessed by Nuestro Señor del Sacro Monte.

That is only one of the offerings. There are many more, dating back three hundred years; some crude, some gaudy, and many others well drawn and painted, in commemoration of all sorts of accidents.

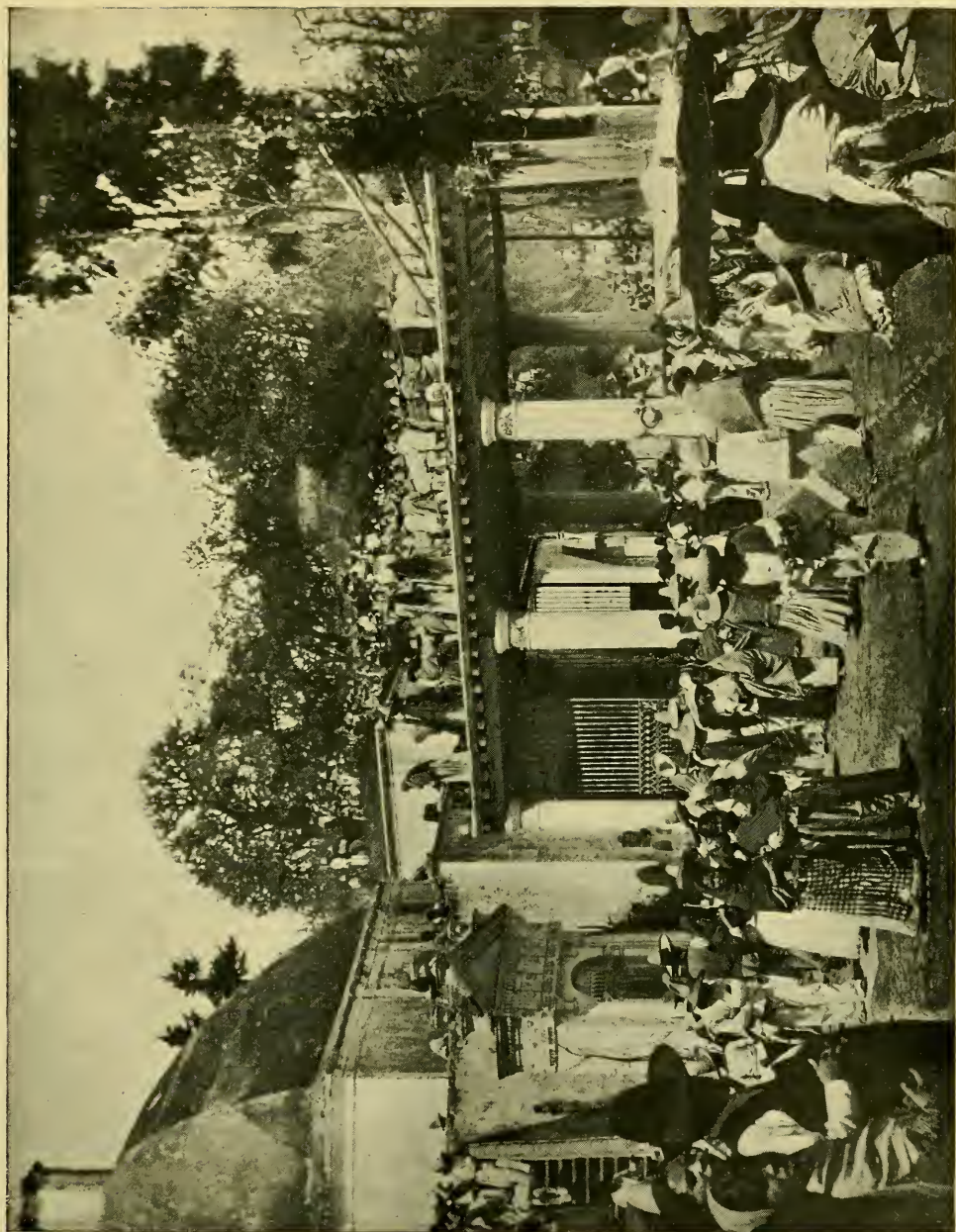
There is one that is a sort of "tale of woe," like that of Johnny Jones and his Sister Sue, setting forth the sickness and subsequent near approach to death of a peon girl who had imbibed not wisely but too well of a certain "pulque compuesto," but who was saved by the image; another, of a railroad accident, where a man narrowly escaped death in the wreck by calling, at the very last moment, upon "Nuestro Señor"; another, of a boat accident; and many, many more.

Back of this little chapel one finds a lot of clay tombs and monuments, upon all of which have been rudely traced outlines of feet, of all sorts and shapes and sizes, evidently with the idea of leaving the trace of one's foot behind, in proof that the sacred pilgrimage had been made by the owner of the said foot thus traced in the everlasting rock. Not to be outdone, we also outlined our shoes on the stones alongside those of the faithful; for we too had worshipped at the shrine of "Nuestro Señor," bought rosaries of the old woman of the chapel, given centavos to her little grandson, and left scraps of our garments—though not willingly—among the shrubbery and undergrowth of the Sacred Mountain, in the vain attempt to find orchids.

From this queer "place of the foot-prints," one follows another unpaved road through the *ahuehuetes* down to the town. During the rainy season, one cannot imagine anything more delightful than this moss-hung grove of willows, where little birds flit about and chirp inquiringly at you,—just as they did, perhaps, in the days of good old Fray Martin.

The quiet is broken as one descends, getting nearer the village, and the scenes of the fiesta—for Holy Week to the Indians of Mexico is not a time of fasting and prayer, but rather a season of gambling, dancing, feasting, and eating. Even on Easter Sunday, one finds booths and little white tents, gayly decorated and adorned with Mexican flags, streamers, and flowers, stretching from the very foot of the Holy Hill to the station-yards. All sorts of things are hung out and displayed, for the temptation and downfall of the economically inclined; pulque is flowing far more freely than water, and there is even the inevitable English ale and the





A nearer view of the Fiesta

more ordinary "Cerveza." The air is redolent of frying tortillas, stuffed with cheese and onions and other edibles, and which, if you don't fear indigestion, you will find "muy sabrosos," especially if you take a wee bit of red chili with them! It is all Indian, pure and simple; there are no *estranjeros* to mar the scene. Everywhere

you will see only the lounging figures of the men, in their white garments and big sombreros, with the inevitable scarlet tilma about their shoulders, smoking lazily and talking in low, drowsy tones; and the dark, bright-faced women, in their clean starched skirts and gracefully twisted blue rebosos, chatter and laugh merrily among them-

selves, as they deftly roll up and fry the tortillas, and get ready the pulque for their lords' "comida." It is all truly unique, Indian, uncivilized, and you forget all about the twentieth century, and money, and the struggle for life and existence, and enviously watch these people,

(they are the people, after all, who enjoy and understand life,) and wish you were one of them. Just about that time, however, the whistle of the "angel-maker" is heard in the land, and you have to say "Adios" to the Indians, and make a rush for the station.

## LAND OF BEAUTY: LAND OF FREEDOM

DECORATION DAY, 1899.

**L**AND of beauty: Land of Freedom, on thee all our hopes are cast,  
In thy justice, in thy mercy, we can trust unto the last;  
In thy rivers, plains and mountains God has shown his bounteous hand.  
Land of Beauty; Land of Freedom, great and glorious, good and grand.

*Chorus:*

Live forever, Land of Freedom: home of Anglo-Saxon braves,  
Let it ever be thy motto, Humans were not born for slaves.

Land of Beauty: Land of Freedom, float thy banner ever high;  
Starry banner: Freedom's emblem, for it men will do or die;  
On the land and on the water, tyrants tremble at its sight,  
Floating proudly, never changing, Heaven's signal for the right.

*Chorus:*

Live forever, Land of Freedom: home of Anglo-Saxon braves,  
Let it ever be thy motto, Humans were not born for slaves.

Land of Beauty: Land of Freedom, bounded by two oceans' waves;  
In thy bosom: In thy keeping, are a million freemen's graves;  
Freedom's victims; Angels guard them, they are heroes laid to rest,  
In the day of resurrection they will stand among the blest.

*Chorus:*

Live forever, Land of Freedom: home of Anglo-Saxon braves,  
Let it ever be thy motto, Humans were not born for slaves.

Land of Beauty: Land of Freedom, God will guard thee from all harm.  
He will shelter thy defenders, and assist with his right arm.  
Keep progressing, ever forward, never let thy light grow pale  
Land of Beauty: Land of Freedom: right and justice must prevail.

*Chorus:*

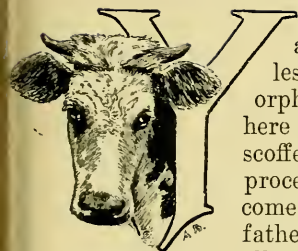
Live forever, Land of Freedom: home of Anglo-Saxon braves,  
Let it ever be thy motto, Humans were not born for slaves.



# A UTAH LOVE STORY

By FANNY DARE

ILLUSTRATED BY MISS A. BRADSHAW



YESTERDAY, Charaathalar had been a godless little Gentile boy, an orphan, unsheltered, fed here and there, derided, scoffed at; but to-day, by process of law, he had become possessed of a home, a father, and two mothers,—all good Christian people, concerned for his material and spiritual weal, and bent on training him up as they believed a boy should go.

His two mothers were sisters by birth, and submissive, affectionate wives to their Mormon-elder husband, he being a model specimen of his kind, bishop of his block from time out of mind, a willing giver of his tithes, walking erectly in his own narrow way, and seeing all that could be seen with the dim light given him. And more than this no man can do.

No children had been born to them, and their lamentations had been long and loud, but now fate had sent this boy their way, and they smiled again. They deemed his rearing a God-given task, and threw their souls into it. To make him a good boy and a good Mormon was their determination, and in their opinion no boy could aspire to higher things.

As a boy among boys, Charaathalar would not have rated high. There was a vulgar term of mockery among Mormon lads not heard elsewhere, and this term was constantly applied to him.

They said he was "dishwatery," and named him "Dishwater Perkins."

He was such a faded, unwholesome boy, and the projecting curve of his teeth accentuated the inward slope of his chin, while his little ball of a nose was far from attractive. As for his hands!—were this writing designed for a medical treatise I might dare describe them. But his eyes were blue and attentive, and when in repose his was an altogether most pitiable face.

His two new mothers swooped down on

him like prey-birds on choice pickings; for there was some glory in righting the wrongs of a boy like this, not found in sturdy, rosy boys, and this sort of glory was an incense smelling sweet in the nostrils of all church people there.

Jannetty had her plans for rearing boys; Emmerettah, hers. Jannetty's, all rod; her sister's, none. Each sister well-intentioned, each anxious to bring to the boy a little of the harmony of life which had fallen so generously to her share, as she believed.

Charaathalar's new home was a fair spot. Many of the dwellings about were adobe, but Elder Mills's was frame and well constructed, setting back from the wide tree-bordered street a hundred feet or so, with a double row of cottonwoods up from the gate, and a mass of luxuriant but perfectly disciplined shrubbery filling the yard. From the street you saw the double buff-and-white cottage through a screen of green branches set thick with blossoms, and the piazza running the length of the two houses was divided by a partition bearing on either side shelves filled with pots of blooming plants. Wide, rude chairs stood about and hand-made rugs strewed the floor, the arrangement being the same on either porch. Everything was orderly and cheerful and showed contentment and good housekeeping in every detail.

Charry arrived during "Jannetty's week," and her time being occupied by the somewhat exacting Elder, he was turned over to Emmerettah, she being free, and therefore house-cleaning.

The boy's first meal in his new home was like a vision of fairyland. He sat across from Ma Emmerettah, and after the blessing she had asked him which kind of sauce he preferred—peach or pear. That he should be given any kind was a revelation to him who had seldom tasted such food, and when he hesitated Emmerettah had given him a dish overflowing with peach, as being the richest and most liked by boys. He sat staring at it as if it were some rare

gem or curiosity, and when a fly lit upon it, indignantly drove it away.

To eat sweets, and to eat his fill! He wondered if he were dreaming, and was convinced that it was for to-day only, and because of his arrival. He had been washed, and his bleeding hands bound with strips of oiled linen until they were almost useless, but he ate and drank as best he could, and gazed with affectionate eyes on his new mother, who returned the gaze lovingly.

For a week she and the boy lived together, and in that time became as mother and child. The broken heart of the boy began healing, and the willingness with which he did his tasks, his very awkwardness and ignorance, endeared him to her sweet and tender soul.

It was Sunday evening and the end of the week. After a day of prayers and service-going, she called him to her side and said: "Charry, honey, you've been a beautiful, good boy all week; but you know, beginning in the morning, t'other Ma Mills takes you for a spell."

"I know it," he replied, struggling vainly to keep back his tears; "but I want to stay here. Can't I?"

"No; 't would n't be right. You know you are half hern and half mine, and all of Pa Mills's."

Charry sat silent, pondering probably on this division of himself, while tears fell on his bandaged hands.

"I'm 'fraid of her. She ain't so good 's you."

"Why, honey, she's just the same as me,—a God-fearin', Christian woman, and a better bread-baker than ever I dared be."

"She's different, though. I watched her through a crack a long time yesterday."

"Why, Charry! was you peekin' through a crack at your Ma Jannetty Mills? That's wrong and unchristian and a thing the Elder would n't 'prove on if he knew it. Don't your catechism say to honor thy parents? Good people never peek. They don't want to see people when they are alone by their secret selves, with only God's eye on 'em."

Charry, rebuked, hung his head and looked penitent, as if possessed of full knowledge of his own degenerateness, and

was meek enough. The next morning, when dressed, Ma Emmerettah led him through the little gate in the dividing fence, and into Ma Jannetty's kitchen.

The Elder had gone to his work of hauling stone below town an hour gone, and Charry's breakfast was on the table awaiting him.

Ma Jannetty met them at the door, her starched cotton dress and apron rattling like wind-blown paper.

"Good mornin', Sis. You've brought me my boy, I see. Here's his breakfast ready for him. Sit down yourself. William told me to tell you not to get too early supper, as he was likely to be late, as he was all last week with me, and us eatin' a spiled supper every evening. Now, son, eat your breakfast, so's I can get cleaned up and to my work."

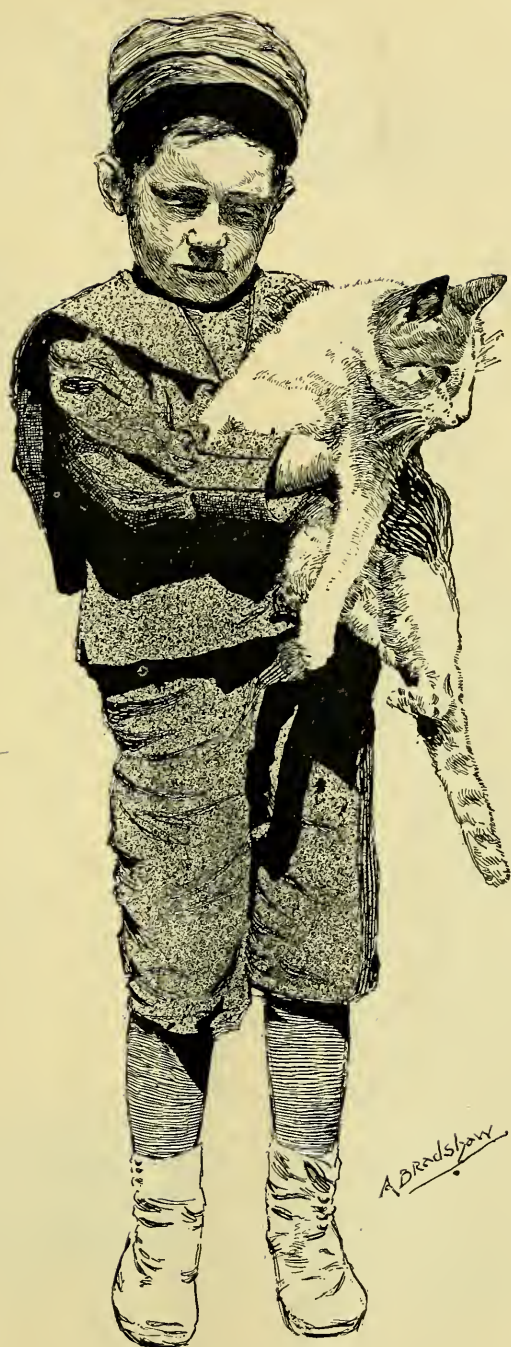
Charry sat with his eyes fixed on the food, but ate nothing. The breakfast was a bowl of coarse oaten grits and a cup of milk. A week since had this been offered him he would have accepted thankfully, but Ma Emmerettah's generous cuisine had depressed his appetite and raised his standard of breakfasts. He sipped the milk and dug his spoon into the oat-grits, but got no farther.

Emmerettah's long-empty heart had become filled to almost overflowing with this unwholesome, misshapen boy, and when she saw him stick at the porridge her tenderness for him nearly overwhelmed her.

"Sissy, dear," she began mildly, "the child is not real well yet, and needs delicate food. I've been feedin' him on canned fruit all week. We both have so much it will only go to waste, as it's nearly cannin' time again, and not half of our jars emptied. Let's let Charry empty 'em for us. He just loves fruit, and it's good for his blood. We put up so much, to tell you the truth, I think it's just about half wasted."

"There'll be none wasted in my house, I can tell you that," replied Jannetty tartly. "Cousin Liza, up Boise City way, can use all I have left over. It 'pears like to me no one but us Mormon women ever has anything decent to eat in the fruit way. Liza's always cryin' down our religion, and then livin' from hand to mouth the way she does."





Charaathalar

"I know it," answered Emmerettah; "but we have done the Lord's bidding and He has blessed us, and we will help Liza all we can, and pray for her to be brought into the fold. You send her all your leftover fruit, and I'll give Charry mine. The week he is your boy I'll bring him over his can every day. His hands need fruit."

"They need something. I know that well enough. But it's my belief it's soft soap and itch-balsam instid of fruit."

"Now, Jannetty, don't be too harsh."

"Now, Emmerettah, don't be too foolish, but come on into the settin'-room and see the beautiful new chair William gave me. You get yourn to-day."

The chair was minutely examined and admired, and then Emmerettah started for home by the way of the kitchen. There sat Charry, the porridge untouched, his face dripping with tears. She went to him and hid his face, plain to the point of grotesqueness, in her apron.

"Come, honey," she cooed, "eat your grits and hush cryin' about 'em."

"It ain't the grits," sobbed the boy. "I li—li—li—like mush, but, bu—"

"But what, darlin'?"

"She don't love me."

"O, Charry! she just does love you. I know she does."

"No,—no,—no,—, she don't. No—no—nobody loves me but you. You're the onliest one that ever called me 'honey.' " And sobs fairly racked him as he clung to her apron.

She took him on her lap and folded him close to her breast, and her tears were mingled with his. The other Mrs. Mills came into the kitchen.

"Well, Emmerettah Alive Mills, if you don't take me clean offen my feet! Any one would suppose I was goin' to misabuse that child, when I'm goin' to love him and do my hull duty by him just same's you be. He's ailin' and needs clarifyin', as his hands show. You may fruit him your week, but I shall certainly clarify him mine."

"Now, Sis, he's no more'n a baby yet."

"And I've seen some mighty unwhole-some babies. Where would William Mills be to-day if it wa'n't for me. He's that bilious the week you feed him he can't

eat when he gets back to me until he's plumb clarified. He may well say I'm his fast and you're his feast, and the Holy Word says to fast is best."

"I know, Sis; but William's a strong, hearty man."

"And I'm goin' to make Charry a strong, hearty boy, and he's goin' to love me as I love him, 'cause I've got a ma's love buzzin' 'round in me, yearnin' for a spot to settle on, same's you had."

"Well, start easy like, Sis. He's never had a kind word afore till now, and he sets such store by them. He's the thankfullest child I ever knew, and me and him have had such a happy week together. I want him to have the same with you."

"And he's goin' to have it," replied Jannetty, taking the boy with firm hand from her sister's lap into her own, and feeding him the grits, now sprinkled lightly with sugar. It was a mystery how the child managed to swallow the food and his sobs at the same time, but he did so bravely, even endeavoring to facilitate matters as best he could.

"There, I knew he was a good boy, and only needed a little coaxing. Before he's with me a week he'll be lovin' me more than t'other ma, and puttin' her pear-jam aside for my porridge. Let me look at them hands and see what we can do about them."

She began to unwind the bandages roughly, and Emmerettah went from the room with one backward glance into the imploring eyes of Charry.

It had been agreed that the women were to have the boy week about, a boy each being considered too expensive, and that there was to be no interference between them, each woman in her week doing her best for him in her own way. Emmerettah spoke of him often to William during the week, dwelling on his sweetness with loving words, and to their evening prayer was added a few words for the child. The Elder had talked with the boy when he had brought him his lunch at noontime, and Mills was assured of the boy's thankfulness and piety.

He's a pice little feller," he had said one evening; "and more'n that I don't ask of no child, but he seems so down-hearted it sort o' sads a body."





"Any one would suppose I was going to misabuse that child"

Mrs. Mills said she had observed this, but hoped to get him over it; but her heart saddened the next day when she saw him through the pickets, his hands in coarse red woolen mittens, his eyes swollen from weeping. She went into her closet and knelt in prayer, and from thence into the pantry, where she set two of her finest jars of fruit on the window-ledge where she knew Charry could see them. Not a word of her trouble did she breathe to the Elder, but was sweet and gentle all week, and nightly prayed aloud that the Lord would yet see fit to give her a child of her own. On Monday morning she kissed William—a bone-rack, fringed at top with red hair—good-by as he set out for his labors, and then she ran to the little gate in the dividing fence. Charry stood waiting on the other side and fell against her apron and to kissing it.

“Now, my darlin’,” she said, “I hope you did n’t eat no breakfast yet. We’ll have ours together. Just come in quick and see what ma’s got for you.”

The breakfast-table stood ready for them, and down the center of it a row of glass dishes filled with jam, the largest dish being of red plums, the pride of the Mormon housewife. Charry stood in silence, staring; then his breast began heaving, and he threw himself on the floor clutching at her skirt-hem. She raised him up, and there was a love-feast in the little kitchen that morning such as kings and queens have never partaken of.

It was Emmerettah’s custom to clean house the week she was alone, and hitherto the six days had been devoted entirely to it, but now all was changed. The first half of the day she gave up to her domestic affairs, but the afternoons were filled with Charry. O, those happy afternoons, gleaming specks in a dull, gray life that were never forgotten! They picnicked and strolled into the woods, catechism always in hand, so that the boy’s religious instruction might not be interrupted. The child’s whimsical appearance was a target for the hamlet’s satire. Yet Emmerettah did not know it.

The smiles which greeted him at every turn she placed to his account as pleasant greetings; but the boy understood, and in after years, he lay on her grave and

sobbed out to a friend that he knew all the while.

With all his willingness to learn, the catechism was always a task to him, and he asked questions no man has yet been able to answer. A picture of God was the first thing he requested to be shown, and was surprised when told his request was unusual, if not blasphemous and impious. One point he settled in his mind, and never afterward disturbed. If God was like anything, He was surely like Ma Emmerettah, and to stop discussion it was allowed to rest that way. They rambled hand in hand sometimes till nightfall and then strolled home, like lovers dallying by the wayside. He stole a kiss from her neck or cheek or lips when opportunity offered, and her soul chanted a triumphant love-psalm that soared to the spheres. In the evening they sat amidst the flowers, Utah’s lush, odorous, superabundant bloom, and discussed the catechism. I doubt if he would ever have learned a line of the book from Emmerettah’s teaching, though the book was in hand the week through. But with Ma Jannetty it was different; she gave one hard, decisive hour to the book each day. Then it was laid aside. In that hour he learned whatever he learned at all for fear of punishment and worse yet, ridicule. In this way he learned the text of the book from one mother and the spirit of it from the other, and alternated between hell and heaven week by week with more evenness than generally falls to the lot of man or boy.

Emmerettah had always considered her “Willum-week” her happy week. Now, it was her “Charry-week.” She was sunshine to the boy, and he thrived accordingly. His hands healed, though possibly Janetty’s treatment had healed them; his flesh became as other children’s, and even his hair grew less drab and wiry.

It was Sunday evening,—and what a happy week it had been! Even the catechism snarls began to unravel themselves, and now as the hour of the weekly transfer drew near, the woman and boy knelt in prayer for Christian resignation to endure the separation inevitable.

“O, ma,” he cried, “why can’t I stay with you always? I wish I was a wicked Gentile boy with only one mother.”



Emmerettah essayed to be severe.

"Charaathalar," (the niceties of pronunciation were not observed as she spoke the name,) "you should thank the Lord that you are a Christian boy, and bear yourself according. Ma Jannetty's as good for you as I be, and loves you too."

"Yes, ma; but it's such another kind of love. She makes me do what I don't want to do, and you make me do what I want to do. She gives me tea to get an appetite on, and then when I've got the appetite she don't give me only but porridge. Is that love?"

"Yes, it's a kind of love, honey," she replied with a sigh. "She loves you, and yet don't love you; and I don't love you, and yet do. That's the way of it."

This distinction without a seeming difference the trusting boy understood as best he could, and continued,—“I'm goin' to ask Pa Willum to let me stay here always.”

She arose from her knees genuinely severe this time, and there was a note of alarm in her voice as she spoke.

"Don't never do that, Charry. Don't even think of doing it! You'd make what's never yet darkened our doors—trouble. And then the Elder might send you away beside. We'll be just as happy and thankful as we can be when we are together, and you try to love Ma Jannetty as much as you can, and do just as she wants. Think of how many little boys there are in the world with no happy weeks, and you with every other one happy! Why, I might say you've all happy ones. There's the one you are with me, and the one you are thinkin' about and knowin' you are going to be with me. You were brought here half for me and half for Ma Jannetty, and we've got to abide by it."

"Why can't she take the feet half," he whimpered. "She could n't catechism them or feed 'em porridge."

"Charaathalar, don't be onpious. Come sit on my lap, and we'll sing 'A little Christian Mormon boy a-travelin' on to glory.'"

She sang these words as she reached out and drew him to her, ill-favored perhaps, but clean as a flower from a matutinal

lustration that would have almost purified a leper. He clung to her, but did not join the singing, and when her voice died away said, "Ma!"

"Yes, darlin'."

"She whipped me too, 'cause I could n't drink all the appetite tea."

Emmerettah stood him on the floor and held him at arm's length breathless with pain and surprise. That any one could raise a hand against this trustful, timid little creature was hard to believe, and harder still the thought that the person was a Christian woman, saved and started glory-ward. She would have struck an angel from heaven as quickly. The blood rushed to her ears, and for the first time in her life she knew the sickening sensation of anger. She put him to bed almost without another word, and then sat beside him, wrapped in a shawl, until he fell asleep.

In the morning she bade him good-by at the little gate with a gentle admonition to be obedient in all things, and to love Ma Jannetty as much as possible, and added, more if he could. He held her face between his bandaged hands a long while, and then they parted for the week.

At the supper-table she told William of the child's complaint. The Elder was amazed that there could be any difference of opinion between the sisters, or rather, if the truth be told, was amazed that any one dared have an opinion differing from Jannetty's, and hinted that maybe the boy was to blame. This started Emmerettah off on a prolonged eulogy on the child's angelic character, his mildness, his obedience; for in her blind love she did not see that she followed where he led, and that she forced upon him what he was already too willing to receive. The Elder, who was a rigid administrator of his own affairs, was not so much provoked at the boy being punished as he was that any one should punish him but himself. This was insubordination in the household, and as continuous block-bishop, it was needful that he should check it at once, or it might spread to other households wherein the family ties were more complicated, and therefore, more difficult to manage. He finished eating, and going out, told Emmerettah to follow, and they entered Jan-

netty's kitchen, looking as downcast and unhappy as two criminals.

They were in the sitting-room, Jannetty standing over the boy urging him to finish drinking a pint cup of herb tea. Her hand was lifted up against him and he cowered before her, his lips compressed to keep down the nauseous draught he had just swallowed.

Emmerettah snatched the cup from her sister's hand and going to an open window threw it far from her.

Jannetty turned and caught a gleam from the Elder's snapping eyes, and bowing her head, said meekly, "I was only doin' my duty. I'd have expected a visitation from the Lord as soon as you 'ns."

"You 're in need of one, I fear, Jannetty. Are you misabusin' that child?"

"I'm tryin' to cure his gum-rash, if that's misabuse, and tryin' to make him fit to live with decent people. It takes me all week to clarify him of the sweet-cake and preserves Emmerettah feeds him. If she had him two weeks hand-runnin' he'd be a co'pse."

"Better a happy co'pse than a grievin' child," he retorted.

"He eats too well to be grievin' much," said Jannetty.

"Not o' your vittles," answered Emmerettah.

"Wives! wives, stop! This is onchristian."

"I fear it is, Willum," said Emmerettah; "but I can't stand to see that little defenseless child knocked about. His tender little stomach ain't fitted up for porridge, and gripin' herb tea is not the thing to put a child to bed on every night."

"It's made Willum the man he is to-day, and no disputin'," snapped Jannetty.

William sat down and whipped one scantling-like leg over the other.

"I'm took aback at you two,—clear aback,—and it's got to stop here and heretofore. Our happy home has grown into a scene of disturbance therein, and peace sits in our midst no more forever. If the child's caused it, the child must go, and thereunto let us all fix our seal; but if the child's not the cause, let us find it and cast it from our midst as did Daniel in the lion's den."

The awed women murmured "Amen."

He went on: "No disturbin' hand must be raised in our midst or we will strike it down as the Lord did Moses. We air the chosen people, the happy people, the wise men of the East. Therefore make your life so clean no man can point at you. Our home-life is our citydale, but destroy the citydale and your whole foundation falls to the ground. Jannetty, did yoe whip Charaathalar?"

"I slapped him a little because he would n't drink his appetite tea."

Emmerettah spoke up: "How could he? That mite of a child don't hold no pint—"

"He'd hold a pint o' fruit," interrupted Jannetty.

"Stop!" said the Elder with uplifted hand. "He may be a pint child and he may be a quart child; that we will not discourse now. The question is, Is he a pice child? Emmerettah says he is, and my judgment follows hern."

"He's pious enough, I suppose, but he's scrofulutic. The week I have him I am beseeched by the neighbors offering me cures for him."

"Wives," said William solemnly, "we've traveled the path together many years thereunto and never stumbled until now. Therefore be weary, my brethren, be weary lest we fall into a pit now in our midst. Each of you women is right in your way and generation as given untoe you—Emmerettah feedin' and Jannetty clarifyin'. I have thriven under this systum and the child also. Therefore, both administer your dozes but with a kindly hand, I say,—a meek and gentle hand."

"But he don't hold no pint, Willum," persisted Emmerettah.

"No; about a half-pint, I reckon," said William with a flourish of his arm meant to close the discussion.

But Emmerettah, like all mild people when once aroused, continued to argue her point. This was her first rebellion, she never, in fact, having been sufficiently interested in anything before to revolt; so she continued: "He is not half your size, Willum; only a third, I should say, and needs only a third of the clarifyin'. Shall it be a third?"

"It'll be a half, as Willum said," snapped Jannetty.



Now Elder Mills, as the world counts these things, was not a rich man. He owned the homestead and a team of powerful draught horses, with which he earned their living, and by careful management they had saved enough to purchase a pure-blooded Jersey cow. This was owned in equal shares by the women, who not only appreciated its products, but loved the pretty animal. None but the most exalted bishops owned such fine stock, and for a petty elder in a minor hamlet to be possessed of such property distinguished him in a way not understood by the uninitiated. Since the addition of the animal to the family, Jannetty had become almost arrogant, while even Emmerettah was puffed up and felt the distinction keenly. Besides Emmerettah had bestowed on it a sentimental value impossible for her practical sister to appreciate, so there were two people in the room somewhat surprised when she said, "Sis, s'posin' you give up your half of the boy to me and take my half of our cow."

"Go slow, wives; go slow," admonished the Elder. "The cow is a vailable animal, and may be the boy ain't willin' to be traded. Charaathalar, air yoe willin' toe

be swapped for half of the Jersey and go toe live with your Ma Emmerettah for now and forever and hereinafter as the Lord may set His seal onto this day and forever?"

The boy tried to cloak his eagerness with humility as he replied, "Yes, sir."

The Elder continued: "And yoe, Jannetty, air yoe satisfied that such should be the compack betwixt yoe and your sister, boy for cow and cow for boy?"

Jannetty also tried to cloak her eagerness with humility as she responded, "Yes, sir."

Emmerettah slipped one arm around her sister's waist, and held the other outstretched to the child, who sprang to her. The Elder remained seated, but with closed eyes and uplifted hands, intoned solemnly: "Now, as a compack toe compack, and seal toe seal, do we abide by our faith in these things as hereinontoe we have pledged ourselves toe do those things which we ought not toe have done and not toe do those things which we ought toe have done, and therefore I ask that peace be upontoe us one and all."

The women and child stood with bowed heads.

## UNDER THE STAR

THE evening star was shining,  
The night wind whispered low,—  
Along the lane the roses  
Were lavishly ablow;  
Earth was as like to Heaven  
As Earth can ever be,  
When leaning close, my love said,  
"My love, I love but thee!"

Oh, come again, sweet evening,—  
Oh star, shine in your place,  
That I may keep my trysting  
And gaze upon his face,—  
That I may hear the music  
Of those sweet words again,  
While whispering night-winds wander  
Adown the rose-walled lane.

*Elizabeth Harman.*



Review of the Indian Congress

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Geronimo (Guyatli)—Apache

## THE CONGRESS OF AMERICAN ABORIGINES AT THE OMAHA EXPOSITION

By MARY ALICE HARRIMAN

**A**T EVERY exposition, from the days of the Crystal Palace in London to those of the Transmississippi and International, held in Omaha, Nebraska, during the summer of 1898, there has been some particular attraction which has excited the interest of all classes of people.

Needless to enumerate these various specialties, they ranged from the Eiffel Tower to the Ferris Wheel, from dancing girls to some electrical appliance. But wherever held, in America, England, France, or Germany, no such exposition has ever had a gathering of aborigines from whom

the country was wrested, or of the savage and barbarous races who are under the protectorate of more civilized nations.

To this last exposition of the Trans-mississippi it was given to have a Congress of American Indians. It is possible that there never will be again, as there never was in the past, such a gathering of the representatives of a fast-dying race, a

primitive modes of living; to reproduce their old games and dances; compare the varied and characteristic style of dress; illustrate their strange customs; recall their almost forgotten traditions; prove their skill in bead embroidery, basket-weaving, and pottery; and most important of all, to afford a comparison of the various tribes and a study of their charac-



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Cloudman—Assinaboine

uniting of six hundred Sioux, Omahas, Sacs, Foxes, Crows, Blackfeet, Cheyennes, Piutes, Apaches, Zuñis, Navajos, Moquis, Chippewas, Assinaboine, Arapahoes, Poncas, and Flatheads,—wards of a nation that has conquered but not subdued them.

The object of this Congress was to present the different Indian tribes and their

teristic and tribal traits. From every standpoint it was a grand opportunity to see and study Northern Crow and Southern Ute, the once treacherous Sioux and implacable Apache, to compare Assinaboine with Zuñi. Months of travel would be required to see in native haunts all the Indians encamped in juxtaposition to the highest marvels of science and





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Chief Hollow Horn Bear—Sioux

art as exemplified in the Omaha Exposition.

The Indian will always be a fascinating object. We know nothing of the origin of these strange people; we know they welcomed Columbus and those who followed; we know that centuries of rapine and blood have changed their gentle, child-like natures into malignant savagery, that every evil deed done to them has borne its bitter fruit, and that the settling of North America alone has been at the cost of hundreds of thousands of human lives, slain treacherously and sometimes without warrant, and at a cost in money for Indian

wars, since 1831, of over one hundred millions of dollars.

But what do we know of the point of view from which these classic braves and their ancestors—in whose veins flowed the independent blood of the patrician—looked at the encroachments of a foreign and alien race? An Indian does not parade his grievances. He fights with the desperation of despair until conquered, and then awaits his doom, extinction, with stoical resignation.

Alas, that few recognize the Indians as fellow-men “under their skins”! If the brotherhood of man had been more



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Two Little Crows

thought of, and lives adjusted accordingly, in the days when Columbus discovered a new country, when De Soto vainly looked for the fountain of youth, when Cortez led his hosts into Mexico and Peru, and during the long centuries of dishonor by which this country has been brought to its present civilization, we should not have had the horrors of Wounded Knee, Geronimo's savage acts of cruelty, nor the long trail of blood and fire which blazed along the frontier from the time when the Eastern Coast was the outpost till the year of our Lord 1898, when the Pillager Indians of Minnesota rose in revolt against the same old deceit and wanton injustice. This is, perhaps, not relevant to the subject; but the study of these Indians caused deeper thoughts to rise than were occasioned by regarding them merely as a part of the amusement section of an exposition.

But it is not the rights nor wrongs of the Indian to which I wish to call attention; rather to show the Indian as the Alpha of the alphabet of American his-

tory, as the exposition, with its wealth of accumulated inventions, of art, science, and culture, is its Omega.

This encampment consisted of about two hundred and fifty teepees, wick-i-ups, adobe-houses, and log cabins, according to the fancy of the tribe housed. The Sioux had tents of cloth, painted with heraldic figures, or devices. Some were of buffalo-hide; but these are becoming scarce and valuable. The Apache had low, rounded huts formed from bent poles, covered with bark and cloth. The Navajos and Flat-heads made adobe bricks, dried in the sun, and built a neat house, one of the most interesting things on the camping-ground.

The difference in dress and headgear was even more marked than in the dwellings of the aborigines. The Sioux were the most dressy. Their dark-blue blankets, which they wore draped as classically as ever Roman senator, were invariably trimmed with a broad band of bright-colored beads, sewed on by the patient squaws. Their head-dresses, with which pictures have made us familiar, were im-





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Mrs. Sarah Whistler—Sac and Fox

mense war-bonnets of eagle feathers forming a halo effect. They were, too, the most finely developed,—powerful in physique, with aquiline features and high cheekbones. Born rulers, to this day the Government has to lay a lenient hand on these descendants of kings long dead; they have the blood of conquerors still flowing in their veins. The Apaches—their name synonymous with devilish cruelty and craftiness—were a surprise to those who had never seen any before. Their straight-cut hair, bound with a scarlet or white band crossing the forehead in bandit style, and their pleasant smile, revealing perfect teeth, were hardly compatible with preconceived notions formed from the history of the Southwest, and the recollection of the

atrocities committed by these same Apaches and their ancestors. Their women, really pretty, good-natured, and plump, struck one as having better natures than many white women. The Flatheads were noticeable for the disfigurement which their tribal name indicates. Their women were the only ones whose hair was arranged like other races. The Omahas were the most civilized Indians at the encampment, many of them speaking English, though giving no sign of this to the casual visitor. Only to those whom they saw frequently and whom they knew respected them, did any of the Indians relax from their grim silence and proud bearing. To but few was vouchsafed the privilege of personal acquaintance with

these members of a race whose history goes back to the time when Atlantis, perhaps, formed the link between what we now know as the Eastern and Western hemispheres.

The Indian band, made up of youths from twelve to eighteen years of age from the Indian Industrial School of Flaudreau, South Dakota, well illustrated what the Government is doing to educate the young of its wards. Although dressed for the occasion in Indian costume, these boys were as well advanced in their studies as American lads of the same age, and their music was well rendered and selected.

I was impressed, too, by the refined bearing of an Indian lady,—I use the word advisedly,—Mrs. Sarah Whistler, a full-blood Sac, from Iowa originally, but now of the reservation in Oklahoma. She had the manner and bearing of a princess. Her moccasined feet, dusky skin, and Indian garb, were not noticed as I heard her speak in pure and grammatical English of the probable erasure of her people from the earth's inhabitants, and of the good the gathering of many tribes far-separated geographically would be to the Indians in acquainting them with white men's accomplishments, as taught by the Exposition, as well as seeing each other, often one-time enemies. She discussed Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona," and spoke sadly of the truths in "A Century of Dishonor," compared Kipling's vivid style with other well-known verse, and spoke of the result of the war with Spain.

As I listened I contrasted her with a lady, whiter of complexion, who had asked me on the day when every one was reading of the heroic advance up San Juan Hill, if I would let her look at my newspaper, she had heard that "There was to be a sale of ribbons at ——," and she wanted to know how cheaply she could buy streamers for her pet poodle! Needless to say who suffered from the comparison.

Never before has there been such a gathering of men known to have been at some time inimical to the interests of the American nation. Geronimo, the "terrible Apache" was the most noted. Looking at his deeply wrinkled face, scarred and seamed with seventy years of treach-

ery and cunning, watching his small, shifty eyes, one could well understand how even brave men had dreaded to encounter him in the days gone by, and that it was as well to have Geronimo a paroled prisoner as to let him have another chance to plan and execute more of his famous raids. When, during the Peace Jubilee, sitting on his Indian pony he faced the President of the United States and his erstwhile captor, General Miles, he looked straight at them, and then his eyes fell as he galloped away. Afterward he expressed a desire to speak to General Miles, and a new realization of what "peace" means to this country was attained by those who saw the meeting of the once fanatical foe to civilization and the commanding general of a victorious army that had so recently defeated the descendants of the crafty Spaniards, who centuries ago changed the innocent natives of the New World into beings as cruel and fiendish as themselves.

"Strikes-the-Iron" was another chief whose life-history would be interesting reading. He played his part in the Minnesota massacres of '62, when white scalps hung from his belt. Of this part of his life he does not speak to many,—discretion is a virtue to be cultivated. Then he roamed westward as the years went by. A friend of Sitting Bull, they rode the prairies as the whites advanced. The Black Hills knew him, and his band of horses was richly increased by the predatory raids made by him and his followers on the eager gold-seekers. He is quiet enough now; but says the Indians will never become civilized.

"When whiskers grow on an Indian's face then will he partake of the benefits of education." As the Indians religiously pull every hair out of their faces as it appears, it would seem that his sage remark was capable of a subtle meaning.

Many of the gallant Custer's opponents were at this Congress, and as they squatted in the teepees and passed their carved pipestone calumet, conversing in guttural tones, one could fancy they were living in memory the days when they imagined they could drive the white man back and keep as theirs their hunting-grounds of forest, hill, and plain.

Perhaps the most elaborate, and cer-





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#### Chief Goes to War—Sioux

tainly the most unique of all pertaining to the encampment, was the miniature historical reproduction of the famous Kiowa Camp Circle as it was pitched at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, in 1867. At the season of the blooming of the cottonwood-tree, the Kiowas always met to celebrate their great annual ceremonial dance, and on this occasion it was the last one before they went with other tribes on reservations, and ceded their lands to the Government.

The miniature camp was perfect in every detail, even to being made by descendants of those participating in the great dance. Professor James Mooney, the Government ethnological expert, has

been engaged on this particular work for five years, and it now belongs to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. As arranged by Professor Mooney, the camp was eighty feet in diameter, and consisted of eighty teepees. He selected for this exhibit only those teepees which he thought would prove of greatest interest in uniqueness of design as well as historically. They were set in the same relative position to each other as in the original camp, and in front of each hung the shield emblematic of the family to which it belonged.

The Indian battle, sham in reality, but realistic enough to the spectators, was a sight painfully familiar to the pioneers

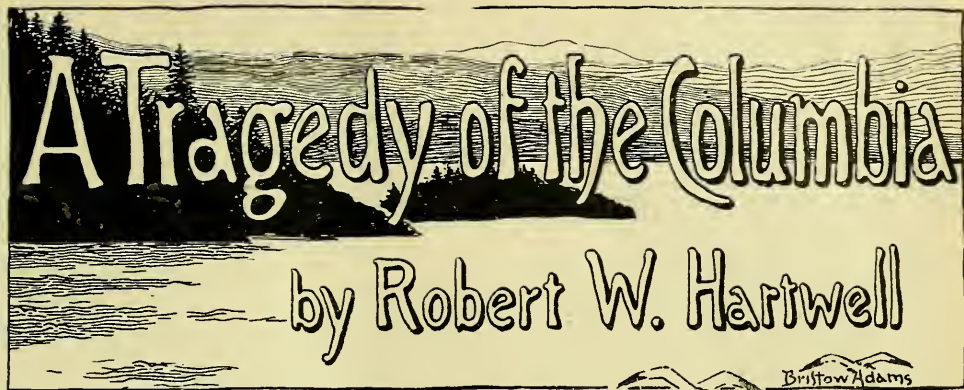
who, in bygone days, had witnessed such scenes, not from the vantage of a grand stand, but where life and death were matters of uncertainty. To others it was a spectacular drama with a touch of the genuine, as the mad splash of color swept across the field, the braves adorned the most whose apparel consisted of paint and a few strings of beads. Finally when the ammunition was gone, and the dead and wounded were miraculously restored to life, amid crowding savages, United States soldiers, and throngs of American citizens, with President McKinley standing by with uncovered head, Captain Mercer, who had charge of the Congress, had the flag lowered as the band swelled forth the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner." There was a tinge of sadness to it all. This little band of a few hundred of a fast-expiring race were once lords of the continent.

Who knows what great results this assemblage of red men may effect in the minds of the American Indians? Respect for and admiration of the wonderful accomplishments of the white race, and understanding of the value of education to their own children,—this much, at least, has already resulted from the most notable gathering of Indians in modern times.

And lastly, we may ourselves learn something of the Indians. We should know that they are not wholly bad; we must remember that generations of ignorance and wrong-doing must be overcome in educating them; and saddest though most truthful of all we must awaken to the fact that civilization, by past and present methods, is surely, and by no means slowly, killing the last of the only people who can rightfully be called Americans.







# A Tragedy of the Columbia

by Robert W. Hartwell

Bristow Adams

"Fools and the bar make fat gulls." *Fisherman's Proverb.*

NAW, 't won't do, 't won't do; the tide's runnin' too heavy t' take any o' them chances, which ain't re'lly needful. I seen too many o' the boys ketched that away on th' bar; seen too many on 'em go out o' an evenin', happy an' gay as gulls in a fish-wash, with vish-uns o' the haul they's goin' t' make, 'n' never sighted 'em alive ag'in. Mebbe we'd pick 'em up 'long shore som'er's where they'd washed in; mebbe they'd never show up ag'in, hair nur hide, dead 'r alive. The drift's mighty strong from Astoria south'ard here along the coast, and I 'low their bodies must 'a' been carried along by that. Oncet ole Cap. Smith, who lives down Tillamook way, was tack-in' home'ards 'long the beach of an evenin', 'n' seein' some gulls squabblin' over somethin', he stops to see what's up; there was some poor feller's body a-layin' there on th' sand, the bones most picked clean by the gulls. Only his shoes was still hangin' to him; they, bein' buckled on, could n't novise get off; by them, his nishuls bein' hob-nailed in the soles, they afterwards identifies the find as bein' one o' the fish boys who was spilled out on the bar."

The speaker, a swarthy fisherman of fifty years or thereabouts, was deftly laying by a net in the bottom of a stanch, broad-beamed fishing boat. He apparently addressed himself, for no one else was to be seen; occasionally he cast his eyes landward along the wharf as if waiting for

some one. His brown face, partly concealed by a short and stubbly gray beard, was furrowed and wrinkled,—not the wrinkles of care, but rather of age and wind, and the suns of summer. The boat rose and fell with the swelling waters of the Columbia, bumping with a dull leaden sound in slow regularity against the barnacle-covered pile to which it was made fast.

"That pardner of mine 's gettin' restless an' greedy like," he musingly continued, puffing away on his short-stemmed corn-cob pipe, black with age, and blowing the smoke with a vicious force from between his lips. "I seen too many on 'em,—all just like him; they're skerry and keerful at first, but 't ain't long 'fore they gets to thinkin' they knows all there is to be know'n 'bout the water and handlin' o' a boat, and then you can't tell none on 'em anything. They goes out so many times an' comes back safe, they comes to believe that, after all, they ain't no danger. It's the old sayin' 'bout famil'r'ty breedin' contempt'. B'sides, the salmon runs thick out nigh' th' bar, an' as I says, they gets greedy and ain't satisfied with fair earnin's."

He paused in his soliloquy, walked toward the bow of the boat, picked up a rope which was dangling over the gunwale, and began to draw it in hand over hand, pulling the boat to a rickety wooden ladder which led from the water to the top of the wharf.



"She's a good craft, and no mistake"

"Pete's a bit late this evenin'," he said, clambering up the ladder, "I'll make all ready so's when he gets here we kin run up the sail and get out to onc't. Hello! he's comin' now; 'low he's got all the duffle from the look o' his pack."

A tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, with light blue eyes and an abundant growth of sandy-colored hair, came shambling down the wharf, carrying in his arms a rolled-up sail, some coils of rope, and a couple of old sou-westers.

"Hello, Bill!" spoke the newcomer, "guess I'm a little late; the women folks up t' the house is goin' to a shake-foot t' night and they's late with my supper. We'll have to put up the sprit an' stick on all canvas 'r the other boys'll get ahead of us 'n' we'll hev to lay out over clost t' the nor' shore, 'r else take th' bar; Mike Donovan made the biggest haul o' the season there, night afore last, Bill."

"Bill" returned only the salutation, vouchsafing no reply to his companion's remarks.

Quickly the two descended the ladder into the boat. The elder of the men cast loose the half-hitched rope from the pile to which it had been fastened, seized the long oars, and pushing off began to pull rapidly away, swinging deftly in and out among the myriad of small craft moored along the river front.

"Ye fetched the grub, did ye, Bill?" inquired the other, loosing the halyards and preparing to haul the sail up the single mast which was set well forward.

"Yep," responded Bill, "she's thar in the for'd locker. This hyar salt air's too appetizin' to 'low of a man's weighin' anchor for all night 'thout some'at to stay his stomach. A feller who parsecutes himself onneedful dies afore God'mighty intends."

The long, powerful strokes had taken them from among the tugging boats out on the broad bosom of the Columbia. A stiff breeze blew from the northwest, curling the surface of the water into choppy little waves which beat in musical rhythm against the bow of the *Mary Ann*.



"Puttin' up the sprit, too, Pete?—the wind's mighty puffy this evenin'. I 'low she 'll carry though ef we're keerful she don't strike us wrong on the tack. Thar, let her over now; I 'll hard a-port. Easy! easy with her!"

The boat swung gracefully to the left and fled away at a sharp angle on the port tack, dipping one gunwale perilously near the water-line, the other riding high.

"That pesky stuff ort t' 'a' been bailed, Pete. They's nothin' in the world 'll keel a boat's quick as water rollin' in her; let her lean a bit an' the water shiftin' pulls her funder down. They's good ballast on this here boat though, 'n' she's hard to upset entire,—that half ton o' iron slung to her keel's a mighty good leveler. I hope you put her on solid and fast, Pete, fur if we ever throw her in a squall we 'll flop sure."

Pete took from the bottom of the boat a large, rusty pan and began scooping the water out. "Bill," he said after a time, "me 'n' Jo 'n' Tom's been figgerin' on goin' out to th' bar one o' these nights and tryin' a drift. It's mighty slow gettin' rich 't best 'n' the salmon's runnin' too few o' late to make more 'n' bread and butter. They's too many o' the fellers after them too—let's try her, Bill."

The elder was silent for some minutes; he took his pipe in his hand and rapped it thoughtfully on the gunwale to remove the ashes. This done, he put the ancient cob tenderly away in the inner pocket of his canvas jacket and cast his gaze searchingly out over the water. Presently his eyes seemed to rest upon the desired object. "Yander's Joe an' Tom now, off the starb'rd; y' kin allus tell that boat o' theirn by the hang o' the mast an' the way she dips. She's a good craft an' no mistake, but a feller not knowin' her 'd say she's goin' over sure when she gets a-rollin'. They're laying-to waitin' for us now. Bein's we're late to-night, I s'pose they 'll be bound to try th' bar too. They's been proddin' me 't g' out mighty nigh every evenin' lately. That boy Jo is turrible oneasy like; pears's if he cain't noways contain himself. That's the way with all you young fellers. We'd best not, Pete; aisy 'n' sure's best in the end."

Pete made no response but continued

his bailing. Far down the river scores of dancing sails told of the salmon-hunter's quest. A beautiful sight they were, as they rose and fell with the water, seemingly like the wings of some huge bird, sparkling in the sunlight. Some of the boats had furled their canvas and the men were laying out their nets. Anon over the water and mingling with its murmuring swish came the song of the cheerful toiler; now clear and distinct the melody swelled on the fleeing air, the deep voice softened by the distance; now died away with the varying wind till the sound came as the voiceless choruses of the night. The soft chop-a-chop from the paddles of a river steamer lapping lazily out of the haze along the northern shore was barely audible. Occasionally she sounded a screechy warning from her whistles to some careless fisher-boat. The smoke curling from the tall stacks floated about her for a moment, then drove away in torn black banners to the front as she steamed with the wind. The last rays of the great, round sun fell across the restless water, transforming it into a mighty highway of shimmering silver, which seemed to reach from the bow of the *Mary Ann* straight into the golden orb.

"Let go your sheet f'r the starb'rd tack and we 'll head stret for the boys yander. 'Pears like the drift is full t'night; them pesky furriners is droppin' in mighty thick lately," Bill continued, "course they's all entitled, God 'lmighty giv the fish for all 'n' we cain't nowise complain, but we ole timers is us't t' better days 'n' less squabblin' for place. Y' don't remember, Pete, but they was a time when y' might lay y'r net out anywhar, any time; no danger o' collidin' with y'r neighbor, 'n' fish as plenty as sandflies in summer."

The *Mary Ann* rapidly approached her companion boat, which, with anchor cast and shaking sail, rode with her nose to the wind. The bronzed faces of the two young fishermen who occupied her wore ill-concealed evidence of discontent.

"Bill 'n' Pete's slower 'n a home'ard vessel in a kam t'-night; the good water's all full 'n' Bill's sech an ole woman that he 'll be 'fraid o' the bar 'n' wanter go th' ne'r shore; he allers does," growled the man at the helm.

"Hi, fellers!" sang out Pete from the

*Mary Ann*, now a dozen yards away, "what y' say t' tryin' the rollers t' night? We're left alee here, 'thout a chance o' gettin' a single fishin'——"

"Wall," interrupted Bill, "I calkilate a half a dozen fish is usefuller t' a live man 'n' a boat-load t' a corpse. I 'low you're gettin' nuff f'r the younguns 'n' the women folks t' live comf'tble on now; more's like a glitterin' troll before y'r eye, allus draggin' ye on 'n' on; ye cain't take it along when ye weighs y'r last anchor. You boys knows the number o' widders the bar made last winter——"

"Umph!" responded the second man of the *Queen* gruffly, "that's gettin' waterlogged. I cain't afford t' waste val'able time fishin' fur mud-crabs 'n' weeds 'n' drift, which is 'bout all there is to be ketched long shore. This here boat's got to be paid for 'n' the Jew's gittin' press-in'. Ef we takes the shore t'night 't'll be the last time fur me; I cries quits with this crowd."

"Wall, hev y'r way, hev y'r way; we'll go. Ye cain't noways say my duty ain't did. We'll bear wes' by sou'wes'."

The boom stays were again drawn and made fast, tillers were thrown to port, and the wind catching their sails, the two boats sped away over the now darkening surface of the river. Miles to the south and west could be heard the rolling boom of the breakers; still across the water the occasional song of the fisherman; from the distant shore the shrill whistle of the canneries spoke the day's toil past; far out over the bar, like the great spirit of unrest, the bellowing moan of the whistle-buoys. Eastward, the pine-clad mountain-tops were rosy with the last bright colors of the day. Here and there, upon the rolling surface, swaying, twinkling lights began to appear, marking the whereabouts of the fish-boats. Slowly the river mists arose and were joined by the fog, which swept in great masses over the western headlands, shutting from the *Mary Ann* and her companion like an impenetrable gray wall all but the dark surface of the water.

Pete took from the locker in the stern of the boat a large double-globed kerosene lantern, and lighting it, hauled it to the mast peak; a hazy glow of light following

a-stern showed that their mates in the *Queen* had done the same.

"The fog's comin' in airly t'night," Bill remarked, "I 'low we orter take in the sprit and slow down, so's not to run foul o' any o' the other boys. Guess they ain't likely ter be any on em hyar, though; it's too fur out; we're nigh—wall, speak o' the Devil——"

"Look out theer, you land lubbers! Port your helm 'r you'll run us down!"

The dim form of a boat, not above fifty yards away and driving direct for the *Mary Ann's* starboard bow, loomed through the engulfing fog.

"More rope on your sheet, Pete!"

Pete sprang to the stays and paid out the rope. The *Mary Ann* veered sharply to the left, allowing the wind to strike her sail almost full, and she leapt forward; none too soon, for the stranger boat in passing a-stern brushed with her rolling boom the tiller, which Bill, but a moment before had swung with such violence.

"You clam-diggers'd better get a tub 'n practice sailin' 'r you'll go keel up some o' these times an' they'll be more feed f'r the sharks," shouted Pete at the craft, now fast disappearing into the darkness and the fog. "Durn my riggin' ef thet wern't a close shave; they must 'a' been down to the Blazin' Stump t' day—thet onfernal whisky o' Smith's causes more wrecks than all th' other things throwed together,—th' bar is nowhar."

"P'raps not," said Bill, "p'raps not; sertain sure th' two t'gether has made a heap of them hereabouts."

The billows had grown higher, and the boat, battling with them head on, rose on the swelling water, trembling for an instant at the crest, then plunged far down into the rolling trough, only to rise and fall again with each succeeding wave.

A presentiment of coming evil seemed to hover over Bill. Always of a meditative mind, always impressed by the stupendous in nature, as his eyes rested upon the moving mountains of water which rushed upon them out of the night he seemed to realize his own insignificance as never before.

"Things like th' rollers hyar," he mused, "bein' sech turrible power gives me the feelin' that man's mighty puny 'n' the



good Lord's only permittin' us t' live as worrums by sufrage. We'd best lay-to hyar, I kalkilate, an' put out th' net. I'll get the shell 'n' give the boys th' signal."

He delved into the contents of the locker, whose trap-door had served him for a seat at the helm, and brought up an ancient conch-shell. Setting it to his lips, he blew two long sonorous blasts. In a moment two answering blasts, fog-muffled, came over the water. Meantime his companion letting down the sail, had furled it and placed it on the bottom of the boat beneath the seats.

Presently the hazy form of the *Queen* loomed through the fog and drew alongside. Fastening one end of the long salmon net, which lay folded up in the bow of the *Mary Ann*, a-stern, they pulled away, Bill carefully guiding the net over the gunwale, that it might not become entangled, while Pete at the oars prevented the boat from being drawn away by the tugging net, which having been stretched taut, the two men settled down to the work of the night.

Occasionally, from where the line of floats stretched away there came the sound of splashing water as some sturdy salmon made desperate but futile attempts to free himself from the mesh. Now one could be seen close by, churning the surface of the water into foam and leaping into the air only to be drawn down again by the merciless cords. The fish were running thick, and with every take-up of the net the boxes of the *Mary Ann* found a bountiful harvest of pink and silver bodies which thrashed and struggled hopelessly in their agonizing gasps for breath.

The men, absorbed in their work and jubilant with success as the boxes were filled and they began tossing the fish into the bottom of the boat, had taken no heed of the passing time or their whereabouts; no heed of the drift which swung them nearer and nearer to the mad chaos of the outer bar.

Suddenly Bill straightened up from his work and listened. The stiff breeze of the evening had fallen away, giving place to an ominous stillness. Unmistakably through the fog came the sullen boom of the breakers. He peered about him at

the great waves on which the *Mary Ann* was riding.

"What time's it, Pete?"

"Ha' past 'leven," said Pete, glancing at his watch; "'n," he added with quick apprehension, "the tide turns at thet time."

Bill seized the conch-shell and blew four short, sharp blasts. "The other fellers has fergot too," he said, "God 'lmighty save us ef thet tide should ketch us 'fore we gets off the bar. Y' know how she rolls when the tide turns ag'in the flow o' the river."

While speaking Bill had taken the boom from under the seat and set it to the mast, and was now hurriedly threading the rings with the mainsail halyard, preparing to run it up. His companion, laying hold of the bob-line of the net, began hauling it in.

The roar of the tumbling water which spoke the approach of the incoming tide grew momentarily louder. The quiet air was torn with spitting gusts of wind which seethed through the oppressive, creeping fog, transforming its peaceful shroud into a thing fierce with rushing life.

"Slip yer fish 'n' haul in," Bill shouted to Pete, who struggled at the net, laden with leaping, thrashing salmon, "ef ye don't want t' be feed fer them as is left. Keerful while I noses her home!"

He seized the oars and swung the *Mary Ann* around, pointing her bows away from the hungry, galloping tide, up the river and homeward.

They did not hear above the voices of the water a jerking, snapping sound which came from beneath their feet, as the boat turned side on to the waves, slid down into the trough and reeled under the shock of the succeeding swell, nor did they note a moment later her careening buoyancy. Pete, absorbed with dragging in the net, and Bill at the oars thought it only the wilder tossing of the billows.

"Ye a'most done, Pete?" shouted the elder man. "Be lively i' the name o' God," he continued, steadying the laboring boat with the oars.

"Hist yer sheet," returned Pete. "Time she's up I'll have the net aboard."

Bill dropped his oars, grasped the halyard, and hauled her up. Making fast the main sheet, he turned, and laid hold of the

tiller. The gusts of wind had ceased, but above the angry roar of the water he heard, as he ported his rudder, what he had not before,—an awful rushing sound which instantly grew more terrible. The fog for a moment was swept from them, fleeing as in terror before the fury of the incoming squall. The man at the helm turned his face to the sea. Wind and wave seemed to blend under the fierceness of the gale. For an instant he gazed, fascinated with the gleaming, awful beauty. Huge billows with summits rolling mountains high were torn and shredded by the wind, and driven in long, winding, writhing sheets of ghastly white, which streamed skyward only to fall again into the ravenous maw which had spewed them forth. The moon had risen and struggled softly through the rent in the fog, casting her pale and peaceful light upon the surging sea, like a heavenly effulgence drifting from the battlements of Paradise down into the regions of the damned.

Bill saw it all in a glance, and shouting to Pete to ease away the sheet, he threw the *Mary Ann* straight before the wind, trusting to her stanchness and heavy ballast to ride out the squall. The first rush of air preceding the full fury of the storm struck the sail, and the boat, heeling frightfully, charged the great waves before her like a mad thing. The men knew from her ungovernable careening that something was wrong. Simultaneously it fell upon them that she had thrown her ballast,—the half-ton of iron, of which Bill had said, "I hope ye put her on tight, Pete,"—and Pete had failed. Both knew that with sail spread to the wind her weathering the squall was beyond human possibility. Pete, with speed born of the awful peril, leaped to the mast and seized the halyards.

All too late! Even as he stooped to cast the rope from the cleats it was upon them—the wind and the furious, driven masses of water. They felt the *Mary Ann* quiver beneath the shock and then, with a fierce convulsive throw, she went over. Bill had seen Pete standing upon the net, a part of which still hung over the forward gunwale, bend to seize the halyard, and then, as the squall struck them, hurled forward under the sail of the capsized craft. He, being

in the stern of the boat, was thrown clear of the entangling ropes and the deadly thrashing of the mast.

Shot to the surface after his sudden plunge, his first thought was of Pete. He cast his eyes in the fancied direction of the wreck, but with the squall had come again the fog, which, with the blinding spray, shut from him everything but the chaotic waters. His heavy boots weighed him down, and with infinite difficulty he kicked them off. This done, he swam toward where he conceived the boat must lie, hoping he might be able to find her and clamber upon her keel; for he knew that, her ballast gone, she would still float. Then, too, he feared that Pete might have been injured by the pounding of the mast beneath which he had fallen and possibly become entangled.

Having swam further, he thought, than he could possibly have been driven, he turned at right angles; then doubled back; but no boat.

The breakers of the incoming tide were upon him, buffeting him about like a tiny cork, and continually breaking completely over him. He felt his strength going from him, but still swam on; surely he must soon find the *Mary Ann*. He attempted to shout for Pete, but could hardly distinguish his own voice above the roar of the breakers, which seemed to laugh in maniacal glee as they flung the feeble sounds back to the struggling man.

Suddenly something dealt him a sharp blow in the side; he threw out his hand, and to his infinite delight laid hold of one of the *Mary Ann's* long oars. "God 'lmighty be praised," he breathed. Here was something which would keep him afloat as long as strength remained to grasp it. His coat and trousers impeded his movements, and now, sustaining himself with the oar, he was able to draw them off.

The squall had passed, but the crushing force of the breakers was still upon him, and it was with difficulty that he retained his grasp of the oar. He knew that it was impossible for any human being long to hold up against the terrible driving of the waves.

Loath to leave without satisfying himself as to Pete, he yet felt further search



useless. If he had been caught beneath the mast he must have been past all recovery long since; if uninjured, he was a strong swimmer, and not finding his mate about the wreck, ought now to be well toward the shore, which, he calculated, was about two miles distant. Placing the precious oar beneath his arm, close up and parallel with his body that it might not retard his progress, he set out with long, steady strokes, directing his course by the occasional bellow of the buoy which came faintly to his ears from the outer bar.

Days, it seemed to him, he struggled on, many times on the verge of despair, ready to give up the fight, loose his hold of the oar, and sink beneath the dark water.

There comes a time after great and long-continued bodily exertion when the desire for rest is of such overpowering strength as to supersede all else—love of life or fear of death. That time had come to Bill,—how cool and soft the sandy bottom,—what immeasurable happiness there to lay him down in peaceful sleep,—in quiet rest.

Then arose before him a vision of home; he saw, standing in the doorway of the little white-washed cottage, the figure of his wife, her patient, careworn face turned to the river as she shaded her eyes in vain search for the homebound boat. Gradually the furrows of care and time faded from her brow and he saw once more the happy Indian maiden, with eyes like the young deer; heard again the merry laugh, soft as the wind in the pine-tops or the murmur of the silver streams of her native north-land. Saw again the two brown-eyed baby boys she bore him that winter's night so long ago. A terrible storm raged about the rough log hut, and the snow drifting in, formed little banks upon the floor. They were alone that night; he had sent for one of the mothers at a distant Indian village, but she had not come, for the snow lay deep and it was far. Only the flame in the great open fireplace lit up the room, dancing upon the rough-hewn logs, and over the mother's face. How bravely she bore up. And when it was past and the two small bodies close wrapped in the bear's skin had been placed in a rude box before the fire, she smiled faintly, and he had kissed her softly as she lay there. Happy they were,—three whole years; too

happy. Then a sickness came to the country, an awful sickness which made the body hot and dry, and closed up the throat; and the little boys had died. None ever came again, though they grew old with waiting.

The vision aroused him; the watching eyes of his wife seemed calling to him. He steeled himself against the deadly weariness, hugged the oar more closely, and renewed the long, steady arm-sweep, alternating with intervals, which grew more and more frequent, of rest, when he only clung to the oar and drifted. But he feared such moments, for in them, despite the strong will, he sank into wild, uncouth dreams, only to be awakened again by the strangling waves. He feared, too, the turning of the tide before he reached the shore, for with the tide against him, all hope must vanish.

How long he had gone on thus he did not know, when, at last, he realized by the less turbulent waves that he had passed from the bar to the quieter water just off shore. Then the fog began to lift and gradually faded from the surface of the river, and there, blessed sight, not above a quarter-mile away, hallowed by the silvery moonlight, rose the dim white line of the sand-hills, and beyond, the dark, pine-clad mountains. Only the breakers between him and life,—life and the waiting one at home. A second time that night arose to the throne of the Infinite that prayer of Thanksgiving, "God 'lmighty be praised." Slowly, with feeble strokes and reeling brain he went on again.

The stars had vanished one by one before the bright shafts of coming day. The fog had gone from the bosom of the mighty Pacific, from the river's breast and the lowlands, and now clung with ragged hand to the mountain's brow, there gone, perhaps, to receive the first kiss of the dawn. The tide was high and sang full merrily, as it rushed far up the sandy shore, halted, and turning, fled again.

Through the dim light of the early morning, an ancient spring-wagon jogged along the sand.

"Bright lights were da-a-ne-i-i-ng  
In the gran' ball-ro-o-o-m,——"

"Ha, you Jack, Jim, git out o' here er I'll feed ye some more raw hide. I'm

late now an' the boys won't have no beef fer dinner 'f ye don't get a hustle. G' on, Jim," and the tall, bony young fellow with the buckskin complexion, the long nose, and the upper lip which persistently refused to grow more than a very few, very short, yellow hairs,—which he, "Spike" Thompson, driver of the United States military post commissary wagon, as persistently coaxed and refused to shave off, —plied the whip vigorously upon the backs of the two shaggy old mules.

"My Sunday-school teacher us't t' tell how ole King Absalom jumped onter a mule when he was whipped in a fight, an' started to run, but was ketched. Mules must 'a' been swifter in them days, 'r else Absalom war a durned fool. Think of Gin'ral Walker beatin' a retreat on Jack." And he burst into a loud guffaw. "G' on, Jim, you pokin' son-of-a gun, 'r I'll never git thar," he howled at the refractory ass, dealing him another blow.

The mules, with heads turned toward the water, pricked up their ears.

"What ye lookin' at, ye critters? Waal I'm durned." A dark object was creeping up the sand, now almost free of the water; but again, Spike saw, as some wave larger than its fellows surged up the sand, entirely submerged. "A man, 'r I'm no mule-skinner!" he ejaculated, bringing his lumbering team to a halt with a sharp jerk at the reins and a sudden "Whoa!" Springing from his seat, he ran down the shore. The man, for man it was, crawled feebly, blindly along, away from the breakers. He turned his head as in terror at the approach of another wave which roared behind him; he struggled to rise, supporting himself, as the boy saw, by an oar which he grasped in his right hand; half up he came, with a supreme effort, threw one foot forward, staggered pitifully, and before the driver could reach him, went

down again, uttering no sound. Spike stooped, threw both arms about the prostrate man, and lifting him from the boiling water which had rushed upon them, drew him up the sand.

"Poor cuss, he's mighty nigh done fur," muttered Spike, loosing the rigid fingers, one by one, from the oar, to which they still clung with the steely grip of unconsciousness, obeying the last mandate of the now suspended mind. With great difficulty he placed the limp and motionless form in the wagon, covering it over with his own great coat. "Ge' up," he yelled, seizing the lines, and began to belabor the old mules as they had never been before.

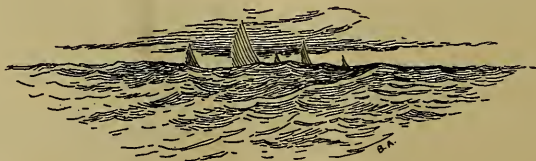
"Bill Lakes, the fisherman, as I live," said the company surgeon, when an hour later they brought the unconscious man to the post hospital.

Late that evening, Bill opened his eyes and looked about him; his lips moved and the nurse, bending low, caught the halting, broken words, "God—'l—migh—ty be praised.—Tell the o—le—woman."

Next day Spike brought the wife to the post, and a week later, just as the sun was sinking into the silver sea, two mules hitched to a battered spring wagon halted before the whitewashed cottage in Astoria.

"G' bye, Bill; g' bye, Mrs. Lakes," said the driver with the few short yellow hairs upon his upper lip.

As he drove away he mused: "Mules is slow, an' no mistake; but ef these here critters had n't been slow, I'd been long there 'fore I was, an' that bein' so, thar'd likely been another o' them wimmen as goes round not sayin' nothin' an' is allers lookin' out t' sea, fur he was dead faint when I pull'd him up from the water. Ge' up, Jack,—Jim, g' lang!"





# RAINFALL AND WHEAT IN CALIFORNIA

By W. H. FRASER

THE revival of excellent prospects for the year by the recent heavy rainfalls of March and April, after the two seasons of unusual drought, brings to mind the fact, often forgotten during the anxieties of a dry winter, that it is the spring rains, after all, that determine the character of the crops in California for any given season. Figures of production and precipitation ever since 1849 show that, however great, or however light, the rainfall during the winter months, the rains of the spring have determined whether the agricultural and horticultural output shall be large or small.

Now that the apprehension throughout California has been relieved, and it has been found once more that the grand young State is able to redeem itself from the dangers of a long period of distress, it is perhaps worth while to look into the history of the State's rainfall and ascertain whether the recent conditions were altogether unprecedented, and to draw what conclusions may be possible from an examination of the comparative figures of the years during which local records have been kept.

For the purposes of brevity and clearness of illustration, the records of the Sacramento Valley, wherein the mean conditions between the aridity of the south and the excessive moisture of the north obtain, will serve as the most practicable.

The rainfall at Sacramento has been accurately and continuously recorded since 1849, and it may be said to be really approximately representative of the rainfall of the great central portion of the State. The following instructive tabulated information, taken from the records of Dr. T. M. Logan, Dr. F. W. Hatch, the United States Signal Service, and the United States Weather Bureau, gives the monthly rainfall at that place by season; that is, from September 1st of one calendar year to August 31st, inclusive, of the following year. This table, which also shows the average rainfall for months and seasons, furnishes, in a measure, a key to the

study of the subject throughout the greater portion of the central valley section of the State. (See table on following page.)

In the period of forty-nine years since 1849, the season of minimum rainfall appears to have been that of 1850-51, with only 4.71 inches, while the maximum, of 36.36 inches, was recorded in 1852-53. The next heaviest rainfalls occurred in the years as follows:—

36.00 inches in the season of 1849-50	
35.56	" " " 1861-62
33.80	" " " 1889 90
32.79	" " " 1867-68
32.27	" " " 1885-86

The mean seasonal precipitation was 19.67 inches, and the mean for each month was as follows:—

September.....	.18	March .....	2.78
October.....	.76	April.....	1.78
November.....	2.12	May .....	.80
December .....	4.41	June .....	.11
January .....	3.83	July .....	.03
February .....	2.86	August .....	.01

During the forty-nine years the heaviest rainfalls in single months and the amounts were as follows:—

Inches	Inches
January, 1862, 15.04	November, 1885, 11.34
April, 1880, 14.20	December, 1871, 10.59
December, 1852, 13.41	" 1884, 10.45
" 1867, 12.85	" 1873, 10.01
" 1849, 12.50	March, 1850, 10.
" 1880, 11.81	

The comparatively dry season of last year, and an alleged prospect of another dry season following, were used, by the Eastern press and persons interested in diverting immigration and home-seekers away from California, as an Archimedean lever in an argument that the climatic conditions of the State were changing; that districts where crops were dependent upon rainfall were henceforth to be without bountiful precipitation, and sections where irrigation was practiced were to be deprived of sufficient water to enable growth and fruitage. Happily the fears of our citizens have been dissipated and the argument of those whose interests are foreign to our own shattered. In fact, there were no valid grounds for such an assumption.

The records show that in the early part of 1853, and also in 1862, the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys except on the higher lands, were inundated. The loss was very heavy each year, and amounted to millions of dollars. Beside these floods

The heaviest rainfall since that time was 33.80 inches for the season of 1889-90 and the smallest was 10.50 inches for 1897-98.

The amount of rainfall during the last twenty-four years was 2.18 inches more than for the preceding twenty-five years,

YEAR	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUG.	TO-TALS
1849-50	.25	1.50	2.25	12.50	4.50	.50	10.00	4.25	.25	.....	.....	.....	36.00
1850-51	.....	.....	.....	.....	.65	.35	1.88	1.14	.69	.....	.....	.....	4.71
1851-52	1.00	.18	2.14	7.07	.58	.12	6.40	.19	.30	.....	.....	.....	17.98
1852-53	.....	.....	6.00	13.41	3.00	2.00	7.00	3.50	1.45	.....	.....	.....	36.36
1853-54	.....	.....	1.50	1.54	3.25	8.50	3.25	1.50	.21	.31	.....	.....	20.06
1854-55	.....	1.01	.65	1.15	2.67	3.46	4.20	4.32	1.15	.01	.....	.....	18.62
1855-56	.....	.....	.75	2.00	4.92	.69	1.40	2.13	1.84	.03	.....	.....	13.76
1856-57	.....	.20	.65	2.40	1.38	4.80	.68	.....	.....	.35	.....	.....	10.46
1857-58	.....	.66	2.41	2.63	2.44	2.46	2.88	1.21	.20	.10	.01	.....	15.00
1858-59	.....	3.01	.15	4.34	.96	3.91	1.64	.98	1.04	.....	.....	.....	16.03
1859-60	.02	.....	6.48	1.83	2.31	.93	5.11	2.87	2.49	.02	.63	.....	22.69
1860-61	.06	.91	.18	4.28	2.67	2.92	3.32	.48	.59	.14	.55	.....	16.10
1861-62	.....	.....	2.17	8.64	15.04	4.26	2.80	.82	1.81	.01	.....	.01	35.56
1862-63	.....	.36	.....	2.33	1.73	2.75	2.36	1.69	.36	.....	.....	.....	11.58
1863-64	.....	.....	1.49	1.82	1.08	.19	1.30	1.08	.74	.09	.....	.08	7.87
1864-65	.....	.12	6.72	7.87	4.78	.71	.48	1.37	.46	.....	.....	.....	22.51
1865-66	.08	.48	2.43	.36	7.70	2.01	2.02	.48	2.25	.10	.02	.....	17.93
1866-67	.....	.....	2.43	9.51	3.44	7.10	1.01	1.80	.01	.....	.....	.....	25.30
1867-68	.01	.....	3.81	12.85	6.04	3.15	4.35	2.31	.27	.....	.....	.....	32.79
1868-69	.....	.....	.77	2.61	4.79	3.63	2.94	1.24	.65	.01	.....	.....	16.64
1869-70	.....	2.12	.85	1.96	1.37	3.24	1.64	2.12	.27	.....	.....	.....	13.57
1870-71	.....	.02	.58	.97	2.08	1.92	.69	1.45	.76	.....	.....	.....	8.47
1871-72	.....	.21	1.22	10.59	4.04	4.74	1.94	.61	.28	.02	.....	.....	23.65
1872-73	.....	.22	1.93	5.39	1.23	4.36	.55	.51	.....	.....	.02	.....	14.21
1873-74	.....	.31	1.21	10.01	5.20	1.86	3.05	.89	.37	.....	.....	.....	22.96
1874-75	.05	2.26	3.80	.44	8.70	.55	.80	.....	.....	1.10	.....	.....	17.70
1875-76	.....	.44	6.20	5.52	4.99	3.75	4.15	1.10	.15	.....	.21	.02	26.53
1876-77	.....	3.45	.30	.....	2.77	1.04	.56	.19	.64	.01	.....	.....	8.96
1877-78	.....	.73	1.07	1.43	9.26	8.04	3.09	1.07	.17	.....	.....	.....	24.86
1878-79	.29	.55	.51	.47	3.18	3.88	4.88	2.66	1.30	.13	.....	.....	17.85
1879-80	.....	.88	2.05	3.41	1.64	1.83	1.70	14.20	.76	.....	.....	.....	26.47
1880-81	.....	.....	.05	11.81	6.14	5.06	1.87	1.64	.....	.50	.....	.....	26.57
1881-82	.30	.55	1.88	3.27	1.89	2.40	3.78	1.99	.35	.10	.....	.....	16.51
1882-83	.57	2.63	3.22	1.13	2.23	1.11	3.70	.67	2.85	.....	.....	.....	18.11
1883-84	.90	.97	.61	.44	3.43	4.46	8.14	4.32	.06	1.45	.....	.....	24.78
1884-85	.60	2.01	.....	10.45	2.16	.49	.08	.68	.....	.11	.....	.....	16.58
1885-86	.08	.02	11.34	5.76	7.95	.29	2.68	4.08	.07	.....	.....	.....	32.27
1886-87	.....	.68	.21	2.21	1.12	6.28	.94	2.53	.....	.....	.....	.....	13.97
1887-88	.02	.....	.45	2.09	4.81	.57	3.04	.10	.40	.08	.....	.....	11.56
1888-89	.55	.....	4.28	4.63	.15	.33	6.25	.26	3.25	.25	.....	.....	19.95
1889-90	.....	6.02	3.15	7.82	6.62	4.08	3.00	1.33	1.80	.....	.....	.....	33.80
1890-91	.80	.....	.....	3.34	.53	6.61	1.78	2.04	.66	.05	.....	.....	15.81
1891-92	.10	.10	.48	3.28	1.78	2.84	3.02	1.20	2.38	.....	.....	.....	15.18
1892-93	.18	.70	6.60	4.90	3.27	2.66	3.51	1.08	1.05	.....	.....	.....	23.95
1893-94	.22	.12	2.92	1.76	4.17	3.92	.74	.34	1.70	.46	.....	.....	16.35
1894-95	.88	1.06	.48	8.86	8.42	1.84	1.20	.86	.51	.....	.04	.....	24.15
1895-96	1.26	.17	1.54	1.54	9.76	.09	2.57	5.34	.92	.....	.....	.20	23.39
1896-97	.31	.55	3.56	1.76	3.66	4.15	2.54	.25	.30	.04	.....	.01	17.13
1897-98	.16	1.96	.61	1.64	.98	3.19	.64	.28	1.50	.14	.....	.....	10.50
1898-99	.36	.64	.61	2.30	3.94	.04	6.49	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Mean 49 years.	.18	.76	2.12	4.41	3.83	2.86	2.78	1.78	.80	.11	.03	.01	19.67

the State has been visited by three droughts equally disastrous in their consequences, the last of which occurred in 1876-77. Since that time the rainfall has averaged greater by 1.39 inches than that of the preceding years, and has been uniform.

and the average of these periods has increased .89 inches or from 19.23 inches during the first half to 20.12 inches during the latter portion of this half-century.

Adopting the nomenclature defined in a succeeding paragraph, a comparison of



the rainfall of the two portions of this period gives the following interesting and practical results:—

	First 25 yrs	La-t 24 yrs.	Loss	Gain
Extremely dry years...	5	3	...	2
Dry years .....	4	3	...	1
Medium years.....	10	8	2	...
Wet years.....	2	8	...	6
Extremely wet years...	4	2	...	2

Thus it will be seen that the rainfall of the latter years has been decidedly more to our advantage than loss. While the loss has been two medium years (or four per cent), the practical gain has been two extremely dry years, one dry year, six wet, and two extremely wet years, or twenty-two per cent. Considering the loss of two extremely wet years a practical gain, is done advisedly; for upon reflection it is seen that the consequences of such years are as unfortunate as those of dry years.

Comparison might be made in other ways to the advantage of the latter years; but the fact has already been incontrovertibly established that (1) seasonal rainfall has increased rather than diminished, and (2) precipitation has become more uniform; or, in other words, extremely dry, dry, and extremely wet years have decreased in number materially, and wet years have increased remarkably. Years of average rainfall have fallen off, but not appreciably.

A glance over the table shows that the entire period under consideration may be divided into five classes: (1) extremely dry, (2) dry, (3) medium, (4) wet, and (5) extremely wet years. Necessarily, this is an arbitrary subdivision, as is any subdivision of this subject, but it may be explained as follows: "Extremely dry" years are those wherein the rainfall was less than twelve inches; "dry" years were those wherein more than twelve and less than sixteen inches fell; "medium," when more than sixteen and less than twenty-three inches fell; "wet," when more than twenty-three and less than twenty-nine inches fell; "extremely wet," when the fall was more than thirty inches.

Based upon this classification, we have the following showing: There were eight extremely dry seasons: 1850-51, 1856-57, 1862-63, 1863-64, 1870-71, 1876-77, 1887-88, 1897-98, when the total rainfall was for the eight seasons only 74.11, and

averaged but 9.26 inches. Among these years the least rain (4.71 inches) fell in 1850-51, and the most (11.58 inches) in 1862-63. The mean monthly rainfall in these years was as follows:—

September.....	.02	March .....	1.32
October.....	.75	April .....	.74
November.....	.51	May .....	.64
December.....	1.41	June .....	.08
January .....	1.93	July .....	.00
February.....	1.85	August .....	.01

The seven seasons of 1855-56, 1857-58, 1869-70, 1872-73, 1886-87, 1890-91, 1891-92 were dry years, with a total of 101.50 inches, and averaged 14.50. Among these years the least rain (13.57 inches) fell in 1869-70, and the most (15.81 inches) in 1890-91. The mean monthly distribution was as follows:—

September.....	.13	March .....	1.74
October.....	.54	April .....	1.69
November.....	.95	May .....	.76
December .....	2.97	June .....	.03
January .....	1.91	July .....	.00
February.....	3.78	August.....	.00

The eighteen seasons of 1851-52, 1853-54, 1854-55, 1858-59, 1859-60, 1860-61, 1864-65, 1865-66, 1868-69, 1873-74, 1874-75, 1878-79, 1881-82, 1882-83, 1884-85, 1888-89, 1893-94, 1896-97 were medium years, with a mean rainfall of 18.42 inches. The mean monthly distribution was as follows:—

September.....	.22	March .....	3.06
October.....	.82	April .....	1.18
November.....	2.36	May.....	1.07
December .....	3.61	June .....	.15
January .....	3.39	July .....	.07
February.....	2.49	August .....	.00

The ten seasons of 1866-67, 1871-72, 1875-76, 1877-78, 1879-80, 1880-81, 1883-84, 1892-93, 1894-95, 1895-96 were wet, and averaged 24.96 inches, the mean monthly distribution being as follows:—

September.....	.32	March .....	2.87
October.....	.51	April .....	3.20
November .....	2.22	May.....	.39
December .....	5.80	June .....	.20
January .....	5.44	July .....	.03
February.....	3.96	August.....	.02

The six seasons of 1849-50, 1852-53, 1861-62, 1867-68, 1885-86, 1889-90 were extremely wet years, averaging 34.46 inches. Their mean monthly distribution was as follows:—

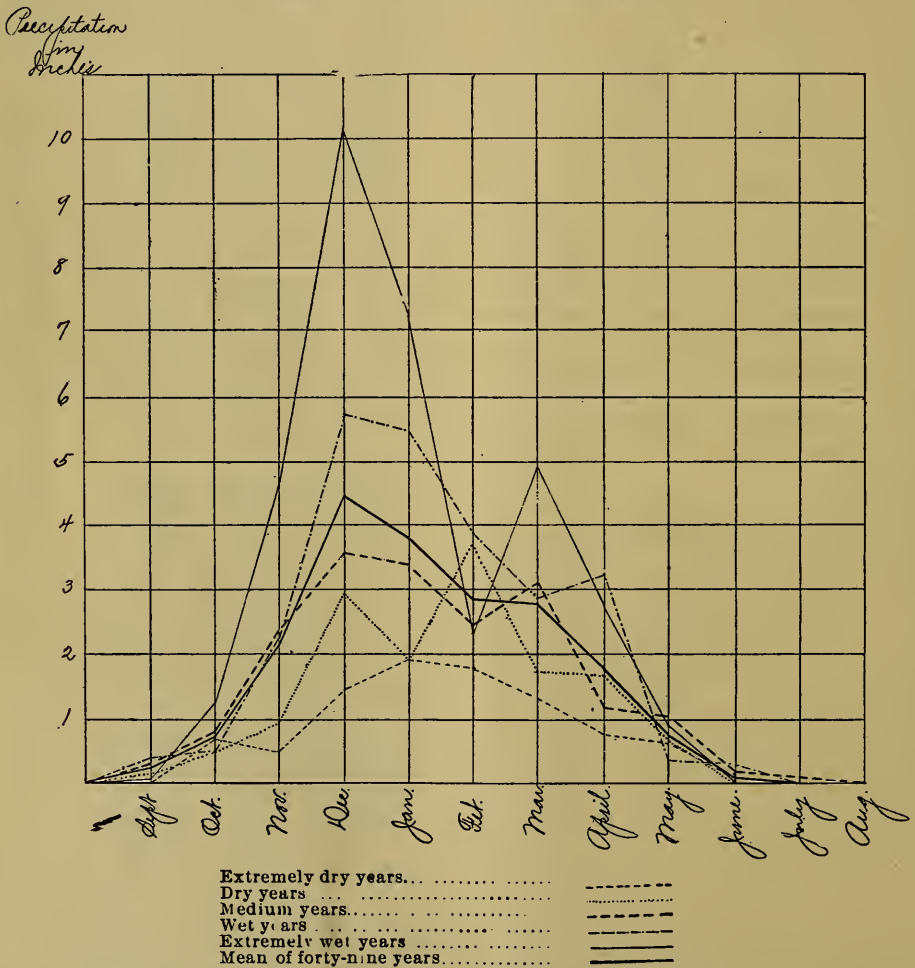
September.....	.06	March .....	4.97
October.....	1.26	April .....	2.72
November.....	4.78	May.....	.94
December.....	10.16	June .....	.00
January .....	7.19	July .....	.00
February.....	2.38	August.....	.00

The relation between each of these classes, and of each class to the mean monthly distribution for the whole period is shown in the following table:—

in December, and continues through the spring. In the latter the greatest deficiency is in January, fluctuates above normal in February, below normal again

Mean monthly distribution of rainfall for:	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April	May	June	July	Aug.	Mean seasonal rainfall for each group
Eight extra dry years.....	.02	.75	.51	1.41	1.93	1.85	1.32	.74	.64	.08	.00	.01	9.26
Seven dry years.....	.13	.54	.95	2.97	1.91	3.78	1.74	1.69	.76	.03	.00	.00	14.50
Eighteen medium years.....	.22	.82	2.36	3.61	3.39	2.49	3.06	1.18	1.07	.15	.07	.00	18.42
Ten wet years.....	.32	.51	2.22	5.80	5.44	3.96	2.87	3.20	.39	.20	.03	.02	24.96
Six extra wet years.....	.06	1.26	4.78	10.16	7.19	2.38	4.97	2.72	.94	.00	.00	.00	34.46
Entire period.....	.18	.76	2.12	4.41	3.83	2.86	2.78	1.78	.80	.11	.03	.01	19.67

These figures give the following diagram:—



These figures and resulting curves furnish guides for generalizing, as follows: Both extremely dry and dry seasons are deficient in autumn rainfall. In the former the greatest monthly deficiency is

in March, and continues almost normal through the spring.

In years of medium rainfall autumn rains are above normal. The maximum is reached in December, followed by a wet



spring, with slight deviations from normal. In wet years the normal is closely followed until December, when the maximum is reached, and continues above the normal through winter and spring. In extremely wet years the autumn fall is heavy, the maximum is reached in December, continues heavy in January, drops suddenly below normal in February, rises remarkably in March, and then falls regularly (but continues above normal) to May.

Aside from extremely dry years which are deficient in rainfall in every month, and dry, which also are deficient in every month except February, wet years are below normal rainfall in September and October; dry years are below in November; medium years, in December and January; medium and extremely wet years, in February; medium years, in April; and wet years, in May.

The maximum monthly precipitation of four classes, viz.: medium, wet, extremely wet, and normal, occurs in December; of extremely dry years, in January; and of dry, in February.

More than special interest attaches to the variations in the amount of rainfall from year to year. At Sacramento there is a difference of 31.45 inches between maximum and minimum seasonal rainfall; the former being 85 per cent more than, and the latter being only 24 per cent of, the normal rainfall. The mean yearly rainfall of these groups ranges from 9.26 to 34.46 inches, or from 53 per cent below to 75 per cent above normal. But more striking still are the variations of mean monthly distribution, as in those of November, when there is a difference of

4.27 inches between the means of extremely dry, and extremely wet years, or from 76 per cent below to 129 per cent above normal. In December there is a difference of from 3 inches (or 68 per cent) below normal to 5.75 inches (or 130 per cent) above normal rainfall. In January there is a variation from 1.91 to 7.19 inches, or from 50 per cent below, to 88 per cent above normal. Again, in March it varies from 1.32 to 4.97 inches, or from 53 per cent below to 79 per cent above normal.

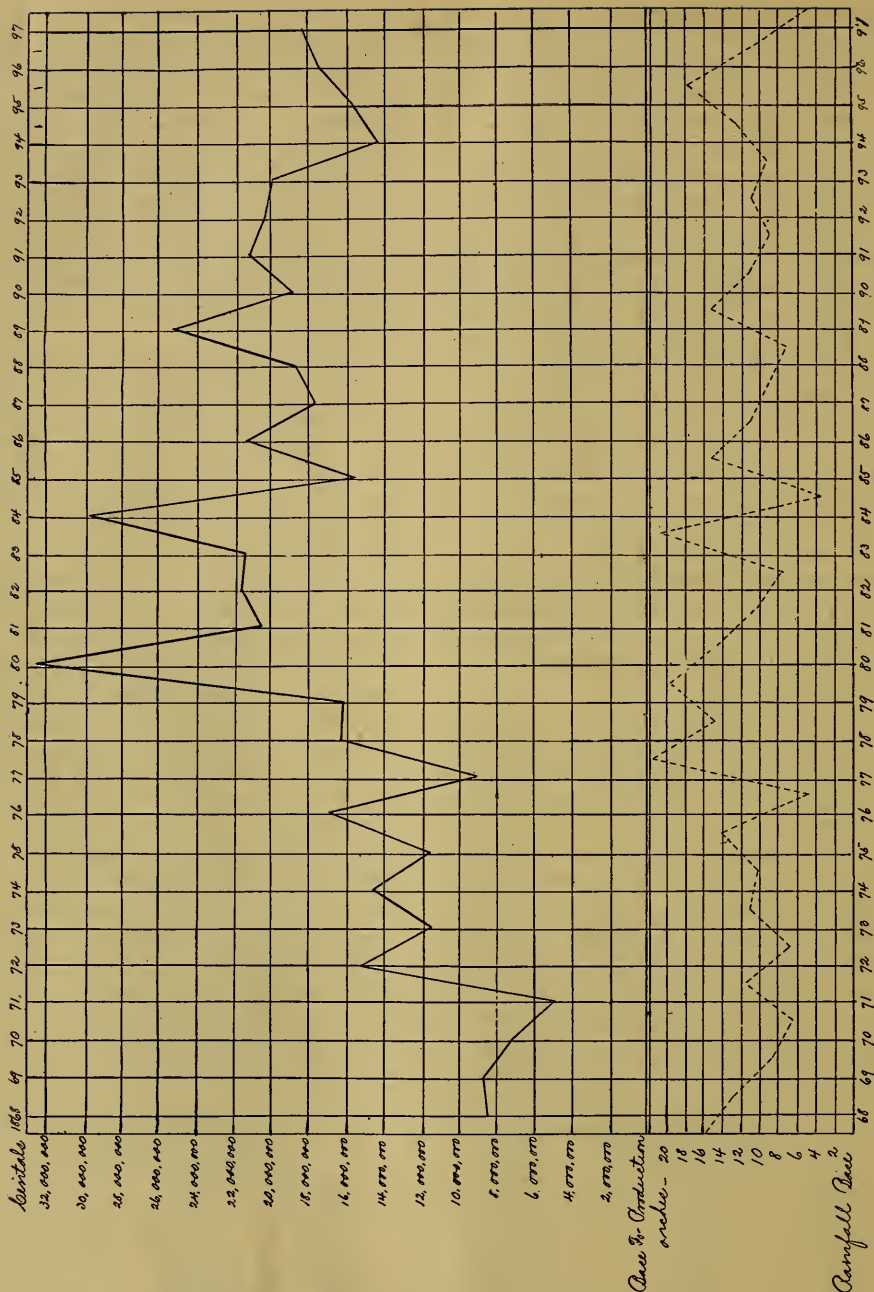
This leads up to the main point, evident to every farmer, that the most important characteristic of rainfall, apart from quantity, is its proper distribution throughout the year. The rainfall of the winter months is not of such direct and vital importance to the agriculturist as are the rains of spring.

The date shows that 57 per cent of seasonal precipitation at Sacramento falls between January 1st and May 1st. Careful study and comparison of figures at hand and statistics of wheat production of the State indicate that production is probably more nearly dependent upon the rainfall of this than for any other period. Accurate statistics of the annual cereal yield of California have been reported since 1888 by the San Francisco Produce Exchange, and for the figures of wheat production prior to that time indebtedness is acknowledged to the Hon. Horace Davis.

The following table shows the rainfall at Sacramento for the months of January, February, March and April for a series of thirty years, and the wheat crops of California in cents for the same years:—

YEAR	Rainfall from Jan. 1, to April 30, inclusive, in inches	Wheat yield in cents	YEAR	Rainfall from Jan. 1, to April 30, inclusive, in inches	Wheat yield in cents
1868	15.85	8,476,000	1884	20.35	29,873,800
1869	12.60	8,700,320	1885	3.41	15,234,780
1870	8.37	7,107,240	1886	15.00	21,230,300
1871	6.14	4,984,900	1887	10.87	17,639,800
1872	11.33	15,173,620	1888	8.92	18,643,080
1873	6.65	11,665,420	1889	6.99	25,174,940
1874	11.00	14,593,020	1890	15.01	18,889,680
1875	10.05	11,545,440	1891	10.96	21,095,440
1876	13.99	16,899,220	1892	8.84	20,445,960
1877	4.56	8,991,060	1893	10.52	19,904,640
1878	21.46	16,372,880	1894	9.17	14,335,844
1879	14.60	16,160,140	1895	12.35	15,730,004
1880	19.37	32,537,360	1896	17.76	17,452,041
1881	14.21	20,593,340	1897	10.60	18,351,786
1882	10.06	21,439,060	1898	4.51	{ Not yet reported.
1883	7.71	21,403,680			

These figures give the diagram on following page.



In the above diagram the heavy line represents the curve of annual production of wheat for the thirty years 1868 to 1897, inclusive; and the dotted line the spring (so-called) rainfall, or more explicitly that of the months of January, February, March, and April, during the same period.

Casual comparison of these curves show how closely they resemble each other. It will be observed how nearly the curve of production follows the curve of spring rainfall. In other words, where the curve of spring rainfall drops, there is a corresponding drop in the curve of production,



and vice versa. It will be noted that for the thirty years, the angle of the curves of twenty have a markedly similar dip, and six others, making twenty-six or 86.2-3 per cent in all, have so little divergence as to come under the same category.

One special season should be added,—that of 1890-91,—when an abundant spring rainfall of 10.96 inches produced 21,095,440 centals, which was more than two million bushels more than the average for that decade. Attention is invited to the fact that the curves of this season do not correspond, simply because of their relation to the seasons adjoining. Therefore, there are twenty-seven out of the thirty years, or ninety per cent, in which there is practically a marked correspondence and relation.

Allowing for all of these data there remain but three years—1888-89, 1889-90, 1896-97—which require study. The former was a year of fair rainfall and big crop, which is accounted for by the splendid precipitation, amounting to 8.91 inches, which fell in November and December,—almost equally,—together with the very favorable distribution of the whole seasonal precipitation. The next year will be remembered for years to come as one of the wettest in California, and one which literally “drowned out” everything. The last one of the trio, that of 1896-97, was wet enough during January, February, and March, when 10.35 inches fell; but the later rains were followed by parching winds and forcing heat, causing an unusual shrinkage of the kernels, and diminished the crop very materially.

Cultivation of wheat in California dates from the founding of the missions by the Franciscan Fathers, in 1769. Fruits, grains, and vegetables, were grown to make them self-supporting, and fifteen years after first landing at San Diego the annual crop of wheat was estimated at 50,000 bushels. Reduction of wheat to flour seems to have been done until twelve years later by women, with the hand metates, by methods similar to those employed unto this day by Indian women to mash acorns and manzanita berries in hollow stones, for their flour, and by Mexican peons, to grind in rude stone mortars the native blue corn to make meal for their staple tor-

tillas. In 1796 a flour-mill was erected at Santa Cruz, followed by others at San Luis Obispo and at San José before the end of the century. These were necessarily very simple affairs; the best of which consisted of a single pair of stones and was turned by a water wheel. In the History of the Pacific States, Hubert Howe Bancroft puts the average yield of wheat in the eleven missions, for eleven years prior to 1800, at 36,000 bushels. That year a bountiful harvest produced 45,000 bushels.

Not commercial gain, but religious conquest, was the object of the padres in occupying the country. Trade with foreign countries was discouraged, and presence of foreign ships in their ports was unwelcome; but in spite of this, the first exportation is recorded in 1806, when the Russians purchased a small supply. Export trade continued with Russian and English posts, but had reached only 502 centals in 1817.

As at present, nature in that time dispensed rain with an uneven hand, and although the missions were all near the coast, crops varied much in different years. In 1814, the yield was 49,500 bushels; but in 1818 it reached 82,500 bushels. For ten years, beginning with 1811, Bancroft gives the average production from the missions alone as 67,380 bushels.

Thereafter, under Mexican rule, the missions deprived of the fostering protection of the Spanish Government, declined in population, wealth, and productions of the soil, until, in 1842, the yield of all kinds of grain was but 17,500 bushels. This decrease was offset somewhat by the crops of the settlers,—whose number began to increase considerably,—Thomas O. Larkin estimating the wheat exports of 1846 at 25,000 bushels.

Slow as were the means of communication, the report of the discovery of gold in 1848 soon spread to remote parts of California, and men flocked to the foot-hills of the Sierra. Growing crops were left unprotected, and homestead claims abandoned. Even from Oregon, it is said, that two-thirds of the male population emigrated to the gold-fields.

After the first flush of the gold fever was over, farming was gradually resumed,

and in 1852 the State produced 271,763 bushels of wheat. In the interval Oregon's surplus was brought in, Australia sent some, supplies from Atlantic ports were received, but Chile supplied the bulk of wheat imported. In five years it is estimated that an equivalent of 800,000 barrels in flour and wheat were purchased from Chile alone. This was a period of mad speculation. With a varying supply, prices fluctuated wildly. In 1850, the price of flour rose from \$8 a barrel, in April, to \$22 in November; and in 1852 flour, which was a drug on the market at \$7.75, in May, sold for \$42 in November. To many, such prices made grain-raising more attractive than mining. Seed-wheat sold in 1852 for twelve cents a pound. The estimated yield of 1853 was 625,000 bushels, and the following year went up nearly to 2,000,000. Small flouring mills were built in all habited portions of the State, and in the fall of 1854 the total capacity of these mills was estimated at 3,215 barrels daily. Flour settled into a reasonably steady range, at from \$7 to \$10 a barrel. Imports from Chile were discontinued, and shipments from the Eastern States were diminished, and by 1859 ceased entirely.

By a curious reversal, several cargoes were sent to Chile in 1855-56 and to New York in 1859-60. In the mean time a considerable trade had sprung up with China, Mexico, Central America, and the Pacific islands. Export trade continued, until in 1864 there was a failure from drought. Wheat rose rapidly to \$5.25 per cental and flour again sold for \$15 a barrel. Again wheat was imported from Chile and New York. The next winter ample rains fell, abundant crops were harvested, and exports were resumed and thenceforth continued.

About the year 1868, the wheat business in California underwent a material change, marking a new period in wheat production. The production of grain was moving away from the sea-coast into the interior valleys. Coast wheat was dark and soft; inland grain of all kinds was brighter, drier, and stood the voyage through the tropics better. Previous to 1867, the market was confused, depending sometimes on the size of the crop, sometimes on the volume of exports, sometimes

upon Australian demand, sometimes upon European prices, and sometimes on imports. (Two years prior, viz.: 1865, imports exceeded exports.) The crop of 1866 was bad in Europe, and that of 1867 was characterized as "alarmingly deficient." High prices prevailed and stimulated production, and from this time on wheat production, revived under such favorable auspices, continued to grow. In 1867 shipments to Europe were resumed on a large scale, and from that time California wheat became a potent factor in European food supplies. China and Japan became steady customers, a fitful trade sprung up with Central and South America, and a fluctuating trade was had with the East Indies. Thenceforth, after all the home demand, local customers, and Pacific Ocean trade, had been supplied, the State had always a surplus for Liverpool. Liverpool export has since been a constant feature, and Liverpool prices, therefore, have regulated the market. It is for this reason that the date of 1868 marks the beginning of a new era.

For the sake of convenience in comparison and analysis, the period of these thirty years of wheat production has been divided into three equal parts of ten years each. Figures seem to warrant this hypothetical division. The first decade (1868-77) of this period presented singular fluctuations, but was, on the whole, one of marked prosperity. Good crops and high prices made farmers jubilant and enriched the State. The building of new railroads opened up many miles of new land, which under the stimulus of good prices were put into wheat. Acreage almost doubled. According to the State Surveyor-General's reports, the number of acres sown to wheat increased by 948,911,—from 1,126,991 acres to 2,075,902, or 84 per cent,—the average annual increase being 94,891 acres or 8.4 per cent. At the beginning of this period No. 1 shipping wheat was quoted at \$1.87½ per cental. The price fell gradually to \$1.50 in October 1869, which was the lowest point touched during this decade. Under the demand occasioned by the Franco-Prussian War, the price rose to \$3.10 in May, 1871. During the remainder of the decade prices seesawed—occasioned by failures of, and good, crops in Europe—from \$1.52½, in August, 1872,



to \$2.32½, in December, 1873; from \$1.52½ again, in October, 1874, to \$2.39, in August, 1875, and from \$1.52½ again, in August, 1876, to \$2.75 in May, 1877.

The next ten years (1878-87) wrought great permanent changes in the wheat business. Further extension of railroads in the interior valleys widened the area available for wheat by more than eleven hundred thousand acres. From 2,075,902, in 1877, the acreage increased to 3,200,000, in 1887, or 54 per cent, an average annual increase of 112,509 acres, or 5.4 per cent. As the acreage was vastly increased, so the yield increased correspondingly, and almost in the middle of this decade wheat production in California reached its zenith, amounting to eleven per cent of the total crop of the United States, and aggregating in value \$52,000,000. The average production of this decade more than doubled that of the preceding ten years, and this in spite of an average reduction in price equal to 17 per cent and amounting to more than thirty-four cents per cental. Even with the increased acreage, such a result were not possible except by the intelligent use of such modern machinery as gang-plows, patent seeders, immense harrows, improved threshers, and combined harvesters. Exportation of grain was now almost entirely to Great Britain and Europe. China had become a heavy buyer of flour, Japan was using it freely, and trade with Central America, British Columbia, Hawaii, Mexico, and Siberia was moderate but increasing. The price (\$1.65) at which this decade opened remained fairly steady for fourteen months, when it suddenly rose under the stimulus of the Turko-Russian War to \$2.05, in October, 1879, from which it gradually fell to \$1.31 in March, 1881. From that time under the influence of short crops in Europe, prices rose to \$1.95 2-3, in March, 1883 when the price "broke" on account of the introduction of Indian wheat. The advancement in modern machinery, iron steamships, the screw propeller, and triple-expansion engines brought India next door to England. However, under the stimulus of speculation in the spring of 1887, the price rose to \$2.17.

During the remaining ten years, down to the present time, production has been

falling off. Seventeen years have elapsed since the banner crop. Average annual production has decreased nearly ten per cent, and accompanying the decline in production has been a decline in price. At the beginning of this decade the competition of Argentina began to conflict with the interests of the California wheat-grower, more acutely than did that of India in the preceding decade. Not alone in England and Europe has competition cheapened California wheat, but Oregon and Washington flours have underbid the product of this State. Prices at the beginning of this decade opened at \$1.36½, spurted to \$1.63½ three months later, fell again to \$1.25 in February, 1890, rose to \$1.83½ in December, 1891, after which they steadily slumped, until in the first week in October, 1894, low-water mark was reached at \$.77½. From that time prices steadily revived to \$1.12½ in February, fell off to \$.93½ in August, 1896, after which time, under the influence of the prospective "corner" by Joseph Leiter they rose to \$1.75, in May, 1898, when they suddenly collapsed to \$1.35 in the last week of June, 1898, at which time this record ends.

During the thirty years—1868 to 1897, inclusive—the total production of wheat was 510,554,795 centals,—and the average production was 17,018,493. The year of smallest production was that of 1871, with only 4,984,900, and largest was 1880, with 32,537,360 centals to its credit. Here the variation, which is as marked as in the case of the rainfall, ranges from 71 per cent less to 91 per cent more, than the average crop. The ten consecutive years of heaviest production were those from 1880 to 1899 inclusive, when the production amounted to 223,680,140 and averaged 22,368,014 centals, or 31 per cent, more than the average. The five consecutive years of greatest production were those of 1880 to 1884, inclusive, when it reached 125,757,240, and averaged 25,151,445 centals or 48 per cent more than the average, while the two consecutive years of largest yield were those of 1880 and 1881, when 53,040,700 were produced, and these years ran 26,521,350 or 56 per cent above the average.

In the first decade, the highest production (18,000,000) was reached in the years 1875-76, in which the spring rain-

fall was, with one exception, the heaviest during this decade. This was closely followed by the years 1873-74, which claimed 17,028, and 1871-72, with 15,360, both of which had about an inch more than the average. The year of 1874-75 had practically an average crop, and exactly the average rainfall. Then we had the years 1869-70, 1870-71, 1872-73 of less than average crops and with less than average spring rainfall.

In the next decade, the three years of 1877-78, 1879-80, 1883-84 of heaviest spring rainfall were followed by the heaviest productions. Then followed the year of 1885-86, with the next highest production, and the next heaviest rainfall, which was followed closely by the years of 1878-79 and 1880-81, which had almost the same amount of rain and whose productions varied slightly. These were followed by the years of 1881-82, 1882-83, 1884-85, 1886-87, with rainfall below the average, and with only one slight break in the same decreased ratio of rainfall.

During the decade ending with 1897, the two seasons of heavy spring rains were followed by less than average crops; this probably accounted for by the common reason of drowning out the crop. Another year of light crops was that of 1894-95, when 17.28 inches fell in December and January—enough to drown out the crop. The years of 1887-88, 1893-94, and 1896-97 which had light crops were years of light rainfall. The banner year of this period (1888-89) had the smallest spring rainfall of the decade, but it was preceded by a fall of 8.91 in November and December, and succeeded by a fall of 3.25 in May, making this an ideal year. Three years (1890-91, 1891-92, 1892-93) produced abundantly, while years of less than the average spring rains were years when the distribution was almost ideal.

This period of thirty years may be divided into four classes: (1) years of small, (2) fair, (3) good, and (4) big crops. As in the case of rainfall, this subdivision is likewise arbitrary, and the following classification is made: Small crops when the yield was less than 75 per cent of the average yield of that particular decade; fair, when more than 76 and less than 91 per cent; good, when more than

96 and less than 115 per cent; big, when more than 132 per cent. Based on this classification we have the following: Four small crops,—viz: those of 1870, 1871, 1885, and 1894,—two of which were in the first and one each in the latter decades. The total yield of these years was 41,662,764, and averaged only 10,415,691 centals, or 39 per cent less than average of the whole period. In this group production ranged from a minimum of 4,984,900 centals, in 1871, to a maximum of 15,234,780, in 1885, or from 46 to 72 per cent of the average crop for the respective decade. The total rainfall for these years was 54.97 inches, and ranged from a minimum of 8.47, in 1870-71, to a maximum of 16.58 inches, in 1884-85, and averaged 13.74, and the mean monthly precipitation of which is as follows:—

September.....	.20	March .....	.79
October .....	1.07	April .....	1.15
November.....	1.09	May.....	.68
December.....	3.78	June .....	.14
January .....	2.45	July .....	.00
February .....	2.39	August .....	.00

The eight fair crops were those of 1868, 1869, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1887, 1895, and 1896, of which three are in the first decade, three in the second, and two in the last. The total production was 109,522,245, and averaged 13,690,281 centals, or 84 per cent of the average yield, and ranged from a minimum production of 8,476,000, in 1868, to a maximum of 17,639,800 centals in 1887, or from 76 to 91 per cent of the average crop for that respective decade. These were produced by rainfalls ranging from a maximum of 8.96 inches, in 1876-77, to a maximum of 32.79, in 1867-68, and averaged 20.33 inches, and the mean monthly precipitation was as follows:—

September.....	.30	March .....	2.57
October .....	.83	April .....	2.02
November.....	1.08	May.....	.56
December .....	3.75	June .....	.02
January .....	5.67	July .....	.01
February .....	3.49	August .....	.03

The twelve good crops were those of the years 1872, 1875, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1886, 1888, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, and 1897, two of which are in the first decade, four in the second, and six in the third. The total production reached 225,117,826, and averaged 18,759,819 centals, or 12 per cent more than the average yield, and ranged from a minimum production of



11,545,440 in 1875, to a maximum of 21,439,060 cents, in 1882, and from 96 to 111 per cent of the average crop for its respective decade. These were produced by rainfalls varying from a minimum of 11.56 inches, in 1887-88, to a maximum of 33.80 in 1889-90, and averaged 20.23 inches, the mean precipitation of which is as follows:—

September.....	.20	March.....	2.48
October.....	1.09	April.....	1.24
November.....	3.04	May.....	.82
December.....	4.25	June.....	.16
January.....	4.07	July.....	.02
February.....	2.89	August.....	.01

The six big crops were those of 1872, 1874, 1876, 1880, 1884, and 1889, of which three were in the first, two in the second, and one in the third decade. The total production of these years was 134,251,960. The average reached 22,375,327

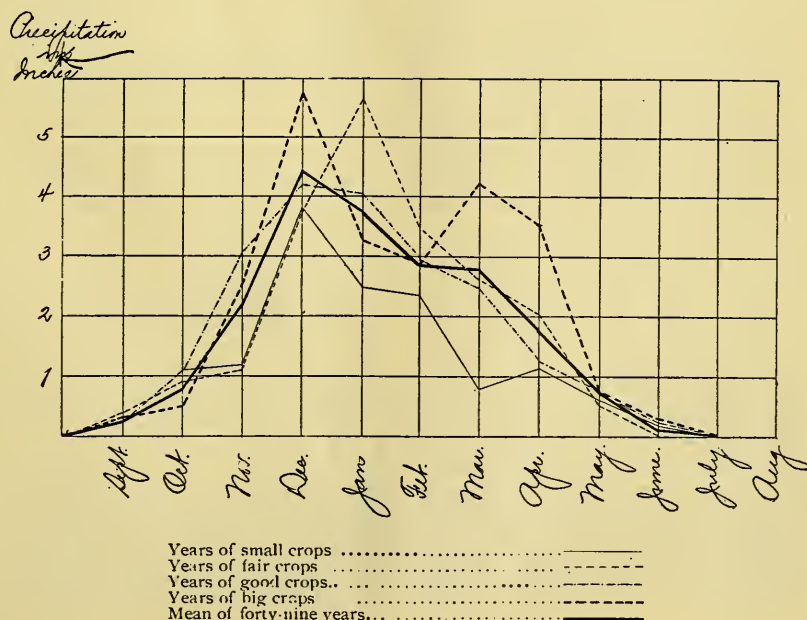
centals, and ranged from a minimum of 14,593,020 cents, in 1874, to a maximum of 32,537,360, in 1880, and from 32 to 56 per cent more than the average crop for its respective decade. These were produced by rainfall, varying from a minimum of 19.95 inches, in 1888-89, to a maximum of 26.53 inches, in 1875-76, and averaged 24.03 inches, the mean monthly precipitation being as follows:—

September.....	.24	March.....	4.20
October.....	.47	April.....	3.56
November.....	2.59	May.....	.81
December.....	5.77	June.....	.28
January.....	3.21	July.....	.04
February.....	2.83	August.....	.00

As before, the relation between each of these classes, and of each class to the mean monthly distribution of rainfall for the entire period of forty-nine years is shown on the following table:—

Mean monthly distribution of rainfall for	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Mean seasonal rainfall for each group
Four small crops .....	.20	1.07	1.09	3.78	2.45	2.39	.79	1.15	.68	.14	.00	.00	13.74
Eight fair crops .....	.30	.83	1.08	3.75	5.67	3.49	2.57	2.02	.56	.02	.01	.03	20.33
Twelve good crops .....	.20	1.09	3.04	4.25	4.07	2.89	2.48	1.24	.82	.16	.02	.01	20.23
Six big crops .....	.24	.47	2.59	5.77	3.24	2.83	4.20	3.56	.81	.23	.04	.01	24.03
Mean 49 years .....	.18	.76	2.12	4.41	3.83	2.86	2.78	1.78	.80	.11	.03	.01	19.67

These figures give the following diagram:—



These figures, and resulting curves, furnish guides for generalizing, as follows: Both years of small and fair crops have more than average rainfall in October and are deficient in November and December. In the case of the former, the deficiency continues through the winter and spring, the greatest deficiency occurring in March. In the latter, the rainfall increases in January, drops in February, and fluctuates above and below average through the spring.

In years of good crops autumn rainfall is above normal, and continues through the winter and spring almost normal, fluctuating but slightly. In years of big crops the rainfall of autumn is heavier than normal, falls below in January, touches normal in February, and is heavy in March and April, falls to normal in May, and continues about normal to the end of the season.

The maximum monthly precipitation of years of small, good, and heavy crops occurs in December, and of years of fair crops in January, the variations being also worthy of our attention.

In the mean yearly rainfall of these groups there is a difference of 10.29 inches, or a variation from a minimum of 13.74 inches to a maximum of 24.03 inches, or from 30 per cent less to 22 per cent more than the average rainfall for the whole period. Here also the variations of mean monthly distribution are also striking, as in these of October there is a difference of .62 inch between the mean of years of big and small crops, or from 38 per cent below to 43 per cent above normal rainfall. In November there is a difference of 1.96 inches, or from 1.08 inches (or 48 per cent below normal), in years of fair crops, to 3.04 inches (or 46 per cent above), in years of good crops. In December, although there is an actual difference of 2.02 inches, or from 3.75 to 5.77 the per-

centage of variation is not so remarkable. In January it is again more marked, and we find a difference of 3.22 inches, or from 2.45 which is 36 per cent below, to 5.67 inches which is 48 per cent above normal. In February there is a difference of only 1.10 inches, or from a minimum of 2.39 in years of small crops, to a maximum of 3.49 inches in years of fair crops. In March the difference is remarkable, and amounts to 3.41 inches, or from a minimum of .79, which is 72 per cent less than normal, to maximum in years of big crops of 4.20 which is 51 per cent more than normal. In April, while the mean rainfall for years of small and good crops varies but slightly below the normal, and that of years of good crops but slightly above, there is an astonishing increase in the mean rainfall in years of big crops to 3.56 or 1.79 inches above normal, or 101 per cent.

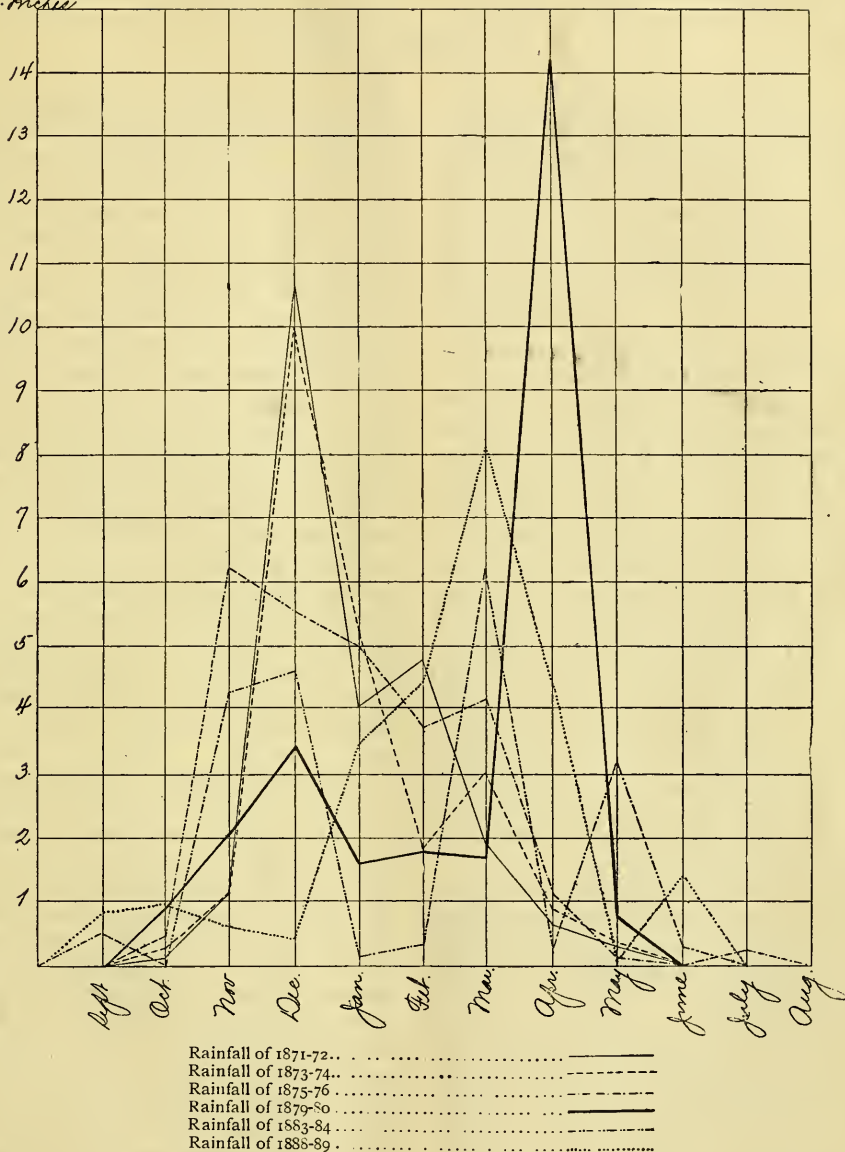
Moreover, it cannot be assumed that the nearer the rainfall of a season approaches the mean rainfall of years of big crops the larger the crop will be. On the other hand, the rainfall of each year producing a big crop can be accepted as a type, and it seems safe to remark that when a season's rainfall approximates one of those types a big crop will follow. The rainfalls of such years are so interesting and so dissimilar that a table of the monthly precipitation of each of those years is given below, and it is followed by a diagram on the following page, representing the same.

The rainfall of these years is so unlike, that generalizing seems impossible. Each one is uniquely and distinctly typical. While the maximum monthly precipitation in one year is reached in November, that of another is not reached until in April; and again, while the maximum of two others years is reached in December, that of the remaining two is not reached

Mean monthly distribution of rainfall for	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Seasonal rainfall
Season of 1871-72.....	.00	.21	1.22	10.59	4.04	4.74	1.94	.61	.28	.02	.00	.00	23.65
Season of 1873-74.....	.00	.31	1.21	10.01	5.20	1.86	3.05	.89	.37	.00	.00	.00	22.90
Season of 1875-76.....	.00	.44	6.20	5.52	4.99	3.75	4.15	1.10	.15	.00	.21	.02	26.53
Season of 1879-80.....	.00	.88	2.05	3.41	1.64	1.83	1.70	14.20	.76	.25	.00	.00	26.47
Season of 1883-84.....	.90	.97	.61	.44	3.43	4.46	8.14	4.32	.06	1.45	.00	.00	24.78
Season of 1888-89.....	.55	.00	4.28	4.63	.15	.33	6.25	.26	3.25	.25	.00	.00	19.95



*Precipitation  
by  
Inches*



until in March; but all have one feature in common, viz.: that of a heavy spring rainfall.

From the above tables and diagrams it is clearly proven, that (1) it is not the quantity but the distribution of rainfall that is the prime factor in determining a season's prosperity, and (2) that it is not the rainfall of the winter months that is

of such direct and vital importance to the agriculturist as are the rains of spring. It is possible to grow excellent crops with light rains in the winter—just enough for seeding, germination, and vegetation,—providing there is plenty of rain in the spring. It is the abundant rains of spring that promote growth, fill the heads, and make the crop.

# KWELTH-ELITE, THE PROUD SLAVE

By BATTERMAN LINDSAY

IT CHANCED one morning that business called the chronicler to the Seattle water-front at an hour when an excursion train was about pulling out for Snoqualmie Falls and the hop-fields. The sidewalk for half a block in front of the station was occupied by a crowd of Northern Indians, who had come hundreds of miles for the hop-picking in their high-prowed canoes, like Egyptian galleys.

Prosperous, jolly, well-clad, and with loads of indescribable luggage, they were a picturesque assemblage, and attracted a number of interested spectators, whose scrutiny and curious questioning they bore with great good-humor. A few of the younger faces were pretty, and some of the children's soullessly cherubic, dimpling and smiling in pure physical joy of existence, such as the pale-faced inheritor of the ages never knows, even in infancy. The matrons sat about at their ease, and minded their offspring; their lords lounged to and fro between the platform and the box-car wherein their journey was shortly to be made. The youths and maidens comported themselves much as more civilized youths and maidens are wont to do on similar picnics.

And back and forth, again and again, from platform to car, and car to platform, carrying on each carward trip a load for a stevedore upon her shoulders, passed the figure of a woman.

Taller than most of her sex, or even than most of her male companions, she was so magnificently molded that she might have posed for a Bellona Victrix. The carrying of burdens had made her muscles tense, as could be observed in her carelessly draped bosom and half-nude arms, so different from the scrupulously covered forms of the other women, and had robbed her of feminine roundness and softness, but had not as yet distorted the lines of her superb physique. Her features were perfect in symmetry, though of a stern and haughty mold; her nose straight and finely chiseled, partaking neither of the Mongol type prevalent

among the Northwest Coast tribes, nor of the aquiline, beaklike form of those of the interior. In the depths of her splendid eyes glowed a smoldering hell of hatred and despair. Behind her proud, sullen face a tortured, imprisoned soul raged impotently against its fate.

She fired the imagination and then set it afloat upon a wide sea of conjecture; she conjured up confused visions of palms in Libyan oases, of rock-hewn temples in Indian fastnesses; of a Prehistoric World and a Vanished Race, whose once mighty seats lie buried fathoms deep beneath Balboa's Sea, and whose ragged remnants cling like burrs to the fringes of a new-born civilization on a new-born continent.

Surely from some kingly stock had descended the strain of blood which coursed through the veins of this poor slave; for slave she evidently was. None spoke to her, nor she to any. As she struggled with her burdens, striving to hoist them on her back, none lifted a finger to help, nor did she ask for aid.

Here was a tragedy which the pale-faced observer might never hope to understand or alleviate, and had best dismiss from mind. But it so happened that the ending of it came to one observer's knowledge, though the beginning of it remained wrapped in mystery. For the slave had been bought as a child from an interior tribe, who had in turn obtained her from a wandering band of Shoshones. None of her purchasers knew or cared where those passionate eyes had first opened to the light. Myself, I think that some Pueblo mother's blood had crimsoned the acequia's crystal in her little garden-path while her death-glazing eyes followed her baby, borne away on a raiding Apache's saddleless steed.

The fire of the sun, the isolation of the desert, and the mystery of an unrecorded past draped "The Proud Slave" like a garment. That was her only appellation,—"Kwelth-Elite"—The Proud Slave.

She belonged to an old woman, a dreadful old woman, who fiercely resented all



the new-fangled ways and notions of the younger generation. However, since shell money had gone out, along with the good old fashions of hand-weaving and arrow-making, one needs must have the Boston Man's money to buy the Boston Man's goods; so she brought her slave to earn it in the Boston Man's hop-fields.

During the long day, from sun to sun, Kwelth-Elite paced the endless narrow lanes, converging to a vanishing point in the far distance. For in the days when a hop-field was a fortune, the Snoqualmie Hop Ranch was the largest single field in the world, and people came from afar, on excursion tickets, to watch the hop-pickers. It was a most picturesque sight, and one long to be remembered.

But the mute, somber Indian girl, with her smoldering eyes, did not know that she was part of a wonderful picture. She only knew that when the day's stint was done, and the others were laughing and eating, singing and tale-telling, around their camp-fires, Kwelth-Elite, the slave, would be hewing wood and drawing water, and enduring blows and hard words from a toothless, virulent old crone,—or worse yet, listening to the insults and menaces of Okinakeine, the dwarf.

Okinakeine was the grandson of her mistress, T'semakeine; and although he had long since reached man's estate, was scarce more than three feet high. Except that his face was abnormally large, and his arms remarkably long, he was not ill-proportioned. His eyes were narrow and tilted, like a Mongol's, he had a bristly black mustache on his long upper lip, and a stubbly goatce on his long chin; and wore hoops of hammered silver in his monstrous ears.

Among the Indians it is considered a loss of caste for a free man or woman to have any social dealings with a slave; but Okinakeine was not popular with the fair sex of his own rank. They made fun of his diminutive size, and although they tolerated him in a general way, none of them would hear to such a matter as becoming his bride. So Okinakeine had no caste to lose, and of late he had become violently enamored of the tall, handsome slave-girl. But Elite loathed him, and certain that for once she would have

an ally in her mistress, repulsed him in no uncertain manner. She was physically able to protect herself from the dwarf, but he made life hideous to her, nevertheless. It was his big face that she abhorred most, and by some instinct he knew it; so at unexpected times and places, at the spring, or underneath the brush-wood when she gathered fuel; from behind a garlanded hop-pole, or when, in the smoky ah-latl, she opened her eyes at midnight,—there was the Face, grinning and grimacing at her, until it had become the haunting horror of her days.

At length she formed a desperate resolve. Since coming to the Hop Ranch, she had heard all the Indians talking much of a great *Keel-ally-Tam-ah-nah-wis*, or magic doctor, of the Upper Sound, who had come to the picking rendezvous, bringing all his familiar *Me-sahatch Tamahnahwis* (evil spirits) and *Tsi-at-cos* (nocturnal demons) along with him. He had not come to the hop-harvest to labor with his hands, but to gather in the shekels of the credulous, and was filling his coffers to bursting; for not only did the red men from all sections consult him, but many of the white pickers and visitors willingly paid his somewhat high fees to satisfy their curiosity, if for no other motive. It is probable that some of them went so far as to try his prescriptions, for the occult has its fascination, even for the scoffer.

Elite would never have dared to consult a doctor of her own people, but from a stranger she might hope to obtain her wish. Accordingly one midnight hour, she sought, by appointment, the spot where the Keelally dwelt in a seclusion respected by all the dusky tribesmen. The boldest among them would not have had the hardihood to trespass uninvited within the confines of the magical circle which the Keelally had drawn about his ah-latl, where it stood in an open space among the alders and willows on the border of a little stream.

Kwelth-Elite trembled with superstitious fear as she threaded her way along the tortuous path which wound in Stygian darkness among the matted shrubbery; stumbling over roots, and recoiling with a scarcely suppressed cry when a willow-twig struck her sharply in the face, show-

ering her with dew, or a tall brake swept her hands with its many fingered fronds. When she emerged into the enchanted circle the full moon was climbing to the zenith on a ladder of striated nebulous cloud-films, which softened the blue of the sky like a gauze veil the complexion of beauty. Half of the open space lay in whitest light, half in blackest shadow; and on the line where light and shadow merged glowed red the embers of a fire. Within the gloom opposite her she could dimly discern the ah-lat! of the Keelally, dark and soundless. She paused and listened, afraid to venture forth into the moonlight which lay between her and it.

On every hand the evergreen and ancient forest closed around, its pointed spires oscillating gently in the upper air, with rhythmic regularity, although no breath of wind was stirring at their roots. The brook whispered petulantly, the melancholy murmur of the forest filled the air, ever and anon a night-bird twittered a trilling call; and under all, pervading all, possessing the ear unceasingly like the diapason of an immense organ resounded the muffled bass of the Snoqualmie, gathering force as it swept on to its mighty leap into the abyss.

The slave-girl stood with beating heart, clutching in her hand the one treasure she had acquired in her lifetime,—a silver dollar given her the week before by a kodak fiend to induce her to pose for him. Of course she knew right well that the strange man with the magic black box now had power to afflict her through her image, and bring evil at his pleasure upon each separate member of her body. But in her life an affliction more or less mattered little, and the shining silver disk should put her enemy in her power. She held in out now in the moonlight to make sure it had not been transmuted by some magic spell into a dead twig or piece of worthless bone. It looked all right and she hid it again in her clenched hand, while she waited until the shadow crept back and revealed the doorway of the Keelally's dwelling.

Then she sped across the empty sward, and knocked timorously once, twice, thrice. At the third summons a strange figure bounded forth. A rabbit-skin robe with many hanging tails enveloped it; a

huge grotesque mask surmounted it, with distorted features, long lolling tongue, dreadful white eyes made of clam shells, a towering crest of quills, and tremendous ears formed of a pair of gull's wings extended to their utmost; amulets and charms of all sorts hung about it, rattling as it moved, snake's fangs, fishes' eyes, amorphous vegetable growths, polished pebbles.

The apparition executed a sort of high-stepping dance around the red embers, and then approached the suppliant, holding out its hand.

"What have you brought for the Keelally Tamanahwis?" it asked in a guttural voice that rumbled cavernously in the echoing mask. Elite placed her silver dollar in the upturned palm. The Keelally grunted disapprovingly.

"It is all I have," the girl protested tremblingly. "I am very poor."

"It is very little for the Mesatch and the Tsiatcos," rumbled the voice. "What do you wish of them?"

"To be rid of a tormentor," the girl murmured scarce audibly.

"Ugh!" said the Keelally, and she had a sense that he was regarding her keenly from behind the frightful mask.

He returned to the fire, and from one of his dangling pouches extracted something which he threw upon the coals. Instantly a white curling smoke arose, and a spicy aroma diffused itself upon the night air. Elite watched breathlessly while the Keelally, squatted before the embers, bowed and bent himself back and forth and from side to side, the while he chanted a long invocation to the four quarters of the globe. As he chanted, the white smoke rose and thickened, and to the watcher's straining eyes it seemed that the vacant air was becoming peopled with grotesque flitting shadows with bat-like wings. When his invocation was finished, the Keelally remained a few moments in silence as if waiting for an answer, then with an exclamation as if he had received it, suddenly arose.

Standing in front of the column of swirling vapor, he began making passes with his arms, while he chanted in a monotone some strange gibberish which probably had no meaning even to himself.

The vapor seemed to eddy and form it-



self in obedience to the guidance of his arms; and the girl, with fixed eyes, swayed with corresponding motion. Gradually the writhing smoke took on the ghostly semblance of a form and remained stationary.

"What must this woman do to be rid of her tormentor?" demanded the Keelally, imperatively addressing the shape he had conjured into existence.

A faint, flutelike voice seemed to issue from the vapory form and reply in some unknown tongue; and then with a sudden violent downward gesture of his hands the Keelally dissipated his creation, and in the same instant released the girl from her hypnotic spell.

The Keelally stooped, and from amid the dying embers drew a distorted, blackened twig.

"Here," he said, motioning to the slave. "Tsiatco has given you this. When your tormentor sleeps, draw a line this way and that way on his shirt over his heart. Three nights you must do it, and then you will be rid of your enemy."

Ten days passed and the enemy still lived, though thrice the charred twig had traced its lines of bane while the doomed one slept. After the first time Okinakeine ate and laughed and grimaced as always. After the second time he grew uneasy, cast furtive glances about him, and came no more into the ah-lat! to sleep.

Elite almost despaired of a third opportunity, but after some days she came unexpectedly upon him at the end of a hop-row, asleep in the sun at the edge of the field. Quick and noiseless as the spring of a panther upon its prey, was her spring upon her tormentor, and when he awoke with the knowledge that he had been touched, the slave was lost among the festooned hop-poles.

From that hour the dwarf pined visibly. He refused food, and sat sullenly apart, or conferred earnestly with his grandmother. Once he said to Elite, "You have bewitched me! I will have you burnt when we go home!"

Elite knew this to be no idle threat, and henceforth her mind was divided between elation at his torment and terror of the wrath to come. But there were hours

when she felt that she was repaid for all torture, past and future.

The picking was done, and the pickers, white and red, departed in squads and companies. T'semakeine's belongings were bundled up and on the platform ready for the evening train, and in an hour of hardly-earned leisure Kwelth-Elite stole away and walked down to the track toward the Falls, three miles away. She did not definitely know whether she would take the train there as it passed, or whether she would cast herself adrift among strangers,—something the Indian so rarely does under any circumstances that it is well-nigh unthinkable.

A short distance above the little summer hotel, which is perched over the cataract like an eagle's eyrie, she turned to the right and clambered upon an abutment of rock thrust out into the stream, and surveyed the scene. The granite pinnacle on which she stood was polished smooth by the floods of ages, and in the bowl-shaped depressions hollowed out by grinding bowlders, the backwater still remained. Behind it was a jam of monster logs, piled up higgledy-piggledy by the torrent's force, like a bunch of jackstraws. Except the river in its rocky channel there was nothing else but trees. Trees, trees, everywhere,—those splendid firs which, masquerading under the name of "Oregon pine," flaunt the ensigns of every civilized nation from their tapering spires as they sway to ocean's rocking in every port of earth.

As Elite stood gazing downward, fascinated by the smooth onward rush of water, a sudden consciousness of impending evil made her turn her head, to behold the malign dwarf in the very act of launching himself on her from above. Quicker than thought, quick as instinct, she swerved to one side, and he but brushed her as he alighted. Had she received the full force of his spring she must inevitably have gone over into the river below.

The instant his feet struck the rock, his long arms were around her, and a life-and-death struggle began. The little man developed a strength unexpected by the girl, and it was only her superior stature that enabled her to hold her own at all,

as with set teeth and straining sinews they strove together on the narrow ledge, with its precarious foothold, Okinakeine snarling like a beast as he fought. The slave's feet were bare, and this at length gave her the advantage over her assailant, for he slipped, and quick as lightning the girl pushed him to his knees upon the very edge of their standing-place. Okinakeine clung to her legs and tried to pull her over with him, as with her hand upon his throat she forced him backward inch by inch. But in that hour, Elite possessed a superhuman strength; the black ichor of hatred and revenge distilled by years of servitude ran through her veins like a fire and made her discomfiture impossible. Back, still back she bent his head, until the vanquished dwarf let go his hold, and with an inarticulate cry, half of fear, half of rage, went over the polished lip of the cliff into the water.

Watching breathlessly, Elite saw him come up a few yards down the stream and strike out for the shore. Okinakeine, with his long arms, was a strong swimmer, but no human power could withstand the pull of that full current, sweeping on without hurry or turmoil, placid as a babe on its mother's breast, to the clean-cut brink, where it slid smoothly over in a mighty emerald sheet, to lose itself in a rainbowed tumult at the bottom of the gorge, three hundred feet below. Still watching breathlessly, the girl saw her tormentor, despite his struggles, drawn outward toward the middle of the stream, and onward to the brink. Less than five minutes sufficed to tell the tale. The doomed man seemed to remain poised an instant on the verge, and then throwing up his arms with a despairing cry, lost to all human ears amidst the din of the waters, he disappeared over the brink,—and Elite was rid of her enemy.

The hop-pickers from the north returned to Seattle and camped on the beach a short distance from the town, and went to and fro in their canoes, trading and junketing for a while before returning to their far country. No one missed Okinakeine but his grandmother, and nobody paid much attention to her complaints. It was to be supposed that Okinakeine was

old enough to take care of himself, and would turn up when it suited his convenience.

The first evening they made camp on the beach, a big brown owl came and perched on a limb hard by T'semakeine's brushwood shelter and made night mournful with his too-whoos. The next evening he came again; and every evening. Then T'semakeine said it was her grandson, and that without doubt he was dead or bewitched. The old crone pined and fretted constantly over the loss of the one thing on earth she loved; and her grief, together with the fatigue and change from all her fixed habits involved in the protracted journey, brought her span of life to its close.

At the end she summoned her clansmen around her, and with her last breath made her will and testament, the principal clause of which concerned itself with her slave.

"She is bad," said the old woman. "She bewitched Okinakeine, and turned him into a brown owl. She has bewitched me, and caused me to die. And now you shall bury her in my grave, lest she work evil on you all, and turn you into brown owls or blind moles. Besides, I need her to rub my old bones and take care of me. So you will bury her with me."

The Proud Slave heard her appalling doom pronounced without wincing. It is an unheard of breach of Indian etiquette to run away from a duly decreed lot, and Elite prepared her mistress for the last rites with the same haughty composure with which she had born her blows and affronts while living.

The sepulcher was dug full deep and wide in the gravelly beach, just above the line of high tide. In it were deposited the worldly possessions of the deceased, and upon the couch thus formed was carefully placed all that remained of T'semakeine. Beside the corpse of the shriveled hag they laid the splendid form of the slave, with her wide burning eyes gazing up at her executioners, and calmly proceeded to fill up the grave, beginning at the foot. It was at this precise moment that we happened upon the scene, and impelled by idle curiosity, stepped to the edge of the excavation and looked in.



When Elite saw the astounded white faces gazing down at her, the pride of her spirit gave way, and she uttered a purely human and feminine cry for succor.

ardent devotion for some years in the family of one of her deliverers, and then she married a prosperous half-breed rancher on the Puyallup reservation.

The rescued bondwoman served with And this is the story, so far as it is known, of Kwelth-Elite, the Proud Slave.

## SEA CAVES

CAVES of the sea I have seen,  
Ragged, on coasts that are lonely,  
Rank with the sea dulse green,  
Red with the rock algae only;

Piled with old driftwood like bones  
Left for the breezes to whiten,  
Relies from all of the zones,  
Potent not even to frighten;

Plumed by choke-berry and rose  
Flung from the wilds as a token;  
Visited only by crows  
Hunting the mussels half-broken.

However brightens the day,  
All of the light is from under,  
All of the rain is sea spray,  
All of the voices wave thunder.

Yet, by these noisy sea caves  
Spirits of silence are dwelling,  
God rules the bleakness, His waves  
Speak with His voice in their swelling.

Like are the caves of our thought  
Filled with our errors and lonely,  
Far, on a coast never sought,  
Where we are travelers only,

Walking amid the debris,  
Silent, yet rapt in emotion,  
Knowing that God is, and He  
Watches the toil of His ocean.

*H. F. Thurston.*

# IN A FAR COUNTRY

By JACK LONDON

WHEN a man journeys into a far country, he must be prepared to forget many of the things he has learned, and to acquire such customs as are inherent with existence in the new land; he must abandon the old ideals and the old gods, and oftentimes he must reverse the very codes by which his conduct has hitherto been shaped. To those who have the protean faculty of adaptability, the novelty of such change may even be a source of pleasure; but to those who happen to be hardened to the ruts in which they were created, the pressure of the altered environment is unbearable, and they chafe in body and in spirit under the new restrictions which they do not understand. This chafing is bound to act and react, producing divers evils and leading to various misfortunes. It were better for the man who cannot fit himself to the new groove, to return to his own country; if he delay too long, he will surely die.

The man who turns his back upon the comforts of an elder civilization, to face the savage youth, the primordial simplicity of the North, may estimate success at an inverse ratio to the quantity and quality of his hopelessly fixed habits. He will soon discover, if he be a fit candidate, that the material habits are the less important. The exchange of such things as a dainty menu for rough fare, of the stiff leather shoe for the soft, shapeless moccasin, of the feather bed for a couch in the snow, is after all a very easy matter. But his pinch will come in learning properly to shape his mind's attitude toward all things, and especially toward his fellow-man. For the courtesies of ordinary life, he must substitute unselfishness, forbearance, and tolerance. Thus, and thus only, can he gain that pearl of great price,—true comradeship. He must not say "Thank you"; he must mean it without opening his mouth, and prove it by responding in kind. In short, he must substitute the deed for the word, the spirit for the letter.

When the world rang with the tale of

Arctic gold, and the lure of the North gripped the heartstrings of men, Carter Weatherbee threw up his snug clerkship, turned the half of his savings over to his wife, and with the remainder bought an outfit. There was no romance in his nature,—the bondage of commerce had crushed all that; he was simply tired of the ceaseless grind, and wished to risk great hazards in view of corresponding returns. Like many another fool, disdaining the old trails used by the Northland pioneers for a score of years, he hurried to Edmonton in the spring of the year,—and there, unluckily for his soul's welfare, he allied himself with a party of men.

There was nothing unusual about this party, except its plans. Even its goal, like that of all other parties, was the Klondike. But the route it had mapped out to attain that goal, took away the breath of the hardest native, born and bred to the vicissitudes of the Northwest. Even Jacques Baptiste, born of a Chippewa woman and a renegade *voyageur*, (having raised his first whippers in a deerskin lodge north of the sixty-fifth parallel, and had the same hushed by blissful sucks of raw tallow,) was surprised. Though he sold his services to them and agreed to travel even to the never-opening ice, he shook his head ominously whenever his advice was asked.

Percy Cuthfert's evil star must have been in the ascendant, for he too joined this company of argonauts. He was an ordinary man, with a bank account as deep as his culture, which is saying a good deal. He had no reason to embark on such a venture,—no reason in the world, save that he suffered from an abnormal development of sentimentality. He mistook this for the true spirit of romance and adventure. Many another man has done the like, and made as fatal a mistake.

The first break-up of spring found the party following the ice-run of Elk River. It was an imposing fleet, for the outfit was large and they were accompanied by a disreputable contingent of half-breed *voy-*



*ageurs* with their women and children. Day in and day out, they labored with the batteaus and canoes, fought mosquitoes and other kindred pests, or sweated and swore at the portages. Severe toil like this lays a man naked to the very roots of his soul, and ere Lake Athabasca was lost in the south, each member of the party had hoisted his true colors.

The two shirks and chronic grumblers were Carter Weatherbee and Percy Cuthbert. The whole party complained less of its aches and pains than did either of them. Not once did they volunteer for the thousand and one petty duties of the camp. A bucket of water to be brought, an extra armful of wood to be chopped, the dishes to be washed and wiped, a search to be made through the outfit for some suddenly indispensable article,—and these two effete scions of civilization discovered sprains or blisters requiring instant attention. They were the first to turn in at night, with a score of tasks yet undone; the last to turn out in the morning, when the start should be in readiness before the breakfast was begun. They were the first to fall to at meal-time, the last to have a hand in the cooking; the first to dive for a slim delicacy, the last to discover they had added to their own another man's share. If they toiled at the oars, they slyly cut the water at each stroke and allowed the boat's momentum to float up the blade. They thought nobody noticed; but their comrades swore under their breaths and grew to hate them, while Jacques Baptiste sneered openly and damned them from morning till night. But he was no gentleman.

At the Great Slave, Hudson Bay dogs were purchased, and the fleet sank to the guards with its added burden of dried fish and pemmican. Then canoe and batteau answered to the swift current of the Mackenzie, and they plunged into the Great Barren Ground. Every likely-looking "feeder" was prospected, but the elusive "pay-dirt" danced ever to the north. At the Great Bear, overcome by the common dread of the Unknown Lands, their *voyageurs* began to desert, and Fort of Good Hope saw the last and bravest bending to the tow-lines as they bucked the current down which they had so treacherously

glided. Jacques Baptiste alone remained. Had he not sworn to travel even to the never-opening ice?

The lying charts, compiled in main from hearsay, were now constantly consulted. And they felt the need of hurry, for the sun had already passed its northern solstice and was leading the winter south again. Skirting the shores of the bay, where the Mackenzie disengages into the Arctic Ocean, they entered the mouth of the Little Peel River. Then began the arduous up-stream toil, and the two Incapables fared worse than ever. Tow-line and pole, paddle and tump-line, rapids and portages,—such tortures served to give the one a deep disgust for great hazards, and printed for the other a fiery text on the true romance of adventure. One day they waxed mutinous, and being vilely cursed by Jacques Baptiste, turned, as worms sometimes will. But the half-breed thrashed the twain, and sent them, bruised and bleeding, about their work. It was the first time either had been manhandled.

Abandoning their river craft at the head-waters of the Little Peel, they consumed the rest of the summer in the great portage over the Mackenzie watershed to the West Rat. This little stream fed the Porcupine, which in turn joined the Yukon where that mighty highway of the North countermarches on the Arctic Circle. But they had lost in the race with winter, and one day they tied their rafts to the thick eddy-ice and hurried their goods ashore. That night the river jammed and broke several times; the following morning it had fallen asleep for good.

"We can't be more'n four hundred miles from the Yukon," concluded Sloper, multiplying his thumb nails by the scale of the map. The council, in which the two Incapables had whined to excellent disadvantage, was drawing to a close.

"Hudson Bay Post, long time ago. No use um now." Jacques Baptiste's father had made the trip for the Fur Company in the old days, incidentally marking the trail with a couple of frozen toes.

"Sufferin' cracky!" cried another of the party. "No whites?"

"Nary white," Sloper sententiously affirmed; "but it's only five hundred more up the Yukon to Dawson. Call it a rough thousand from here."

Weatherbee and Cuthfert groaned in chorus.

"How long 'll that take, Baptiste?"

The half-breed figured for a moment. "Workum like hell, no man play out, ten—twenty—forty—fifty days. Um babies come," (designating the Incapables,) "no can tell. Mebbe when hell freeze over; mebbe not then."

The manufacture of snow-shoes and moccasins ceased. Somebody called the name of an absent member, who came out of an ancient cabin at the edge of the camp-fire and joined them. The cabin was one of the many mysteries which lurk in the vast recesses of the North. Built when and by whom, no man could tell. Two graves in the open, piled high with stones, perhaps contained the secret of those early wanderers. But whose hand had piled the stones?

The moment had come. Jacques Baptiste paused in the fitting of a harness and pinned the struggling dog in the snow. The cook made mute protest for delay, threw a handful of bacon into a noisy pot of beans, then came to attention. Sloper rose to his feet. His body was a ludicrous contrast to the healthy physiques of the Incapables. Yellow and weak, fleeing from a South American fever-hole, he had not broken his flight across the zones, and was still able to toil with men. His weight was probably ninety pounds, with the heavy hunting-knife thrown in, and his grizzled hair told of a prime which had ceased to be. The fresh, young muscles of either Weatherbee or Cuthfert were equal to ten times the endeavor of his; yet he could walk them into the earth in a day's journey. And all this day he had whipped his stronger comrades into venturing a thousand miles of the stiffest hardship man can conceive. He was the incarnation of the unrest of his race, and the old Teutonic stubbornness, dashed with the quick grasp and action of the Yankee, held the flesh in the bondage of the spirit.

"All those in favor of going on with the dogs as soon as the ice sets, say aye."

"Aye!" rang out eight voices,—voices destined to string a trail of oaths along many a hundred miles of pain.

"Contrary minded?"

"No!" For the first time the Incapables were united without some compromise of personal interests.

"And what are you going to do about it?" Weatherbee added belligerently.

"Majority rule! Majority rule!" clamored the rest of the party.

"I know the expedition is liable to fall through if you don't come," Sloper replied sweetly; "but I guess, if we try real hard, we can manage to do without you. What do you say, boys?"

The sentiment was cheered to the echo.

"But I say, you know," Cuthfert ventured apprehensively; "what's a chap like me to do?"

"Ain't you coming with us?"

"No—o."

"Then do as you d—n well please. We won't have nothing to say."

"Kind o' calkilate yuh might settle it with that canoodlin' pardner of yourn," suggested a heavy-going Westerner from the Dakotas, at the same time pointing out Weatherbee. "He'll be shore to ask yuh what yur a-goin' to do when it comes to cookin' an' gatherin' the wood."

"Then we'll consider it all arranged," concluded Sloper. "We'll pull out tomorrow, if we camp within five miles,—just to get everything in running order and remember if we've forgotten anything."

The sleds groaned by on their steel-shod runners, and the dogs strained low in the harnesses in which they were born to die. Jacques Baptiste paused by the side of Sloper to get a last glimpse of the cabin. The smoke curled up pathetically from the Yukon stove-pipe. The two Incapables were watching them from the doorway.

Sloper laid his hand on the other's shoulder. "Jacques Baptiste, did you ever hear of the Kilkenny cats?"

The half-breed shook his head.

"Well, my friend and good comrade, the Kilkenny cats fought till neither hide, nor hair, nor yowl, was left. You understand?—till nothing was left. Very



good. Now, these two men, don't like work. They won't work. We know that. They'll be all alone in that cabin all winter,—a mighty long, dark winter. Kill-kenny cats,—well?"

The Frenchman in Baptiste shrugged his shoulders, but the Indian in him was silent. Nevertheless, it was an eloquent shrug, pregnant with prophecy.

Things prospered in the little cabin at first. The rough badinage of their comrades had made Weatherbee and Cuthfert conscious of the mutual responsibility which had devolved upon them; besides, there was not so much work after all for two healthy men. And the removal of the cruel whip-hand, or in other words, the bulldozing half-breed, had brought with it a joyous reaction. At first, each strove to outdo the other, and they performed petty tasks with an unction which would have opened the eyes of their comrades who were now wearing out bodies and souls on the Long Trail.

All care was banished. The forest, which shouldered in upon them from three sides, was an inexhaustible woodyard. A few yards from their door slept the Porcupine, and a hole through its winter robe formed a bubbling spring of water, crystal-clear and painfully cold. But they soon grew to find fault with even that. The hole would persist in freezing up, and thus gave them many a miserable hour of ice-chopping. The unknown builders of the cabin had extended the side-logs so as to support a cache at the rear. In this was stored the bulk of the party's provisions. Food there was, without stint, for three times the men who were fated to live upon it. But the most of it was of the kind which built up brawn and sinew but did not tickle the palate. True, there was sugar in plenty for two ordinary men; but these two were little else than children. They early discovered the virtues of hot water judiciously saturated with sugar, and they prodigally swam their flapjacks and soaked their crusts in the rich, white syrup. Then coffee and tea, and especially the dried fruits, made disastrous inroads upon it. The first word they had was over the sugar question. And it is a really serious thing when two men, wholly

dependent upon each other for company, begin to quarrel.

Weatherbee loved to discourse blatantly on politics, while Cuthfert, who had been prone to clip his coupons and let the commonwealth jog on as best it might, either ignored the subject or delivered himself of startling epigrams. But the clerk was too obtuse to appreciate the clever shaping of thought, and this waste of ammunition irritated Cuthfert. He had been used to blinding people by his brilliancy, and it worked him quite a hardship, this loss of an audience. He felt personally aggrieved and unconsciously held his mutton-head companion responsible for it.

Save existence, they had nothing in common,—came in touch on no single point. Weatherbee was a clerk who had known naught but clerking all his life; Cuthfert was a master of arts, a dabbler in oils, and had written not a little. The one was a lower-class man who considered himself a gentleman, and the other was a gentleman who knew himself to be such. From this it may be remarked that a man can be a gentleman without possessing the first instinct of true comradeship. The clerk was as sensuous as the other was aesthetic, and his love adventures, told at great length and chiefly coined from his imagination, affected the supersensitive master of arts in the same way as so many whiffs of sewer-gas. He deemed the clerk a filthy, uncultured brute, whose place was in the muck with the swine, and told him so, and he was reciprocally informed that he was a milk-and-water sissy and a cad. Weatherbee could not have defined "cad" for his life; but it satisfied its purpose, which after all seems the main point in life.

Weatherbee flattered every third note and sang such songs as "The Boston Burglar" and "The Handsome Cabin Boy," for hours at a time, while Cuthfert wept with rage, till he could stand it no longer and fled into the outer cold. But there was no escape. The intense frost could not be endured for long at a time, and the little cabin crowded them—beds, stove, table, and all—into a space of ten by twelve. The very presence of either became a personal affront to the other, and they lapsed into sullen silences which increased in

length and strength as the days went by. Occasionally, the flash of an eye or the curl of a lip got the better of them, though they strove to wholly ignore each other during these mute periods. And a great wonder sprang up in the breast of each, as to how God had ever come to create the other.

With little to do, time became an intolerable burden to them. This naturally made them still lazier. They sank into a physical lethargy which there was no escaping, and which made them rebel at the performance of the smallest chore. One morning when it was his turn to cook the common breakfast, Weatherbee rolled out of his blankets, and to the snoring of his companion, lighted first the slush-lamp and then the fire. The kettles were frozen hard, and there was no water in the cabin with which to wash. But he did not mind that. Waiting for it to thaw, he sliced the bacon and plunged into the hateful task of bread-making. Cuthfert had been slyly watching through his half-closed lids. Consequently there was a scene, in which they fervently blessed each other, and agreed, henceforth, that each do his own cooking. A week later, Cuthfert neglected his morning ablutions, but none the less complacently ate the meal which he had cooked. Weatherbee grinned. After that the foolish custom of washing passed out of their lives.

As the sugar-pile and other little luxuries dwindled, they began to be afraid they were not getting their proper shares, and in order that they might not be robbed, they fell to gorging themselves. The luxuries suffered in this gluttonous contest, as did also the men. In the absence of fresh vegetables and exercise, their blood became impoverished, and a loathsome, purplish rash crept over their bodies. Yet they refused to heed the warning. Next, their muscles and joints began to swell, the flesh turning black, while their mouths, gums, and lips, took on the color of rich cream. Instead of being drawn together by their misery, each gloated over the other's symptoms as the scurvy took its course.

They lost all regard for personal appearance, and for that matter, common decency. The cabin became a pig-pen, and

never once were the beds made or fresh pine boughs laid underneath. Yet they could not keep to their blankets, as they would have wished; for the frost was inexorable and the fire-box consumed much fuel. The hair of their heads and faces grew long and shaggy, while their garments would have disgusted a rag-picker. But they did not care. They were sick, and there was no one to see; besides, it was very painful to move about.

To all this was added a new trouble,—the Fear of the North. This Fear was the joint child of the Great Cold and the Great Silence, and was born in the darkness of December, when the sun dipped below the southern horizon for good. It affected them according to their natures. Weatherbee fell prey to the grosser superstitions, and did his best to resurrect the spirits which slept in the forgotten graves. It was a fascinating thing, and in his dreams they came to him from out of the cold, and snuggled into his blankets, and told him of their toils and troubles ere they died. He shrank away from the clammy contact as they drew closer and twined their frozen limbs about him, and when they whispered in his ear of things to come, the cabin rang with his frightened shrieks. Cuthfert did not understand,—for they no longer spoke,—and when thus awakened he invariably grabbed for his revolver. Then he would sit up in bed, shivering nervously, with the weapon trained on the unconscious dreamer. Cuthfert deemed the man going mad, and so came to fear for his life.

His own malady assumed a less concrete form. The mysterious artisan who had laid the cabin, log by log, had pegged a wind-vane to the ridge-pole. Cuthfert noticed it always pointed south, and one day, irritated by its steadfastness of purpose, he turned it toward the east. He watched eagerly, but never a breath came by to disturb it. Then he turned the vane to the north, swearing never again to touch it till the wind did blow. But the air frightened him with its unearthly calm, and he often rose in the middle of the night to see if the vane had veered,—ten degrees would have satisfied him. But no, it poised above him as unchangeable as fate. His imagination ran riot, till it became to



him a fetich, invested with all the attributes of a sphinx. Sometimes he followed the path it pointed across the dismal dominions, and allowed his soul to become saturated with the Fear. He dwelt upon the unseen and the unknown till the burden of eternity appeared to be crushing him. Everything in the Northland had that crushing effect,—the absence of life and motion; the darkness; the infinite peace of the brooding land; the ghastly silence, which made the echo of each heart-beat a sacrilege; the solemn forest which seemed to guard an awful, inexpressible something, which neither word nor thought could compass.

The world he had so recently left, with its busy nations and great enterprises, seemed very far away. Recollections occasionally obtruded,—recollections of marts and galleries and crowded thoroughfares, of evening dress and social functions, of good men and dear women he had known,—but they were dim memories of a life he had lived long centuries ago, on some other planet. This phantasm was the Reality. Standing beneath the wind-vane, his eyes fixed on the polar skies, he could not bring himself to realize that the Southland really existed, that at that very moment it was a-roar with life and action. There was no Southland, no men being born of women, no giving and taking in marriage. Beyond his bleak sky-line there stretched vast solitudes, and beyond these still vaster solitudes. There were no lands of sunshine, heavy with the perfume of flowers. Such things were only old dreams of paradise. The sunlands of the West and the spicelands of the East, the smiling Arcadias and blissful Islands of the Blest,—ha! ha! His laughter split the void and shocked him with its unwonted sound. There was no sun. This was the Universe, dead and cold and dark, and he its only citizen. Weatherbee? At such moments Weatherbee did not count. He was a Caliban, a monstrous phantom, fettered to him for untold ages, the penalty of some forgotten crime.

He lived with Death among the dead, emasculated by the sense of his own insignificance, crushed by the passive mastery of the slumbering ages. The mag-

nitude of all things appalled him. Every thing partook of the superlative save himself,—the perfect cessation of wind and motion, the immensity of the snow-covered wilderness, the height of the sky and the depth of the silence. That wind-vane,—if it would only move. If a thunderbolt would fall, or the forest flare up in flame. The rolling up of the heavens as a scroll, the crash of Doom—anything, anything. But no, nothing moved; the silence crowded in, and the Fear of the North laid icy fingers on his heart.

Once, like another Crusoe, by the edge of the river he came upon a track,—the faint tracery of a snow-shoe rabbit on the delicate snow-crust. It was a revelation. There was life in the Northland. He would follow it, look upon it, gloat over it. He forgot his swollen muscles, plunging through the deep snow in an ecstasy of anticipation. The forest swallowed him up, and the brief midday twilight vanished; but he pursued his quest till exhausted nature asserted itself and laid him helpless in the snow. There he groaned and cursed his folly, and knew the track to be the fancy of his brain; and late that night he dragged himself into the cabin on hands and knees, his cheeks frozen and a strange numbness about his feet. Weatherbee grinned malevolently, but made no offer to help him. He thrust needles into his toes and thawed them out by the stove. A week later mortification set in.

But the clerk had his own troubles. The dead men came out of their graves more frequently now, and rarely left him, waking or sleeping. He grew to wait and dread their coming, never passing the twin cairns without a shudder. One night they came to him in his sleep and led him forth to an appointed task. Frightened into inarticulate horror, he awoke between the heaps of stones and fled wildly to the cabin. But he had lain there for some time, for his feet and cheeks were also frozen.

Sometimes he became frantic at their insistent presence, and danced about the cabin, cutting the empty air with an ax and smashing everything within reach. During these ghostly encounters, Cuthfert huddled into his blankets and followed the

madman about with a cocked revolver, ready to shoot him if he came too near. But, recovering from one of these spells, the clerk noticed the weapon trained upon him with deadly intent. His suspicions were aroused, and thenceforth he too lived in fear of his life. They watched each other closely after that, and faced about in startled fright whenever either passed behind the other's back. This apprehensiveness became a mania which controlled them even in their sleep. Through mutual fear they tacitly let the slush-lamp burn all night, and saw to a plentiful supply of bacon-grease before retiring. The slightest movement on the part of one was sufficient to arouse the other, and many a still watch their gazes countered as they shook beneath their blankets with fingers on the trigger-guards.

What with the Fear of the North, the mental strain, and the ravages of the disease, they lost all semblance of humanity, taking on the appearance of wild beasts, hunted and desperate. Their cheeks and noses, as an aftermath of the freezing, had turned black. Their frozen toes had begun to drop away at the first and second joints. Every movement brought pain, but the fire-box was insatiable, wringing a ransom of torture from their miserable bodies. Day in, day out, it demanded its food,—a veritable pound of flesh,—and they dragged themselves into the forest to chop wood on their knees. Once, crawling thus in search of dry sticks, unknown to each other they entered a thicket from opposite sides. Suddenly, without warning, two peering death's-heads confronted each other. Suffering had so transformed them that recognition was impossible. They sprang to their feet, shrieking with terror, and dashed away on their mangled stumps; and falling at the cabin door, they eluded and scratched like demons till they discovered their mistake.

Ocasionaly they lapsed normal, and during one of these sane intervals, the chief bone of contention, the sugar, had been divided equally between them. They guarded their separate sacks, stored up in the cache, with jealous eyes; for there were but a few cupfuls left, and they were totally devoid of faith in each other. But

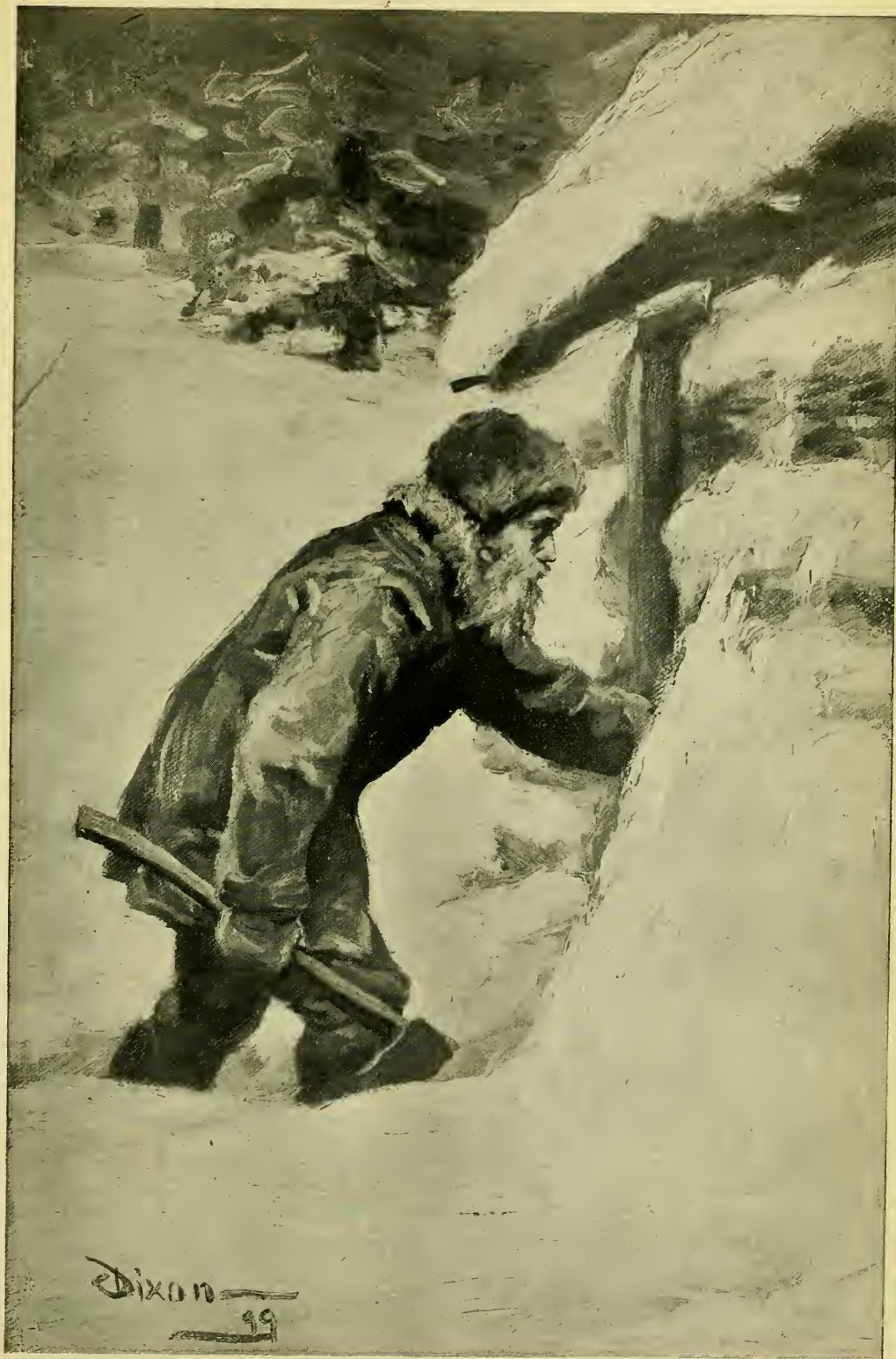
one day Cuthfert made a mistake. Hardly able to move, sick with pain, with his head swimming and eyes blinded, he crept into the cache, sugar canister in hand, and mistook Weatherbee's sack for his own.

January had been born but a few days when this occurred. The sun had some time since passed its lowest southern declination, and at meridian now threw flaunting streaks of yellow light upon the northern sky. On the day following his mistake with the sugar-bag, Cuthfert found himself feeling better, both in body and in spirit. As noontime drew near and the day brightened, he dragged himself outside to feast on the evanescent glow, which was to him an earnest of the sun's future intentions. Weatherbee was also feeling somewhat better, and crawled out beside him. They propped themselves in the snow beneath the moveless wind-vane and waited.

The stillness of death was about them. In other climes, when nature falls into such moods, there is a subdued air of expectancy, a waiting for some small voice to take up the broken strain. Not so in the North. The two men had lived seining eons in this ghostly peace. They could remember no song of the past; they could conjure no song of the future. This unearthly calm had always been,—the tranquil silence of eternity.

Their eyes were fixed upon the north. Unseen, behind their backs, behind the towering mountains to the south, the sun swept toward the zenith of another sky than theirs. Sole spectators of the mighty canvas, they watched the false dawn slowly grow. A faint flame began to glow and smolder. It deepened in intensity, ringing the changes of reddish-yellow, purple, and saffron. So bright did it become that Cuthfert thought the sun must surely be behind it,—a miracle, the sun rising in the north. Suddenly, without warning and without fading, the canvas was swept clean. There was no color in the sky. The light had gone out of the day. They caught their breaths in half-sobs. But lo! the air was a-glint with particles of scintillating frost, and there, to the north, the wind-vane lay in vague outline on the snow. A shadow! A shadow! It was exactly midday. They





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jerked their heads hurriedly to the south. A golden rim peeped over the mountain's snowy shoulder, smiled upon them an instant, then dipped from sight again.

There were tears in their eyes as they sought each other. A strange softening came over them. They felt irresistibly drawn toward each other. The sun was coming back again. It would be with them to-morrow, and the next day, and the next. And it would stay longer every visit, and a time would come when it would ride their heaven day and night, never once dropping below the sky-line. There would be no night. The ice-locked winter would be broken; the winds would blow and the forests answer; the land would bathe in the blessed sunshine and renew life. Hand in hand, they would quit this horrid dream and journey back to the Southland. They lurched blindly forward, and their hands met,—their poor maimed hands, swollen and distorted beneath their mittens.

But the promise was destined to remain unfulfilled. The Northland is the Northland, and men work out their souls by strange rules, which other men, who have not journeyed into a far country, cannot come to understand.

An hour later, Cuthfert put a pan of bread into the oven, and fell to speculating on what the surgeons could do with his feet when he got back. Home did not seem so very far away now. Weatherbee was rummaging in the cache. Of a sudden, he raised a whirlwind of blasphemy, which in turn ceased with startling abruptness. The other man had robbed his sugar-sack. Still, things might have happened differently, had not the two dead men come out from under the stones and hushed the hot words in his throat. They led him quite gently from the cache, which he forgot to close. That consummation was reached; that something they had whispered to him in his dreams was about to happen. They guided him gently, very gently, to the wood-pile, where they put the ax in his hands. Then they helped him shove open the cabin door, and he felt sure they shut it after him,—at least he had heard it slam and the latch fall sharply into place. And he knew they were wait-

ing just without, waiting for him to do his task.

"Carter! I say, Carter!"

Percy Cuthfert was frightened at the look on the clerk's face, and he made haste to put the table between them.

Carter Weatherbee followed, without haste and without enthusiasm. There was neither pity nor passion in his face, but rather the patient, stolid look of one who has certain work to do and goes about it methodically.

"I say, what's the matter?"

The clerk dodged back, cutting off his retreat to the door, but never opening his mouth.

"I say, Carter, I say; let's talk. There's a good chap."

The master of arts was thinking rapidly, now, shaping a skillful flank movement on the bed where his Smith & Wesson lay. Keeping his eyes on the madman, he rolled backward on the bunk, at the same time clutching the pistol.

"Carter!"

The powder flashed full in Weatherbee's face, but he swung his weapon and leaped forward. The ax bit deeply at the base of the spine, and Percy Cuthfert felt all consciousness of his lower limbs leave him. Then the clerk fell heavily upon him, clutching him by the throat with feeble fingers. The sharp bite of the ax had caused Cuthfert to drop the pistol, and as his lungs panted for release, he fumbled aimlessly for it among the blankets. Then he remembered. He slid a hand up the clerk's belt to the sheath-knife; and they drew very close to each other in that last clinch.

Percy Cuthfert felt his strength leave him. The lower portion of his body was useless. The inert weight of Weatherbee crushed him,—crushed him and pinned him there like a bear under a trap. The cabin became filled with a familiar odor, and he knew the bread to be burning. Yet what did it matter? He would never need it. And there were all of six cupfuls of sugar in the cache,—if he had foreseen this he would not have been so saving the last several days. Would the wind-vane ever move? It might even be veering now. Why not? Had he not seen the sun to-day? He would go and see.



No; it was was impossible to move. He had not thought the clerk so heavy a man.

How quickly the cabin cooled! The fire must be out. The cold was forcing in. It must be below zero already, and the ice creeping up the inside of the door. He could not see it, but his past experience enabled him to gauge its progress by the cabin's temperature. The lower hinge must be white ere now. Would the tale of this ever reach the world? How would his friends take it? They would read it over their coffee, most likely, and talk it over at the clubs. He could see them very clearly. "Poor Old Cuthfert," they murmured; "not such a bad sort of a chap, after all." He smiled at their eulogies, and passed on in search of a Turkish bath. It was the same old crowd upon the streets. Strange, they did not notice his moosehide moccasins and tattered German socks! He would take a cab. And after the bath a shave would not be bad. No; he would eat first. Steak, and potatoes, and green things,—how fresh it all was! And what was that? Squares of honey, streaming liquid amber! But why did they bring

so much? Ha! ha! he could never eat it all. Shine! Why certainly. He put his foot on the box. The bootblack looked curiously up at him, and he remembered his moosehide moccasins and went away hastily.

Hark! The wind-vane must be surely spinning. No; a mere singing in his ears. That was all,—a mere singing. The ice must have passed the latch by now. More likely the upper hinge was covered. Between the moss-chinked roof-poles, little points of frost began to appear. How slowly they grew! No; not so slowly. There was a new one, and there another. Two—three—four; they were coming too fast to count. There were two growing together. And there, a third had joined them. Why, there were no more spots. They had run together and formed a sheet.

Well, he would have company. If Gabriel ever broke the silence of the North, they would stand together, hand in hand, before the great White Throne. And God would judge them, God would judge them!

Then Percy Cuthfert closed his eyes and dropped off to sleep.

## "AWAKE TO CARE"

"**A** WAKE to care!" Ah, in those words doth lie  
 The kernel of a great and noble thought;  
 For man must *wake*, to learn to live and die,  
 And shape his ends so that good deeds be wrought.  
 The dull, lethargic brain must stir to life,—  
 Else what availeth gift of mental power?  
 The slow-pulsed, slumberous heart, in human strife,  
 Must throb to fullness every precious hour!

Awake to care! Awake to live and do!  
 Awake to learn the strength of toil and love;  
 Awake in truth to see this earth, and too,  
 A something that is hidden far above!  
 His heart's blood is thin water who doth let  
 That heart in stupid slumber beat its course;  
 Awake to care! For thine's the burden yet  
 That is at once God's law and Mankind's force!

*Elwyn Irving Hoffman.*

# PHOTOGRAPHING FISHES

BY DR. R. W. SHUFELDT, C. M. Z. S., ETC.

NATURALISTS nowadays use the photographic camera in their work quite as frequently, and fully as effectively, as do the members of any one of the other learned professions. In obtaining the pictures of living animals wherewith to illustrate zoölogical treatises of various kinds, this instrument is now rapidly superseding the old methods of obtaining such subjects by the use of brush and pencil. Beautiful half-tone pictures of living wild animals of every description, taken in captivity, as well as in their natural haunts, are now frequently met with, both in scientific works, and popular articles devoted to their history. Formerly, for a zoölogical artist to produce a small uncolored picture of a bird, for example, it frequently took a day or two, and then after this it had to be engraved if intended to figure in a book. Such productions, always attended with considerable expense, were at the best more or less inaccurate, unsatisfactory, and worse than all, often unnatural. Photography, as has just been stated, is rapidly revolutionizing all this, and although it may never entirely supplant the graphic art, it will surely far outstrip it in the race, as a means to meet pictorial ends.

During the last few years naturalists who have become skilled in the use of the camera have, among vertebrate forms, succeeded best with mammals, then with reptiles, while birds are far more difficult; and it is the rarest thing of all to meet with any good photographs of living fish. It is of this last-named class of subjects that I desire to say a few words.

My first experiences in the photography of living fish occurred at the aquaria of the United States Fish Commission at Washington, the facilities for doing so having been extended to me by the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Captain J. J. Bryce. It had been tried by others there upon numerous other occasions, but nothing worthy of the name of success had ever been accomplished. This was principally due to the great difficulty in handling the light; of overcoming the

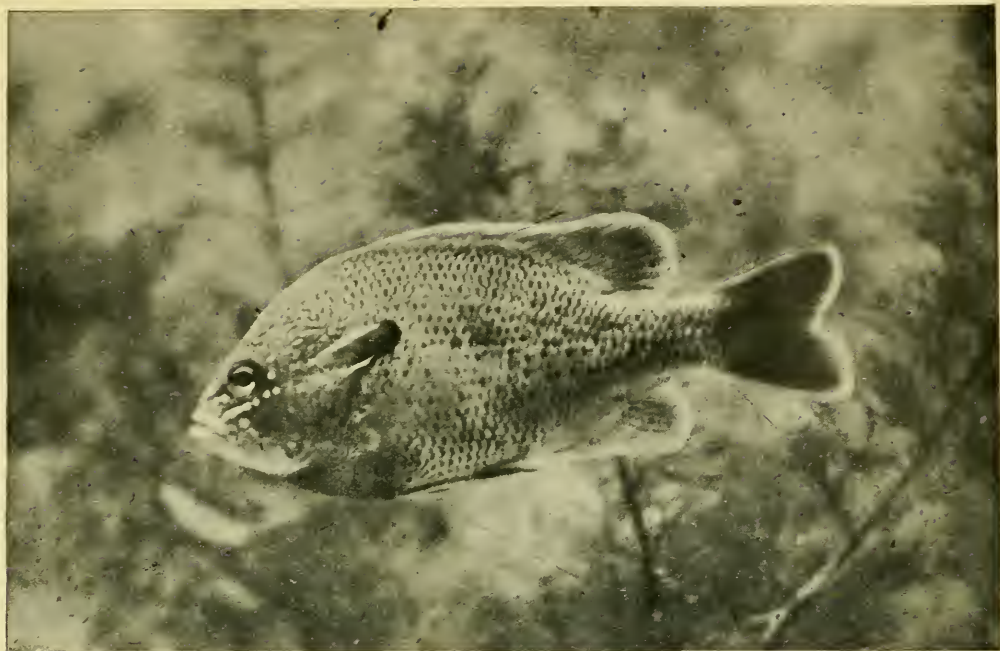
reflections in the various aquaria in the "Marine Grotto" where they are upon exhibition; to the fact that the front side of any one of the tanks is alone composed of glass, through which the fish must be taken; and finally, to the great restlessness of many of the fishes themselves.

It at once became apparent to me, that the only hope of obtaining good results lay in using a tripod camera, with the very quickest plate obtainable, and by instantaneous exposures.

Then came the matter of focusing sharp on the moving subjects. After the tripod and camera had been set in front of the aquarium, and the light most carefully studied, this was met by focusing on the inner surface of the glass, then cautiously carrying the focal distance to a point in the water beyond it. So that, when a fish in the aquarium swam close by the inner surface of the glass opposite the center of my lens, it might be photographed by an instantaneous exposure. This was tried many times with varying success, the best pictures secured being those wherein the subjects were moving, or swimming, with the least rapidity. Some fishes poise themselves in the water, in such a manner as to be almost immovable in the element,—as, for example, in the case of the common pike (*Esox lucius*),—and with but little trouble I secured a fine picture in the case of one of this species. Then some of the sunfish (*Lepomis*) offered fairly good subjects, and in one trial a good result was attained, in which twenty fish appeared upon the same negative, all sharp and clear, and exhibiting no movement whatever. These were the common form (*L. gibbosus*), so well known to the young fishermen of our ponds and streams.

On another day, when I had the "Grotto" all to myself, and the light as good as it could be in such a place, I was engaged for over two hours in my attempts to secure a "snap" upon a small male long-eared sunfish (*L. auritus*) that kept constantly swimming round and round his large aquarium. It seemed he never would come opposite my lens, and close to





The Long-eared Sunfish (*Lepomis auritus*); male—Reduced about one third

the glass; but at last, when my patience was almost exhausted, I got him there, and quickly took advantage of the circumstance. A half-tone of the photograph, the result of my attempt in this instance is given here as the illustration to the present article. None of my other pictures of fish are as good as this one; and it is only through rare chance, that another equally successful can be secured.

Especially is this true if the attempt is made under the same circumstances, where three or four factors are forever operative to defeat your aims. A cloud may obscure the sun just at the wrong moment; or the latter may flash out, and thereby produce all sorts of shadows and reflections, at the very instant perhaps, when you desire to make an exposure. Then the fish itself in some lights shines like silver, and in others, appears almost to be (to a degree) semi-transparent, with brilliant points and lines on various parts of its body, the very features to be most dreaded.

I am confident that better success, and more certain results, can be obtained by putting the fish in small aquaria, and these latter so placed that the rays of the sun can pass horizontally through from

side to side, while they are shut off from above. The object of a small aquarium is to limit the movements of the fish, and consequently increase the number of instances in any given time, when it comes in focus opposite the center of the lens. By placing the aquarium as suggested, we ought to be able to see the blue sky and no more through the two longer and opposite sides. This insures abundant light, and an excellent background, giving the very best chances for fine outline and detail. Experiments of this kind were tried at Woods's Holl, Massachusetts, several years ago, at the station of the United States Fish Commission there, and I am informed, with very encouraging results, but of these I know only by report.

The prettiest photographic pictures of fishes are those wherein the subjects exhibit strong dark markings set off by a light, but not too silvery, body. A large gar pike, commonly known as the needle gar, for example, is a beautiful fish for the purpose, and possesses the advantage of remaining long at rest in one position in its tank, thus giving the zoölogical photographer abundant opportunity both to focus and make his exposure.

# LOLITA LAVEGNE

## A TALE OF YOKIO RANCHO

By J. A. RHODES

FIFTEEN miles east of the Round Valley Indian Reservation, Mendocino County, California, in an old willow wigwam, lives Lolita Lavegne, or Lily Lavegne, as she is more commonly known. She is not the Lolita of former days, and to look upon her as she sits basking in the sun near the root of some oak, or plods slowly and feebly along the mountain trails, no one would ever guess that she is, or had ever been, anything other than just a common Digger Indian woman, without a higher desire than to secure the simplest necessities of life. But her life has been much more than common, and her singular career and romantic past would put to shame the most fanciful air-castles of her white sisters.

Lolita's failings, if that is the name by which they should be called, were inherited from parents who were naturally vicious. Her father was a Frenchman who had gone among the Yokio Indians while a very young man, and had adopted, in a great measure, the ways of this native people. He was of a very quarrelsome and morose disposition, and whenever the opportunity offered would abuse and whip the Indians. Being a powerful, muscular man, he seldom met with resistance; and through continual threats and menaces he acquired a following among certain young men of the tribe, who were often accomplices in his inhumane acts. Several wives and many children composed his household, and excepting one, all the wives he treated with the utmost cruelty. This exception was a pretty young woman, whom Lavegne had received in marriage from an old chief of a tribe who sought to secure the Frenchman's friendship by making him a present of the daughter. She was decidedly handsome, and her fair skin gave evidence that the blood which flowed in her veins was not altogether from the dark race. Her father, the chief, was a man of more than ordinary executive ability for an Indian; hence his control of the tribe with which he lived. He also

was a man of very cruel nature, and not a few of his own people had died at his hands. By uniting his family with that of Lavegne, he gained control of all the tribes within ten signal-fires. After a year of married life, Lavegne's girl-wife presented him with a daughter, and with the usual ceremonies of the tribe, the baby was christened Lolita.

The pretty child grew, as the years passed by, into charming maidenhood. Suitors for her hand were plentiful, even at this early period, and with her courtship days began the dark mysteries that surrounded her life.

One of Lolita's first suitors was Moran, the son of a chief, who was at the head of a tribe, whose hunting-ground was near that of the Yokios. The young couple often met at the fandangos, and would stroll away into some shadowed part of the sweat-house, and there make love-vows such as only fond hearts can.

One morning, the startling news was brought to the Yokio rancheria that this young man, the sweetheart of Lolita, was found lying dead in the brush close to the main trail leading from Yokio to Laketa. His own tribe was notified by runners, and upon investigation it was found that the young lover had been stabbed to the heart with a dagger. Seemingly, he had not moved after the fatal blow had been struck.

An investigation, as rude and brief in its nature as the minds of the people who held it, followed. Lolita was there and told how she had seen him on the fatal night, and had accompanied him for some distance from the camp when he started home. She seemed almost heartbroken over the affair,—and weeping and wailing, she declared that the death of her sweetheart should be avenged.

"I believe," she said, "that this is the work of some jealous rival."

Some efforts were made to find the perpetrator of the crime; but as Lolita was known to have many admirers, it could





Lolita Lavegne

be fixed on no one of them, and the matter was finally dropped. In a few months the affair was almost forgotten, and things settled down to their usual quiet.

Lolita, undaunted, was soon receiving the attentions of a young man of her own tribe. The circumstances of this courtship were no different from the former, excepting that the couple were in each other's company oftener, and quite frequently stole away together into some secluded vale where no watchful eye could see their love-making. Lolita's whole aim seemed to be to please her dusky companion, and she was never happier than when in his company.

Winter and spring passed, and summer with its rich harvests was at hand. There was to be a wedding, and all the surrounding tribes joined with the Yokios in preparing for the great feast that was to follow. But the wedding did not come to pass. The mysterious murderer again used his dagger with fatal effect, and upon the very morning of his wedding-day they found poor Cheno lying dead in the brush, several hundred yards from the outskirts of the rancheria. There was no evidence

of any struggle having taken place near where he was found, and like Moran, the first victim, there was but one wound, and that was a narrow cut just over the heart.

Again the news of murder quickly flew from rancheria to rancheria, and Indians gathered by the hundreds upon the grounds of the Yokios. Great excitement prevailed, and so superstitious were the Indian men and women, that no offer of any amount of beads or presents could induce one to venture beyond the range of the camp-fires after darkness had set in. Lolita became an object of mixed pity and fear. A great pow-wow was held at the sweat-house, and members of the tribe were appointed to ferret out and punish the murderer of Lolita's sweetheart. She was questioned closely, and her story in this case was substantially the same as the one she told when Moran was killed. She had seen Cheno the evening before, had left him about dark, or a little after. She supposed her sweetheart to be at home safe, and knew nothing more until she was told the next morning of his death.

After a few days, the men who had been selected as detectives concluded that they had sufficient evidence to fix the crime

upon one person. That person was a middle-aged Spaniard, by the name of Molina, who had come to the Yokio rancheria about a year before the first murder was committed. He was known to be infatuated with Lolita, and although he had not been accepted as a lover, she had much confidence and faith in his counsel. He was also known to have a dagger, and upon the very night that Moran was killed, Molina was seen to come from the thicket and slip into his wigwam,—at least, that was the whispered testimony of some of the sharp-eyed young men, who were more desirous of seeing some one in trouble than they were of telling the truth. Consequently, Molina was seized and searched. They could not find the dagger upon his person, and that led them to believe that he had done away with it to prevent detection. He was put into a strong wigwam and guarded night and day; and being naturally slow in everything else, the Indians were slow in deciding what to do with their prisoner. Several months passed with Molina still confined in the wigwam, and Lolita making love again.

The fatal termination of the lives of two lovers, somewhat deterred the young men from entering into her affections; but there was one left who would run the risk of winning or dying. He was an American and Spanish half-breed, by the name of Bolan; and full of life and youthful vigor, he ardently pressed his affections, and as ardently did Lolita return them. With Molina under guard, there seemed little to fear, and Bolan, now, without doubt, the winner, blessed his stars that the other lovers were dead. But one morning he was missed. This time Lolita herself called the people's attention to his absence. Searching parties were formed, and in a few hours two Indian men came across Bolan lying dead by the side of a large cottonwood log. There was a small spot of blood on his shirt over his heart, and a closer examination disclosed a dagger-wound.

Quickly the other murders flashed through the minds of the already frightened Indians, and both left the body without further parley, and hastened to the rancheria. As explained by the two men who found Bolan, the wound was identi-

cally the same as those which had caused the death of Moran and Cheno; and always glad to account in some way for the mysterious crimes, all joined alike in declaring that the Devil was wreaking vengeance upon the lovers of Lolita. No one could be induced to go near the body of the dead half-breed, and it lay for days. Finally, some white men who were passing buried it in a shallow grave.

This murder practically established Molina's innocence, and he was given his liberty. As an expression of their sorrow for wrongfully accusing him, the Indians made him many presents of beads, besides begging him that he spend the remainder of his days with them.

For several years after Bolan's murder Lolita had no suitors. The superstition, which was well founded, that the dagger would pierce their hearts should they venture to win her affections, caused the young men to shun her as they would a poisonous serpent. But time brings its changes.

Lolita's father and mother both died during the following winter, and other and younger people gained control of the Yokios, and being somewhat divested of the influence she had assumed through her father, Lolita was more or less persecuted by the new rulers.

It was, perhaps, two years after Lavigne's death, that there came to live at Yokio, a gallant Mexican soldier. He fell in love with Lolita at first sight and endeavored to win her heart, and she, never hesitating, readily responded to his gentle advances. For a time things went on smoothly between the new lovers, but there came a rival upon the scene and trouble began.

This rival was Chiparo, a young Modoc warrior, who had emigrated from his native land in search of adventure.

Friendly at first, each man endeavored to best the other in winning Lolita's affections, and she, unable to decide between the rivals, gave encouragement to both alike. But there must come a change. Each one claimed the advantage, and Lolita was called upon to make her selection known.

"You may settle it between yourselves," she said. "Fight with your fists, and the





"A narrow cut just over the heart".

winner shall be my choice. If either one refuses to fight, it clearly proves that his love is not true, and I shall select the one who is willing."

Each man, confident of his ability to win, agreed to the terms, and a day was set for the contest. Both rivals then began making preparations. News of the coming contest was heralded among the tribes, and long before the time hundreds of Indians were gathered at the Yokio rancheria, impatiently waiting the day. Great interest was taken in the chances of the rivals, and some betting was indulged in.

Finally, the time was at hand. A large ring was drawn upon the ground, around which the Indians gathered in large numbers. Lolita, dressed in all the finery that she could command, stood at the edge of the ring. Soon a murmur arose among the Indians, and all eyes were turned toward where the crowd had parted and left a passageway. The fighters were coming. With nothing but breech-cloths on, their tawny skins glistened in the sun like statues of bronze as they strode

through the throng of onlookers. Stepping into the ring, each rival took his place and faced the other.

Lolita was to give the signal that would commence the battle. All eyes were turned upon her. She hesitated a moment, then stepping forward, waved her hand. Instantly both men sprang to the center of the ring. For a moment they glared into each other's eyes; then closing in, they rained blows upon head and body, fast and hard. Over and over they went. The excited onlookers surged back and forth in their anxiety to see the fight. Lolita, pale but calm, stood as if fixed to the spot, watching the battle that was to decide who was to be her lover. Slower and less frequent became the blows. Blood was streaming from nose and mouth, and bruised spots showed where the fists had landed. There was a break away, and both men sparred for wind. Again they closed, and Chiparo, summoning all his strength, struck the Mexican a powerful blow upon the neck. Staggering backwards, the stricken Mexican fell senseless to the ground. Chiparo stood over him

ready to follow up his advantage, but the fallen rival lay quiet. The Modoc had won.

Lolita rushed to the center of the ring, grasped the hand of the warrior, and triumphantly they walked together from the field of battle. A crowd gathered around Pajero, the defeated soldier. He was carried to a near-by wigwam and cared for until he regained his senses, when he was allowed to go to his own camp.

The loss of the fight ended Pajero's opportunities as a suitor for Lolita's hand, and she no longer allowed him to visit her home. Sore in conscience and body, Pajero's Spanish blood was aroused, and he looked about him for some means of revenge. So bitter were his feelings against Lolita and Chiparo, that there seemed nothing too desperate for him to do in order to get even for his defeat. He often followed them, when they strolled along the trails, forming plans by which he might be able to take their lives.

He had heard of the mysterious murders of Lolita's former sweethearts. "And now," he said to himself, "mine shall be the hand that will strike down both lover and lady."

His opportunity to carry out the threat came one moonlight evening, when Lolita and Chiparo walked away from the rancheria together. Pajero knew that their course would lead them along an unfrequented trail, where the deep shadows of the trees would afford him a good hiding-place. He slipped a long keen dagger into his belt, and stealing unseen from his wigwam, ran swiftly across a low hill, which brought him to the path that Lolita and Chiparo were traveling. Concealing himself behind a large pile of logs, he anxiously waited for the opportunity to execute his terrible deed. It was a lonely night, and the crickets added their weird chirping to the few other sounds that reached Pajero's sensitive ears. At his back the deep, dark forest loomed up solemn and still, and the trees cast long ghostlike shadows that danced back and forth on the ground as the wind tossed the branches to and fro. Occasionally the hoot of an owl would echo across some dark cañon, like the distant wailing of a person in distress.

Pajero was anxious, and grew nervous as the hours of watching lengthened. Every leaf that fell to the ground seemed a footstep, and he would start up only to find that his ears had deceived him. The tipping quarter-moon had almost gone behind the hills when Pajero heard the lovers slowly coming toward him. He lay flat upon the ground and waited.

Never dreaming of the danger that awaited them, Lolita and Chiparo seated themselves upon a log only a few feet from where Pajero lay, and by the rays of a fast-failing moon he watched the lovers. Fondly Chiparo clasped the maiden's hand and told his tale of love. Affectionately Lolita leaned her head upon the brawny shoulder of the warrior, as he caressed her hair.

Suddenly all was changed, and Pajero saw the act that almost froze the blood in his veins. Lolita, seizing the opportunity when Chiparo was at the height of his love-making, drew from her skirts a dagger and plunged it into the heart of the unsuspecting lover. With one awful outcry, Chiparo sprang to his feet, staggered forward a few steps, and fell dying to the ground. Lolita watched the struggling form for a few seconds, then certain that her work was well done, turned and walked away, carrying the bloody dagger in her hand.

Pajero could hear the gasps of the dying man, then all became quiet, and making sure that Lolita was out of hearing, he rose from his hiding-place and hastened to the rancheria. Upon arriving, he informed some of his friends of what he had seen, and soon the whole tribe was up and listening to the story of the murder. Some of the young men carried the body of the dead man to the camp, and the wound was found to be in the same place and of the same nature as those which caused the death of Lolita's three former lovers. She made no effort to explain her reasons for murdering the young men who had sought her hand in marriage, and according to the Indian customs of punishment, she was no longer recognized by the good people of the rancheria.

Tired of the life of an outcast, Lolita wandered away from the home of her



childhood and the scenes of her crimes, to spend the remainder of her years among strangers.

With an inherited passion for murder,

this strange human character made love to those persons she had marked as her victims, that she might the more easily gain an opportunity to take their lives.



## A RONDEAU OF YOUTH THAT IS DONE

WHEN youth is done, and all my gold turned gray,  
 When love has sung life's little roundelay,—  
     The hot, mad passion from the weary heart,  
 The dull despair, and failure's cruel smart,—  
 All griefs, so burning now, will pass away.

The choking dust and fierce heat of the day  
 No more I'll feel,—and twilight's milder ray  
     Will fall upon my soul, ere I depart,  
     When youth is done.

I would not bid the fleeting moments stay,  
 And yet,—when I have lived my glowing May,—  
     Shall I regret,—while the slow tears will start,—  
 The wasted days, my tawdry, foolish part,—  
 Or scorn, as vain and trite, life's little play,—  
     When youth is done?

*Maida Castelhun.*



## THE PARLOR MAID

WERE I a haughty lady,  
 When the postman came at ten,  
 I'd have a dozen letters  
 From a dozen handsome men.  
 How envious the maids would be!  
 They'd peep and pry about  
 And try to read my letters,  
 Or to find my secrets out.

But then I'm just a parlor-maid  
 With dusting-brush and broom,  
 And instead of princely lovers,  
 There's the baker-boy and groom.

Yet though I've been forgotten  
 By the postman, I shall see  
 If there's not a bit of pleasure  
 In my lady's mail for me.  
 I suppose that these are jewels,  
 Maybe bonbons, or a book;  
 I'd give up Sunday at the Fair  
 For just one good long look!

But then I'm just a parlor-maid  
 With dusting-brush and broom,  
 And instead of princely lovers,  
 There's the baker-boy and groom.

Heigho! Some maids are born to dust,  
 As all are born to die!  
 Though others sweep their lives away,  
 Now tell me, why should I?  
 Of my lady's lovers, pleasures, gifts,  
 I am not taking much,  
 In reaching out as they pass by  
 To thrill with just a touch.

But then I'm just a parlor-maid,  
 With dusting-brush and broom,  
 And instead of princely lovers,  
 There's the baker-boy and groom.

*Mary Bell.*



# THE WHISPERING GALLERY

By ROSSITER JOHNSON

*Some truths may be proclaimed upon the housetop;  
Others may be spoken by the fireside;  
Still others must be whispered in the ear of a friend.*

ONE day the conversation turned to the subject of songs, and the difficulty of writing a good song, which has been remarked so often, was alluded to as a matter of course.

"It has been said, as if it could not be disputed," said Mrs. Trenfield, "that this arises from the fact that a good song can come into existence only when an occasion gives rise to it and inspires the poet. But I doubt it. I think the song waits, not for the occasion, but for the genius. Why should that be different in this respect from any other work of art? Take novels, for example. All the material for Scott's stories existed before Scott was born; and the same is true of the works of Dickens. So also you may say of Byron's poems—with the exception of the personal element, though that is pretty large in his case. So also of nearly all the work of Irving and Hawthorne. Lowell, I think, is the only one among the most eminent American writers, whose genius happened to coincide with a great occasion and produce immortal work that appeared to spring from the occasion."

"How about Mrs. Stowe?" said I.

"Surely!" she answered. "I must include her masterpiece, of course."

"But," said Elacott, "this is only an *a priori* argument, after all. It may be true of the novel, and not true of the song. Both are works of art; but from their very different natures one is necessarily the work of deliberation and elaboration, while the other may be the spontaneous growth of an hour."

"Very true!" said Mrs. Trenfield. "I need not have mentioned the novels at all. But I am prepared to maintain my argument on its home ground, so to speak; for I have been looking over a good many songs with this idea in mind."

"May I ask," said Elacott, "whether you considered them only as poems, or as songs complete?"

"A good poem may not be a good song, even when it is set to music," said Mrs. Trenfield; "and some that are held to be fairly good songs are not much as poetry. I considered them in the light of all requirements of a song."

"And how many did you find?"

"Guess."

Miss Ravaline guessed a thousand. I guessed five hundred. Elacott guessed forty,—which made the ladies wonder, but I thought I knew why he placed the number so low.

"I found about three hundred," said Mrs. Trenfield; "and I venture to say that the number of those which have been produced by occasions is hardly so great as

the number of occasions that would be expected to produce songs but have not produced them."

"As I think of it," said I, "some of the songs that have been produced by occasions, and have become famous because of the occasion, or of some circumstance other than the musical or poetical merit, are really very poor affairs. Take the 'Star-spangled Banner,' for instance. It is clumsy as a poem, and not very singable, but it is kept alive simply by the spirit of patriotism. I think our national song has not yet been written."

"I agree with you," said Mrs. Trenfield. "And the national song of England is superior to it only in the music. The words are contemptible."

At this declaration we all expressed surprise.

"Well, just look at them coolly," said she. "Suppose you were an editor and these words were offered to you as a poem—would you accept it? The first stanza begins:—

'God save our gracious King (or Queen)!  
Long live our noble King!  
God save the King!'

Nothing, so far, but three expressions, all very much alike, of a very commonplace prayer, and not even a new epithet of any kind to relieve it. Any teacher correcting it as a composition would strike out two of the three lines as tautological. Then we have:—

'Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,—  
God save the King!'

Send him where, pray? Is he in exile, and do they want him sent home? That might apply to one king, but how can it apply to all and be suitable for a national song? In the next stanza the Lord is called upon to scatter the King's enemies. How should that apply in the case of a sovereign (like the present one) who is supposed to have no enemies? And then we come upon the remarkable poetic lines:—

'Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks;  
On thee our hopes we fix.'

It must be said, however, that these ridiculous lines contain the only correct triple rhyme in the song."

"But, surely," said Elacott, "there must be some better stanzas in that song, though I do not remember them. In fact, while I supposed it to be a great song, I have not been familiar with anything in it except the refrain."

"It has but one other stanza," said Mrs. Trenfield, "and this is it:—

'Thy choicest gifts in store  
On him be pleased to pour,  
Long may he reign!  
May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice  
God save the King!'



"There is nothing ridiculous in that," said Elacott, "and neither is there any poetry. It is simply rhymed platitude—not quite correctly rhymed, at that."

"Of all the political and martial songs that belong to our country," Mrs. Trenfield continued, "I am inclined to think the John Brown song is the greatest, if not the only great one. The thought of the opening stanza is so original and striking, and the swing of the tune is so powerful, that it matters little what the other stanzas are. Some of them are ridiculous enough, to be sure. Henry Howard Brownell tried to reform the song by turning it into correct poetry, just as Albert Pike tried to do the same thing for 'Dixie.' Brownell and Pike were both poets, but neither succeeded in effecting any reform in the popular versions. I suppose when a song has the power almost to sing itself no one can stop it long enough to change its verbal garments."

"You are probably right as to those songs," said I, "but have you not overlooked 'My Maryland'?"

"Instead of overlooking it," said she, "I studied it. I can understand why it was popular at the time it was written, but I fail to see why it should endure, and I do not believe it will endure. It has hardly a stanza that will stand scrutiny. Almost every assertion in it either was untrue from the first, or has been reversed by subsequent events. In the first stanza the talk about despots and torches is bosh of course, and 'the patriotic gore that flecked the streets of Baltimore' was simply the blood of a riotous mob, at least one of whom was righteously shot by the Mayor himself. In another stanza there is talk about 'baffled minions,' who, whether they were minions or not, at least proved that they could not be baffled. And one would think the author would like to blot out the last stanza; for, in the first place, his assertion 'she'll come! she'll come!' proved to be altogether erroneous, as not even the song was powerful enough to make Maryland go where the poet wanted her to; and if he lets the preceding line stand, history compels him to admit that the valor of his champions was conquered by mere 'scum.' I should think he would rather strike out the line."

"Your criticisms are apparently just," said Elacott; "but I suppose the song obtained its life, not so much from the sentiments as from the tune and the happy formula of the stanza."

"But neither of those is original," said Mrs. Trenfield. "The tune is simply that of the college song 'Lauriger,' and the form of stanza is copied from Mangari's 'Karamanian Exile.'"

"You seem inclined to deal in destructive criticism to-day," said I. "I should like to hear you talk of songs that you like."

"If I do that," said she, "I fear I must go to other fields than the martial and political. I see you smile, and I know you are thinking 'Ha! sentimental songs are the only ones for her.' That is partly true, but not altogether. Every song ought to have sentiment of some kind. A song without sentiment is like a rose without odor. But there are different kinds of sentiment. For one kind of sentiment, I think Moore's 'Oft in the still night' is absolutely perfect. For another kind, the 'Mary of Argyle' of Jeffereys. For another, Burns's 'Ae fond kiss.' For another, Hoffman's 'Sparkling and bright.' For another, Mackay's 'Good time coming.' And for perhaps the homeliest sentiment, 'There's nae luck about the house.'"

"Have you not forgotten 'Home, sweet home'?" said I.

"I did not forget it," she answered. "It has sentiment, good sentiment, true sentiment, and thereby hangs its life. For it has almost nothing else that a song should have. With the exception of the refrain, the lines are about what a school-girl would write who was required to produce a rhymed composition; and it is almost impossible to prevent the tune from dragging."

"May I suggest," said I, "that 'The Bay of Dublin' presents a sentiment different from any that you have indicated? I suppose the persons are very few to whose minds some definite picture would not be called up by the lines:—

'There's no one here knows how fair that place is,  
And no one cares how dear it is to me.'

Though to be sure the sentiment comes pretty close to that of 'Home, sweet home.' And did you not abandon the martial field a little hastily? It appears to me that Scott produced two that have strong claims to perfection. I mean 'Bonnie Dundee' and 'Hail to the Chief.'"

Mrs. Trenfield admitted that she had overlooked them.

"And what about Tennyson's 'Bugle song'?" said Elacott.

"It is a pretty lyric," said she, "but at the risk of being called heretical I must say that I do not rate it highly as a song. It has description, but hardly sentiment. I would rather instance his cradle-song 'Soft and low' as a specimen of perfection."

"Field's 'Little Boy Blue' has been set to music," said Elacott; "and when I heard it sung it struck me as simply exquisite. Does it not present still another kind of sentiment?"

"True," said Mrs. Trenfield, "but it is so exquisite as to be painful. I should think a parent who had lost a child would find it very difficult to listen to it. There are some things that are too sacred even for song."

"That reminds me," said Miss Ravaline, "that now and then some one ventures to suggest that not all our sacred songs are what they should be. I have even heard it asserted that there are not in reality one hundred good hymns, though every hymnal contains at least five hundred hymns."

"That is my opinion," said Elacott; "but I have attributed it rather to my peculiar tastes than to anything that critics generally would condemn. For instance, I suppose Watts would be called the great hymn-writer; yet there is hardly one of his hymns that it is any pleasure to me to sing, and they certainly are not poetry."

"I fear my tastes in that line are quite as peculiar as yours," said Mrs. Trenfield. "There are some hymns by much better poets than Watts which are almost repulsive to me. Take, for instance, that one of Cowper's which begins with the line:—

'There is a fountain filled with blood.'

In what poem that was not a hymn—and therefore held almost exempt from criticism—would such a figure be tolerated? I think I may say I do not like any hymn that is a plain statement of any theological doctrine, though I may firmly believe in the doctrine itself. The purely devotional hymns are the only ones that I really enjoy. I like Sir Robert Grant's litany, and his hymn 'When gathering clouds around I view,' and



I like Bowring's 'From the recesses of a lowly spirit.' There is something peculiarly stately as well as devotional in his 'In the cross of Christ I glory, towering o'er the wrecks of time.' His 'Watchman, tell us of the night' is picturesque, but it is rather too fanciful for a hymn. Some of Miss Waring's are fine poems, but they do not appear to be sung much. Perhaps they are not sufficiently singable. When I was a child I was greatly taken with those lines of Montgomery's:—

'Here in the body pent,  
Absent from him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,  
A day's march nearer home.'

And when my mother sang the hymn in which they occur—as she often did—I always listened for that stanza. Yet I do not now admire the whole hymn."

"You appear to be very familiar with the authors of the hymns," said Elacott.

"Whatever lines I sing," she answered, "I like to know who wrote them."

"One thing that has struck me in looking over hymn-books," said I, "is the number of hymns that begin with a good line—or, in a few instances, with a good stanza—and then drop right off into mixed metaphors or trite commonplaceness."

At this point the mother of the ladies joined us in the Arbor; and as we knew that her notions were such as to forbid any very free criticism of hymnology, I turned the subject back to secular songs.

"Speaking of songs," I said, "I recently heard one sung which had a peculiar rolling motion that was somewhat novel, whatever may have been the merit of the sentiments. And it would fit your theory, Mrs. Trenfield, for it was evidently not brought into being by the force of any occasion."

"Can't you sing it for us?" said she.

"I would not dare to," I answered.

"Not dare?" said she. "I trust there is nothing wicked about it."

"Oh, not at all!"

"They why not dare? If you had said you could not remember the words, or had not mastered the tune, I could comprehend you and excuse you. But why this sudden timidity? I know you can sing, for I have heard you."

"I see that I am caught," said I. "And I am chiefly sorry because the net takes in a friend as well, who is nowise to blame. I do not dare for the simple reason that I would not dare sing any song when its own author and singer was present."

"Aha! Mr. Elacott, give us the new song!" they all exclaimed in chorus.

No excuse was listened to, and Elacott had to sing, which he did, with a tremendous orotund voice. This was his song:—

Oh, the rolling world it rolls away—  
Rolls and hums—rolls and hums!  
And as it rolls it scatters on the way  
Pills and plums—pills and plums!  
Oh, what a rolling world!  
Here's a pill for me, and a plum for you—  
And the one is green and the other is blue—  
Oh, what a rolling world!

R-o-o-s-t high! s-i-n-g low!  
Never mind the rolling world!

Oh, the rolling world it rolls away—  
 Rolls and rhymes--rolls and rhymes!  
 And for the song there's a bill to pay—  
 Dollars and dimes—dollars and dimes!  
 Oh, what a rolling world!  
 Here's a dime for me, and a dollar for you,  
 And more on the bush where the last ones grew—  
 Oh, what a rolling world!  
 R-o-o-s-t high! s-i-n-g low!  
 Never mind the rolling world

Oh, the rolling world it rolls away—  
 Rolls and whirls—rolls and whirls!  
 Rolling up lumps of moistened clay  
 Into boys and girls—boys and girls!  
 Oh, what a rolling world!  
 Here's a girl for me, and a boy for you—  
 You may change them about, if that won't do!  
 Oh, what a rolling world!  
 R-o-o-s-t high! s-i-n-g low!  
 Never mind the rolling world!

Oh, the rolling world it rolls away—  
 Rolls and sings—rolls and sings!  
 And as it rolls it seems to say:  
 "Get up, little poets, and try your wings!"  
 Oh, what a rolling world!  
 Here's a rhyme for me, and a verse for you,  
 And the capital letter that marks them true!  
 All over the rolling world!  
 R-o-o-s-t high! s-i-n-g low!  
 Never mind the rolling world!

Oh, the rolling world it rolls away—  
 Steady and true—steady and true!  
 And the reason is, the wise men say,  
 It has nothing else to do—nothing else to do.  
 Oh, what a rolling world!  
 Here's a hint for me, and a moral for you—  
 How steady we shall be when we've nothing else to do  
 But roll with the rolling world!  
 R-o-o-s-t high! s-i-n-g low!  
 And hurrah for the rolling world!

The song received loud applause, to which Elacott appeared to pay no attention.

"Now go ahead and criticise it as you criticised those famous songs," he said.

"The freedom of this Arbor knows no restriction."

"I never have made a study of humorous songs," said Mrs. Trenfield.

"I see nothing in it to criticise," said Miss Ravaline.

"If it were full of faults," said Mrs. Ravaline, "one could hardly find them when it was being sung so spiritedly."

"How stupid bright folks can be when they try," said Elacott. "Why it *begins* with error. The very first rhyme is no rhyme at all."

"I hear the tea bell. Let us adjourn to the house," said Mrs. Ravaline.



**Concerning  
the Poem  
"A Laugh"**

QUITE a bunch of correspondence has been growing in the pigeonhole devoted to it concerning the poem "A Laugh," published on page 374 of the April issue. Most of this correspondence is in the nature of friendly letters informing the Editors that they have been the victims of a plagiarist, some of them inclosing clippings from various papers, containing the same poem credited to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The *Writer* for April has this to say:—

"In the *Overland Monthly* for April is printed as an original contribution from Lue F. Vernon, the poem, 'A Lay of A Laugh,' which originally appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* three years ago, and which was afterward printed in *Judge*, in the early part of 1896, over the signature of George Newell Lovejoy. This poem seems to have a peculiar attraction for plagiarists."

On receipt of the earlier of these letters and *The Writer*, we at once wrote to Mr. Vernon, stating the facts and saying that some reply would be necessary, and asking what he had to say to the charge that he was a literary thief.

His reply is just to hand:—

Trail, B. C., May 18, 1899.

*Editors Overland Monthly*: Dear Sirs:—Yours of May 6th received. Of course I shall defend myself. I have written several parties about the matter, sending them your letter. I enclose first reply I have received. You can publish this letter if desired, as I have the permission from the writer, Mr. Patterson. You will notice that he is Receiver of Public Money at the Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, and is a highly respected citizen of Oregon.

Please send me a copy of *The Writer* for April, if convenient. Do not destroy the enclosed letter as I wish it returned after you are through with it. I have also received a letter from Boston *Evening Transcript*, saying that I am a thief.

Well, before I am through I will show that the biggest thieves live in the East.

I sent you a poem and story some time ago. If not desirable, please inform me. Please let me hear from you. I shall send other letters soon as I receive them.

Yours truly,

LUE VERNON.

The inclosure was as follows:—

United States Land Office,  
The Dalles, Oregon, May 15, 1899.  
Lue Vernon, Esq., Trail, B. C.

My Dear Sir:—I am surprised to note that some Eastern writer accuses you of plagiarism in connection with the poem, "A Laugh," which was published in the *Heppner Gazette* over twelve years ago, and was contributed by you to that journal to my positive knowledge. I note that you have made a few changes in the poem, and that you have changed its title from "All for a Woman's Sake."

Shortly afterward I bought the *Gazette*, and as you know, continued as its publisher till I was appointed Receiver of Public Moneys, in June, 1898.

Some other person has stolen your poem, and I desire to assist you in any way possible in setting you right before the literary world. As a matter of fact, you do not need to steal any person's work—you have plenty of good things to spare.

I am glad that you are doing well up across the border.

Yours sincerely,

OTIS PATTERSON.

Now, granting, as we are inclined to do, that Mr. Vernon has proved his innocence of the crime with which he was charged,—namely, the stealing of another's literary work,—yet in clearing himself of that charge, he has admitted that he is guilty of an offense, less heinous indeed, but still a serious one in editorial eyes. That is the sending to an editor with no indication that it was not new matter, a poem that he had published before.

These are points on which editors come to feel very strongly. It is impossible to have read all, or any considerable part, of the great mass of fairly good literature that is printed, much less to remember it through a lapse of years. It is also nearly as impossible that a published poem, if it has any merit at all, has not lingered in the mind or in the scrap-book of some of the wide circle of readers that form the audience of the modern magazine.

How any person sane enough to be out of a strait-jacket can suppose that such an act as the publishing a second time of any liter-

any production will pass unnoticed, is beyond comprehension.

It may be that Mr. Vernon did not know that magazine editors do not desire matter that has appeared in print before. If he did not, this disagreeable experience will teach him something.

### Other Charges of Plagiarism

WE HAVE spoken of how strongly editors come to feel on points connected with this subject of plagiarism; but no editor of experience can fail to have brought to his notice cases of the readiness of some persons to imagine the offense where it does not really exist. It is so easy to point out a fancied or accidental resemblance of any bit of writing to something that has gone before, and such a cheap way of gaining a reputation for penetration and virtue, that many people jump at the slightest chance. The latest case in point is Mr. Charles Edwin Markham's "The Man With a Hoe." It ought not to have disturbed anybody to find a previous poem on the same picture, or with the same meter, or one using the obvious simile of likeness to an ox. These are all capable of being coincidences of the commonest sort. And Mr. Markham has done so much work and such good work over so long a period of time that it is preposterous to suppose that he would risk the wrecking of his literary reputation by knowingly making undue use of anybody else's material.

The charge is a hard one to meet; for in its nature it is an impugning of a man's veracity, and so discredits his denial, however strong. There is but the appeal to previous good character. In the present case that is amply sufficient, and should have prevented the charge, but we have known of other cases where cruel injustice and wrong has been wrought by this very sort of thing.

### The N. E. A. at Los Angeles

AS mentioned last month, in July the National Educational Association will meet in Los Angeles. This is the first time since 1888 that the association has held a meeting on the Pacific Coast. Salt Lake City, Portland, and Tacoma, contended for the privilege of entertaining the Association, but Los Angeles won the day, and is

now making strenuous efforts to outdo the Eastern cities that have made notable the meetings of recent years. And the teachers of the State are ably seconding the efforts of the local committee. The State management pledged five thousand memberships from California. This may seem a large number, but when the Association met in San Francisco in 1888, there were 4,278 State memberships. In eleven years it is not too much to say that the number of people in California who are interested in education had doubled. Los Angeles itself has grown from a population of less than 50,000 to a city of over 100,000 souls. Membership in the Association and participation in its proceedings is not limited to teachers. It is not too much, therefore, to expect that the pledge of the State management will be redeemed with characteristic California generosity.

The railroads have tendered a one-half fare rate, \$50.00 for the round trip, from the Missouri River plus \$2.00 membership fee. The concession includes stop-over privileges on both the going and returning trips, with the privilege of using different routes without extra charge, excepting a charge of \$12.50 for return via Portland and the Northern routes, or via the Portland and Ogden lines. Tickets will be on sale as early as June 25th and on certain days thereafter until July 8th, and will be good for return until September 2d. Every facility will be offered for visiting the various points of interest in California at exceedingly low rates.

The following circular has just been issued to the teachers of the State:—

### NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

*To all Teachers in the State of California.*

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—The educational forces of this State are making common cause with the city of Los Angeles, in the effort to extend to the National Educational Association a hospitable welcome, worthy alike of the guests, of the hosts, and of the occasion which brings them together. In accordance with time-honored custom, one part in the entertainment of the visiting body devolves especially upon the teachers of the State; and that is the maintenance of State Headquarters, which may serve not only as a convenient rendezvous for those who attend the meeting from our own State, but also as a place where the California contingent may keep open house to those who come from abroad. This custom is not merely



a pleasant social affair. It is rather the way in which the united professional spirit of the teachers of a great State finds graceful and fitting expression. It is the way in which we may join hands with the teachers of the great republic, and show that we are one with them in mind and heart.

In order that our part in this matter may be worthily carried out, the ladies' parlor in the Van Nuys Hotel, at Los Angeles, together with a fine suite of rooms in the same hotel, has been secured for the State of California headquarters during the time of the July meeting. This provision is expensive; but those having the matter in charge believed that the teachers of California would wish to entertain their guests suitably and generously, or not at all.

The teachers of the State should have some share, also, in the more general entertainment of the Association. The city of Los Angeles has set to work with notable energy and spirit to raise the large sum of money which will be required for this purpose. The State should bear a hand in this great undertaking.

The teachers of the State have been called on to become members of the Association, paying the annual membership fee of two dollars. This is an investment for which they will receive direct and abundant return, whether they go to the Los Angeles meeting or not. Each teacher is now asked, in addition, to contribute one dollar for the purposes named above. The appeal in this instance is to public and professional spirit. We believe the response will be as prompt and encouraging in the latter as in the former case.

Superintendent of Schools have been asked to collect and forward contributions. May we request you to send, each to the superintendent of his own city or county, the amount which we have taken the liberty of asking you to give. A prompt reply will be highly appreciated by those having the arrangements in charge.

In closing, we beg leave to invite your attention to the later announcements of the meeting at Los Angeles, and to express the hope that you may be able to attend in person and share in the good things which are offered. Very truly yours,

THOS. J. KIRK, Sacramento,  
*State Superintendent of Public Instruction.*

ELMER E. BROWN, Berkeley,  
*State Director of the National Educational Association.*

R. H. WEBSTER, San Francisco,

JAS. A. BARR, Stockton,

JAS. A. FOSHAY, Los Angeles,  
*Assistant State Managers.*

The plan of emphasizing the social side of these great gatherings meets with increasing favor. It is not only the fact that the meet-

ing brings the opportunity of hearing subjects of interest discussed by the leading educational authorities of the United States; but that it affords a rare opportunity for meeting and knowing these men that draws teachers from every part of this great country. Even Hawaii will contribute her share to the programme, and hopes to send a goodly delegation to swell the numbers at Los Angeles. The preliminary programme gives promise of many good things to come. The names of Professor Nicholas Murray Butler, Commissioner of Education William T. Harris, Dr. Winship, Colonel Parker, and State Superintendent of Public Instruction Schaeffer of Pennsylvania, indicate that the East will send us her best. Among the local speakers will be Bishop Montgomery of Los Angeles, President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford Jr. University, Professor Elmer E. Brown of the University of California, and City Superintendent of Schools Webster. These are but a few of the noted men who will take part in the programme. Aside from the programme of the General Sessions, Round Tables are provided for the discussion of salient topics in each of the great divisions of the main subject.

No matter where his special interest may lie, the teacher is sure to find others who share it at Los Angeles. It will be many years ere another such opportunity is offered to Californians to feel the educational pulse of the country.

### Speling Reform

It iz an interesting thought that sum day our nineteenth century speling may look az od to our desendants, az Chaucer's duz to us, and words like *will* az tautological az the word *uppe*. Chaucer would, without doubt, find our modern speling az uncultivated in appearance az the speling uv this artikle seems to us, simply because so many needless leters have been left out. Our speling iz provably a half-way mark between the generus profusion uv leters in the Old English, and the terse pruning down to the bare necessities, uv the futur English. A grafologist wil tel you that needless strokes and curves in a handwriting make a distinctly bad sign, while a riting which iz made up uv the fewest posible movements, the initial and final leters clipt short, shows energy, precision, and capability. The verbosenes uv *news*pa-

*per style* iz cheap;—the simplicity uv Carlyle. strong and fresh. We feel a certain repulsion to that mute *e* that ends almost every word in old English, az we dislike a loquacious servant, while we see a brisk, helthy *sumthing* in a speling that discards al figure-heds and superfluities.

Mor attention should be given to the rules for a simplified speling which hav been laid down and agreed upon by the American and English Philological societies, every one uv which strikes at a rank weed, while nun are so radical but that they are easily understood and aplied.

Drop silent *e*.

Drop *a* from *ea*, az in feather.

Drop *o* having sound uf *u* in *but*. (Rough — ruf).

Drop silent *u* after *g* (Guard — gard; Guess — gess).

Change *o* to *u* when sounded like *u*. (Tongue — tung.)

Change *d* and *ed* to *t* when sounded like *t*. (Reefed — reeft.)

Change *gh* and *ph* to *f* when so sounded.

Change *s* to *z* when so sounded.

Drop *t* in *tch*, (Catch — cach).

Simplify double consonants. (Will — wil.)

No changes should be made which make the meaning uv the word obscure.

(*Debt* would not be recognized az *det*. Such changes would be too extreme to be adopted readily.)

E. D. White.

## A Fantasy

I HELD in my hand a living, pulsating, fiery, snowy, mysterious thing. At the first touch it lay blandly cool and reserved, all its wonders hidden within an opaque shell. As I tenderly turned the tiny mystery in my fingers, a violet ray shot out, emerald light flashed over the whole surface, then a deep orange fire glowed within the depths, holding my gaze entranced. As long as I chose to feast my eyes, the colors played and burned. At each gentle movement, new colors revealed themselves; here a point of scarlet, there a bright blue, again the flashing green like scales over the marvelous wonder-stone.

Suddenly all vanished,—I held in my fingers a drop of milky-white glass. The sun had gone behind a cloud and I had curved my hand so as to shut all light from my opal.

A sense of awe came over me as I looked at the tiny thing and I thought:—

"Here is the very king among jewels! He does not choose to show his glories to every careless eye, and to his faithful, loving subjects alone will he deign to reveal the depth and richness of his inner self. They must be patient and wait upon his kingly moods, rejoicing when he greets the sun with prismatic splendor, and sharing his reserve in silence. We who love the opal can afford to wait upon his pleasure. We know. Others may wear the loud, insistent diamond and glitter before the world without ceasing; we have our times of silence and repose. Our beloved mystery has not been vulgarized by commercial values and sordid greed, but has chosen to be sought for by the lover of refined beauty and delicate reserve. Only the most dainty handling is received by our stone with pleasure, and ill-treatment is resented to the point of self-destruction."

My treasures lie, unfettered by gold or silver, in a velvet nest, whence I lift them and with soft touches coax them to glow and burn with ever-changing lights.

Blood opals, some transparent as the drop that follows the prick of a needle; others with the royal milk-white cloud seen through a film of green and the glowing heart of pure red!

Fire opals, with wondrous changing rainbow-tints never twice the same!

Weird, haunting, entrancing,—they belong to mysterious ages and forgotten peoples, and hold in their depths, rays of old moons and long-vanished Auroras.

Julia Knight.

## Josefa: A Story of Cuban Life

LEO, sometimes called "Loco Leo," is an old Mexican, who lives in the cañon above my place; he claims to be part French, Spanish, and a "lee'tle" Indian. Thinking his comments on the Cuban question might interest your readers, I send them.

Leo, although a Californian, had spent five years of his roving life among the Cubans; and the other day I asked him what he thought of the Cuban question. Slowly taking the ever-present cigarrito from his lips, and hiding it within the hollow of his down-turned palm,—as a miser might his gold,—he answered:—

"Quien sabe, Señor; vare preety country, reech lands, ma-any flowers, much fruit—



peoples vare lazy—fight all times—blood, blood, blood !

"Indian blood vare *pay-payshent*; when mahd *pay-shent* peoples haf heap hate. Negro blood vare bad, vare rough, vare coarse.—yas, vare coarse—bad blood—lazy blood—black blood. Spanish blood ees red blood—treeky blood—hot—crue-el blood. Indian blood and Negro blood and Spanish blood, all meexed, make Cuban blood—vare, vare, vare bad blood—fight all times—alltimes fight, machete een hand all time; ef wheep Spain they steel fight, fight; alltimes fight.

"Fine, vare fine land, no wahk,—vare fine land,—peoples no wahk,—peoples fight,—bad blood,—no good por Americano,—no good por Spain, no good por Cuba,—too much fight.—vare good land.

"I leaf in Cardenas, vare good land; much fruit; wan Cuban leaf thare,—preety place,—he raise bananas,—bananas vare fine beeg rade wans. He haf wan garl Josefa,—Josefa Gonzales,—hare pa-pa wan negro,—hare mamma wan Indian,—vare preety garl, beeg yellow-white eyes,—black hair, curly like Chino's tail. She take bananas, aigs, cheekens to the Fort,—she vare preety garl. Hare pa-pa no good, vare lazy,—sometimes he steal leetle beet,—hare mamma vare *pay-shent*,—like cow. Josefa good garl, go convent, vare smart,—no negro, no Indian, she Cuban,—vare smart. She sing, she play mandoline, she make lace,—she vare smart,—she vare

preety garl. She take aigs to the Fort. Don Antonio Chaves see hare,—see hare beeg eyes,—see hare lo-ong black hair,—curly like Chino's tail,—see hare rade leeps,—see hare rade cheeks,—see hare preety arms,—see hare blush, and he buys hare aigs. Great Cortez' dos real por nine aigs; and he tap hare under the cheen, and say, 'Bring more.'

"Next time she bring more aigs she stop to see some preety pictures; next time she bring more aigs she stop long time,—poor garl, she cry,—all way home she cry,—she cry all way home.

"Hare mamma say, 'What for you cry, garl? Lo-ok at the money, garl. Here it is in the basket.'

"But the poor garl cry, cry,—all that night she cry.

"Next day hare mamma say, 'Josefa, take some more aigs to the Fort.'

"Josefa say 'No!'

"Then hare pa-pa say, 'Josefa, take more aigs to the Fort.'

"But Josefa say, 'No, no!'

"Then hare pa-pa beet her with a beeg club, and the poor girl take the aigs.

"That night Josefa no come back no more, and Don Antonio was found de-aid in his room at the Fort.

"Poor Josefa was denied holy ground, so we bury hare near where the waves left hare, and now I seem still to hear them saying mass for hare soul."

*Isaac Jenkinson-Frazee.*

## BOOK REVIEWS

### A Book by Rounsevelle Wildman.<sup>1</sup>

READERS of the OVERLAND will need but slight introduction to Mr. Wildman's latest book. Most of the seventeen tales were printed in this magazine during the years 1894-1897, while he was the Editor. The "Baboo" Stories, "In the Burst of the Southwest Monsoon," "Amok,"

"King Solomon's Mines," the sketch of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, and a number more of these stories and sketches, will be readily recalled to mind.

Under these circumstances it is out of place for an OVERLAND reviewer to attempt a critical estimate of this book. It is better to mention the appearance of these tales in the pretty form that the Lothrop Company has given them, to speak of the attractive illustrations by Henry Sandham, and

<sup>1</sup> Tales of the Malayan Coast: From Penang to the Philippines. By Rounsevelle Wildman. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.

to note that the book has been dedicated to Admiral Dewey, and that a letter of acknowledgment of this courtesy appears in the book.

Mr. Wildman has certainly had a unique opportunity of amassing literary material. All of that used in the present volume was obtained while he was Consul-General at Singapore, before the war with Spain and all the new era ushered in by Dewey's guns. Doubtless a new series of tales has been begun, narrating something of the great events of the past two years, but these stories diplomatic reasons will be apt to reserve from publication until lapse of time or change of duty shall make it proper to print them.

Mr. Wildman's story of Aguinaldo and his dealings with him, of intercourse with Admiral Dewey, and with high German and British naval officers during those days of great events, will make interesting reading when the official bar is removed.

### Briefer Notice

A CLEAR and concise account of the early Norsemen's voyages of discovery to the last days of George Washington, is *The Story of the Thirteen Colonies*.<sup>1</sup> It is well illustrated and has maps and a good index, and will probably become a favorite text-book in schools.

THE PUTNAMs have just issued a neat edition of Southey's *The Doctor*,<sup>2</sup> with a biographical sketch of the author by R. Brimley Johnson. It would not be possible to put into smaller compass than this volume anything that would convey a better idea of Southey himself and the vast range of his interests. The work contains the author's opinions on every conceivable topic, besides many excellent stories, told in an easy, gossiping way; while the introductory sketch gives a good idea of the man, his industry, and methodical habits.

Mr. R. H. RUSSELL is acquiring a deserved reputation for typographical excellence in his publications. The beautiful volume of poems by Ingram Crockett, entitled

<sup>1</sup> *The Story of the Thirteen Colonies*. By H. A. Guerber. New York: American Book Co.

<sup>2</sup> *Selections from the Doctor, Etc.*, by Robert Southey. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons \$1.00.

*Beneath the Blue Skies and Gray*,<sup>3</sup> is one of the latest of dainty productions of his house. The charm of Mr. Crockett's verse is distinctly augmented by its artistic setting, being as bright and cheery as the volume is beautiful.

### Books Received

Sugar-Pine Murmurings. By Elizabeth Sargent Wilson and J. L. Sargent. The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.

The United States of Europe. By W. T. Stead. Doubleday & McClure Co.

The Blind Goddess. By Randall Irving Tyler. Stuyvesant Publishing Co.

A Century of Vaccination. By W. Scott Tebb, M.A., M.D.

A Handbook of Labor Literature. By Helen Marot.

Hermione and Other Poems. By Edward Rowland Sill. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York.

Whence Came the American Indians? By James Wickersham. Allen & Lamborn Printing Co.

Fighting in Cuban Waters. By Edward Stratemyer. Lee & Shepard.

Jesus Delaney. By Joseph Gordon Donnelly. The Macmillan Co.

Neeley's Panorama of Our New Possessions. F. Tennyson Neely.

Paul Carah, Cornishman. By Charles Lee. Appleton's Town and Country Library.

Spain: History for Young Readers. By Frederick A. Ober. D. Appleton & Co. 60 cents.

Pharos the Egyptian. A Romance by Guy Boothby. D. Appleton & Co. 50 cents.

The Mormon Prophet. By Lily Dougall. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

How Count L. N. Tolstoy Lives and Works. By P. A. Sergeyenko. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.25.

Just Rhymes. By Charles Battell Loomis. R. H. Russell.

A Duet. By A. Conan Doyle. D. Appleton & Co.

Municipal Monopolies. Edited by Edward W. Bemis, Ph.D. Thomas Y. Crowell and Company. \$2.00.

The Story of Geographical Discovery. By Joseph Jacobs. D. Appleton & Co.

The Jamesons. By Mary E. Wilkins. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.

The Athenian Archons of the Third and Second Centuries Before Christ. By William Scott Ferguson, A.M. The Macmillan Co.

<sup>3</sup> *Beneath Blue Skies and Gray*. By Ingram Crockett. New York: R. H. Russell. \$1.00



